This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1 90

Cunliff

WRITING OF TODAY

1915, 1925 eds. in RD
390 p, 302p

Third ed. not in RD
SDW. 9/25/78

WRITING OF TODAY:

MODELS OF JOURNALISTIC PROSE

Selected and Discussed by

J. W. CUNLIFFE, D.LIT.
Professor of English and Associate Director of The School of Journalism, Columbia University

and

GERHARD R. LOMER, PH.D.
Formerly Instructor in English in the School of Journalism, Columbia University; Assistant Editor of "The Chronicles of America"

SECOND AND REVISED EDITION

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.
1920

N.I.S.W.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
387766A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1928 L

Copyright, 1915, 1919, by
THE CENTURY CO.

First Edition, August, 1915
Second Edition, May, 1919

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

Why does the teaching of English composition, to which modern schools and colleges give so much time and energy, yield unsatisfactory results? The main reason is, in our judgment, that it seems to be out of touch with reality; the pupil sees in his appointed tasks no connection with his life as it is or as it is likely to be. Accordingly he treats his themes as intellectual 'stunts' that have to be gone through simply because they are part of the course, and he fails to apply in his every-day speech and writing the lessons he has learnt in the classroom. This sense of artificiality is partly due to the subjects he is asked to write about and the literary models set before him for imitation. Stevenson acknowledges that he 'played the sedulous ape' to Hazlitt, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Montaigne, and other great writers of prose, but it does not follow that the average American youth can learn to write by the study of Newman, Pater, and Stevenson, even when their essays are elaborately analyzed and interpreted for him. He finds the subjects outside of his every-day interests and the mode of treatment altogether beyond his reach. The result is lassitude and discouragement.

Enterprising teachers have striven to overcome these difficulties by setting exercises on subjects of immediate interest and by the use of current periodicals as models of style. The present volume is an effort in the same direction, with the additional advantage of carefully selected examples, classified for ease of reference under general headings, with such comments on the separate types as seem likely to be of advantage in class room instruction or private study. The technique of news reporting having been adequately discussed in more than one recent text book, we have given the space at our disposal to those forms of newspaper and magazine writing which offer more opportunity for individual treatment. A youth who cannot be sent out to gather news may be interested in the discussion of some present-day issue, and willing to observe how the masters of the craft exercise their art. The first step in the problem is to win the student's attention and good will. With this in mind we have endeavored to choose papers which from their subject or mode of presentation are likely to attract and stimulate intelligent young people. To disregard the element of literary charm would be even more absurd than to offer the youthful mind the subtleties of the skilled dialectician or the last refinements of a mannered style.

X 82

We wish to acknowledge most gratefully the generosity with which authors and publishers have granted us permission to reprint. Some of the articles have been already republished in book form, and in such cases we have adopted the revised text when the author has requested it; in the other cases, the

original form of the article as it appeared in newspaper or magazine has been retained, save for an occasional correction, again at the author's request. The complete text of the selections is reprinted, except in a very few instances, where omissions are indicated by asterisks. Where the author's name is given below the title in square brackets, the article was originally published anonymously, and the name of the writer is now added by authority.

Our first aim has been to select examples likely to be of service to the young student of the art of writing; but the volume will, we hope, also interest the general public as an illustration of the variety and excellence of the articles published day by day in the newspapers and periodicals of the United States and Great Britain.

July, 1915.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

The generous welcome given to the original issue of "Writing of Today" has prompted the preparation of a second edition with such improvements as have been suggested by our own and others' experience in using the book for teaching purposes. We are especially grateful to those who have found time, amid the heavy responsibilities of teaching English composition, to send us not only words of approval and encouragement, but criticisms whereby the book has been made more effective for the purpose for which it was designed. Some sections have been entirely recast, and none has been left without alteration. Considerable changes were necessitated by the publication of new and more timely material since our first edition of 1915. The War may not have produced much great literature, but it has been the occasion for a wide range of excellent writing. From this we have endeavored to choose examples illustrating the principles set forth in the Preface to our First Edition, for we have not found it necessary to depart from the basis of selection there laid down. In all the earlier sections of the book, since they deal with actualities, the great event of the World's history for the present generation naturally takes a prominent place; but even in these, and still more in the later sections, other subjects besides war issues are discussed, and no reader is likely to complain of any lack of variety in theme or method of treatment. We wish to renew our thanks to the authors and publishers whose generosity has made it possible to combine this variety with a high standard of literary excellence.

April, 1919.

CONTENTS

A. Descriptive Articles

			PAGE
I	Constantinople *Graphic*, London, Eng., October 19, 1918.	Arthur Symons	3
II	The City That Was *Sun*, New York, April 21, 1906.	Will Irwin	6
III	The Street *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1914.	Simeon Strunsky	12
IV	Coney Island at Night *New York Herald*, August 19, 1906.	James Huneker	18
V	Shadow and Light in London Town *Sphere*, London, Eng., December 21, 1918.		24
VI	The Black Fog *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1908.	Herman Scheffauer	25
VII	An English University in War Time *Outlook*, January 8, 1919.	Arthur Everett Shipley	28
VIII	A Ravaged Land *New York Tribune*, January 26, 1919.	Frank H. Simonds	30
IX	The Day of Glory *Collier's*, January 11, 1919.	Dorothy Canfield	33
X	The Lord Mayor's Show *Morning Post*, London, Eng., November 11, 1918.		36
XI	A Riot of Noise and Color *Christian Science Monitor*, November 8, 1918.		38
XII	German Fleet Surrender *Manchester Guardian*, Eng., November 22, 1918.		39
XIII	When the Troopships Come In *Red Cross Magazine*, March, 1919.	Frank Ward O'Malley	43
XIV	The Prisoner's Home-Coming *Times*, London, Eng., December 17, 1918.		49
XV	Aerial Mail Services *Country Life*, London, Eng., January 18, 1919.	Ward Muir	50

B. Narrative Articles

I	A Letter Written After the Messina Disaster. *McClure's Magazine*, May, 1909.		54
II	Harold Bride's Story of the Sinking of the *Titanic* *New York Times*, April 28, 1912.		59
III	Telling the Tale of the *Titanic* *Independent*, May 2, 1912.	Alex. McD. Stoddart	62
IV	The Death of Captain Scott *New York Times*, February 11, 1913.	E. R. G. R. Evans	70
V	My First Flight *American Magazine*, December, 1912.	H. G. Wells	72

PAGE

VI By Bombing Plane to France . . . . . R. P. Hearne 74
Sphere, London, Eng., December 28, 1918.

VII The Horrors of Louvain . . . . . Richard Harding Davis . 76
New York Tribune, August 31, 1914.

VIII The Fall of Antwerp . . . . . Arthur Ruhl 78
Collier's, November 14, 1914.

IX The 'Lost Battalion' . . . . . Wilbur Forrest 88
New York Tribune, March 2, 1919.

X The Dardanelles Campaign . . . . . Henry Morgenthau . . 93
World's Work, September, 1918.

XI The Last Stand of the Submarine . . . . Herman Whitaker . . . 97
Century Magazine, November, 1918.

XII Torpedoed . . . . . Albert Kinross 104
Atlantic Monthly, December, 1917.

XIII Allies' March into Germany . . . . . Philip Gibbs 106
New York Times, December 6, 1918.

XIV The Birth of Sinn Fein . . . . . Seumas MacManus . . . 108
New York Times, February 2, 1919.

XV Adrift in a Blizzard . . . . . F. F. Van De Water . . 111
New York Tribune, March 29, 1919.

C. Interviews and Personal Sketches

I Henry James's First Interview . . . . Preston Lockwood . . . 113
New York Times, March 21, 1915.

II Barrie at Bay: Which Was Brown? 118
New York Times, October 1, 1914.

III Joseph Pulitzer: Reminiscences of a Secretary . . . . . Alleyne Ireland 120
Metropolitan, October, 1913 — February, 1914.

IV Theodore Roosevelt . . . . . Lyman Abbott 126
Outlook, January 15, 1919.

V The Roosevelt Spirit Is Not Dead . . . Julian Street 128
Collier's, February 1, 1919.

VI The Four Stages of Woodrow Wilson 131
Christian Science Monitor, January 27, 1919.

VII Mr. Lloyd George at the Guildhall . . . Harold Begbie 133
Daily Chronicle, London, Eng., November 11, 1918.

VIII Joffre . . . . . Jean Richepin 135
Translated from *Le Figaro*, August 30, 1915.

IX Clemenceau . . . . . H. M. Hyndman . . . 137
National Review, London, Eng., June, 1918.

X Georges Guynemer, Knight of the Air . . Henry Bordeaux . . . 145
Graphic, London, Eng., September 7, 1918.

XI Lenine . . . . . Robert Minor 147
World, New York, February 4, 1919.

XII Josiah Royce . . . . . Charles Lewis Slattery . 149
Outlook, January 15, 1919.

XIII Permanent Peace in Industry 152
Observer, London, Eng., February 9, 1919.

PAGE

XIV A Genius of the Short Story . . . . . Kathleen Norris . . . 155
Cosmopolitan, September, 1918.

XV From Vaudeville to Opera in a Year . . Pierre V. R. Key . . . 157
Harper's Bazaar, February, 1919.

D. EXPOSITORY AND EDITORIAL ARTICLES

I The Editorial Writer's Opportunity . . . Arthur Brisbane . . . 161
New York Evening Journal, November 12, 1912.

II My Ideal of the True University . . . . Woodrow Wilson . . . 163
Delineator, November, 1909.

III France . . . . . A. Clutton Brock . . . 169
Times, London, Eng., October 2, 1914.

IV The Problem of Living Things . . . . John Burroughs . . . 171
Independent, October 2, 1913.

V John Dewey's Philosophy . . . . . Randolph S. Bourne . . 174
New Republic, March 13, 1915.

VI The Antarctic Disaster 177
Times, London, Eng., February 11, 1913.

VII The End of an Odyssey 178
Manchester Guardian, Eng., April 26, 1915.

VIII The *Lusitania* Anniversary . . . . . Frank H. Simonds . . . 178
New York Tribune, May 7, 1916.

IX Vae Victis! . . . . . Henry Watterson . . . 181
Louisville Courier-Journal, April 7, 1917.

X A Retrospect of the War . . . . . J. L. Garvin 182
Observer, London, Eng., November 17, 1918.

XI The Society of Free Nations . . . . . Dwight W. Morrow . . 186
Evening Post, New York, March 6, 1919.

XII The League of Nations . . . . . Munroe Smith 191
Youth's Companion, March 13, 1919.

XIII The Future of the World . . . . . A. J. Balfour 196
Landmark, London, Eng., January, 1919.

XIV Hands Across the Sea . . . . . Beverley Nichols . . . 198
Outlook, January 1, 1919.

XV The War's Influence on Naval Design 201
Scientific American, February 8, 1919.

XVI Tradition . . . . . Joseph Conrad 202
Daily Mail, London, Eng., March 8, 1918.

XVII Materialism and Idealism in America . . George Santayana . . . 206
Landmark, London, Eng., January, 1919.

E. HUMOROUS AND OCCASIONAL ARTICLES

I The Devil and the Deep Sea . . . . . Stephen B. Leacock . . 211
University Magazine, December, 1910.

II System versus Slippers . . . . . George Burwell Dutton . 216
Unpopular Review, April, 1915.

III The Oldest Living Graduate 221
Sun, New York, January 30, 1901.

IV Sleeping Outdoors . . . . . Frederick Lewis Allen . . 222
Century Magazine, November, 1913.

PAGE

V Hairpins 225
Sun, New York, May 19, 1902.

VI The Improved Baby 226
Sun, New York, September 2, 1903.

VII The Porter's Tip 227
Chicago Tribune, May 9, 1915.

VIII How to Throw Off an Article 227
Punch, January 8, 1919.

IX The New Reporting 228
Punch, December 18, 1918.

X The Way to Tipperary . . . . . A. E. Coppard 229
Manchester Guardian, Eng., October 31, 1918.

F. Controversial Articles and Letters

I The Case for Equality . . . . . George Bernard Shaw . . 232
Metropolitan, December, 1913.

II The Case for Inequality . . . . . Lincoln Steffens . . . 240
Metropolitan, February, 1914.

III Socialism . . . . . Theodore Roosevelt . . 243
Outlook, March 20 and 27, 1909.

IV The Justice and Desirability of Woman Suffrage 250
Independent, April 5, 1915.

V The Business of Being a Woman . . . . Ida M. Tarbell 252
American Magazine, March, 1912.

VI The Last Spring of the Old Lion . . . . George Bernard Shaw . . 257
New Statesman, London, Eng., December 12, 1914.

VII Bernard Shaw and the War . . . . . George W. Kirchwey . . 260
Nation, London, Eng., February 13, 1915.

VIII The War and the Way Out . . . . . G. Lowes Dickinson . . 262
Atlantic Monthly, April, 1915.

G. Literary Criticism

I Mr. Bryan's Speeches . . . . . Philip Littell 270
New Republic, December 5, 1914.

II Parnell . . . . . Francis Hackett . . . 272
New Republic, December 5, 1914.

III George Meredith . . . . . Oliver Elton 274
Tribune, London, Eng., January 17, 1906.

IV John Synge . . . . . Stuart P. Sherman . . . 281
Evening Post, New York, January 11, 1913.

V Mrs. Wharton's World . . . . . Robert Herrick 287
New Republic, February 13, 1915.

VI 'The Most Heroic Effort' . . . . . John Masefield 289
Manchester Guardian, Eng., November 14, 1918.

VII Poet and Soldier: Joyce Kilmer 291
Evening Post, New York, February 1, 1919.

VIII The War and the Novelists . . . . . Edward Shanks 293
Land and Water, London, Eng., September 26, 1918.

IX Words and Nations 295
New York Times, November 25, 1917.

PAGE

X The Salamander 296
Times, London, Eng., April 2, 1915.

XI The Salamander 297
Punch, April 21, 1915.

H. Articles on Drama, Music and Art

I Some Platitudes Concerning Drama . . John Galsworthy . . . 299
Fortnightly Review, London, Eng., December, 1909.

II Writing Plays . . . . . Arnold Bennett 303
Metropolitan, July, 1913.

III The Irish Drama . . . . . William Butler Yeats . . 308
Twentieth Century Magazine, November, 1911.

IV How I Wrote *Within the Law* . . . . Bayard Veiller 311
Metropolitan, June, 1913.

V *Fanny's First Play* . . . . . W. S. Cather 315
McClure's Magazine, March, 1913.

VI World Première of 'Madame Sans-Gêne' . W. J. Henderson . . . 317
Sun, New York, January 26, 1915.

VII Miss Hinkle with the Boston Symphony . Philip Hale 321
Boston Herald, December 19, 1914.

VIII Fallacies of the Futurists and New Thinking G. K. Chesterton . . . 322
New York Morning American, March 14, 1915.

IX Léon Bakst's Designs for Scenery and Costume . . . . . Gerald C. Siordet . . . 324
International Studio, November, 1913.

X When Films Touch on Fine Arts 326
Christian Science Monitor, November 18, 1918.

WRITING OF TODAY

WRITING OF TODAY

A. DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES

The essential merits of descriptive writing are (1) accuracy; (2) clearness; (3) vividness. The first depends upon the writer's power of observation, the last upon his power of presentation, and the second on both. A good piece of description should put the ordinary reader in a position to see things not merely with his own eyes, but with the keener eyes of the skilled observer. It is therefore necessary that young people who are learning to write should be trained to observe, and that they should cultivate their faculties of observation by practice. The ambitious student should look with understanding eyes upon the district in which he lives and the country through which he travels. Whether his home is in a great city or in a country town, in a village or on a farm, the place has individual characteristics which he should not fail to note, salient features which the majority of the inhabitants pass with unseeing eyes. It is a useful exercise for him to endeavor to put down in writing his impressions of what he has seen, and to compare his efforts with those of the craftsmen whose work is included in this section. If he has traveled, abroad or in his own country, let him compare the record of his memories with Mr. Arthur Symons's account of Constantinople. If he has lived almost continuously in one place, let him strive to emulate Mr. Will Irwin's description of San Francisco. The result will probably be somewhat disheartening, but it will be salutary if it convinces him that his undertaking involves qualities in addition to the skill of the ready writer. This last is of obvious importance, and there is no need to stress it. The young student is more likely to overlook the importance of an orderly arrangement of his material and the selection for his picture of those features, which, presented in due proportion, will give the impression he is seeking to convey. The ability to do these things is seldom innate and often needs to be cultivated by assiduous practice, but the task is not an impossible one, granted a sufficient degree of native intelligence to start with, and an education which has enabled the student to master the rudiments of English composition. At first, he can only admire from a distance the skill and power with which the modern masters of the craft bring home to the reader's mind a definite and vivid impression or series of impressions. If he realizes appreciatively that the thing is done, he may come to understand how, and, according to his own capacity and in his own way, learn to describe for others life as he sees it himself — but he must first see it.

The same principles apply to the description of a building or a ship, a bridge or a canal, a manufacturing process or a scientific discovery. These may appear simpler on account of their limited scope, but they demand perhaps greater skill on account of their restricted interest, and they present special difficulties from the technical knowledge which is often required. In dealing with them the student should be careful not to try to describe what he does not understand, and he should also avoid attempting to take his readers beyond the limits of their comprehension. In such descriptions the main virtues are simplicity and clearness, and the various examples here presented have been chosen from that point of view.

I

CONSTANTINOPLE

ARTHUR SYMONS

[*Graphic*, London, Eng., October 19, 1918. By permission.]

Water, camels, sand, then broader water, boats, a little station, with a veiled woman standing in a doorway; then more water and sandy grass, a few trees, then waste land, a long line of bullocks plowing; then, between the railway and the water, a cluster of colored houses, mostly of wood; then trees, more waste land, a little bay, with hills beyond; then fields, more clusters of mean houses, plowed land and water; at last, the wall, with its gaps and towers; a graveyard, gardens;

then, between roofs and walls, the long curve of Constantinople. A dense smell, dogs, houses; then an actual sea-shore, with men wading bare-legged in the water, and boats coming in laden with melons; then streets of houses, with fragments of turreted walls, two birds on every turret; side-streets, cutting deeply between two lines of low red roofs; faces of many colors, strange clothes; then, over the roofs, but close, the water, houses, domes, minarets of the city, in a flash, veiled suddenly by the walls of the station, fastened about one.

The streets of Stamboul climb and zig-zag; to walk in them is to crawl like a maggot in rotting cheese. A tram runs along one winding road, distracting it with a little civilization. Away from the tram-line, and even along a part of it, Stamboul is Eastern; the Thousand and One Nights are not yet over. The Bazaar lies in its midst, a center of leisurely and vehement life; around the Bazaar there are streets of shops, in which men live and work according to their trades; I remember best the street of the shoemakers and the street of the workers in iron. Markets spread outwards and downwards, and, level with the quays, there are more populous streets of shops, in which men make wooden and iron things for the ships, and clothes for those who come and go in the ships; and there is always a quayside bustle, smell, and filth; fierce men shouldering along, and sore dogs and men with red scarves round their heads, sitting on stools smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee out of tiny cups. Through openings between the sheds and houses you can see ships being loaded, mended, and painted; caiques wait to take passengers across, and the passengers sit in the caiques with umbrellas over their heads.

There is rest and peace by the Sea of Marmora, but for the Moslem the one harbor of peace, where he is wholly at home with himself, far from the mongrel crowds of Pera and Galata and Stamboul, is the little fierce, wind-swept suburb of Eyoub, conservatively alive among its graves. The Christian is unwelcome there; and why should he not be unwelcome? The mosque is the most sacred mosque in Constantinople, one of the two mosques which no Christian is allowed to enter; and is there anything unreasonable in this reticence? It is his association with other races, his struggle against the alien forces in his midst, that degrades the Turk; he learns craft from the Jew and greed from the Christian.

In Eyoub he has drawn himself aside, he lives the life of his forefathers; and you find yourself in another atmosphere as you land from the steamer at the last station on the Golden Horn. Beyond the water, low hills rise curved; dark cypresses climb the hillside in rigid lines; near the shore, rising out of trees, are the small white dome and the two minarets of the mosque. The streets are broad, well-paved, with none of the dirt and slime of Constantinople; on each side of the street are shops in which beads and rosaries are sold, and you see, for once, really appetizing pancakes being made, clean bread and clean fruit being sold. Men sit gravely in the cafés and at the doors of the shops; there is no noise, no bustle; every eye turns on you, without approval, but, as you walk quietly through their midst, without open hostility. The walls around the mosques are pierced by barred windows, through which you see bushy trees, and one huge plane-tree, gaping as if from a wound. As I passed, the outer doorway was being re-painted, and the black lettering above it was being carefully brightened. The inner court, through which men and women were passing, was well swept; there was none of the dust which lies thick about so many of the mosques; I caught a glimpse of the doorway into the mosque itself; the unadorned white marble was spotlessly white. But a little way beyond the mosque, a winding path begins uphill among the tombs, a kind of stairway with well-swept stairs, between the tombstones; around many of them are iron rails, freshly painted; even the tombs of women, with their flower-topped heads, are sometimes railed round. From the hilltop you look down on the Sweet Waters of Europe, a placid lagoon, with its dim water and pale islands of grasses and barren shores.

Farther to the right, beyond the hill of graves and the mosques, is the curved course of the Golden Horn, with its shore of houses and its many masts shining under the sunlight. I sat long on the hill.

looking down on this fierce and, as they call it, fanatical suburb, where I had expected to feel only a sense of peril and discomfort. Never had these enemies, the Turks, seemed to me so sympathetic, so reasonable; only, I could not help feeling that some apology was needed for my being there at all.

If you stand in the courtyard of the Suleimanie, just before the hour of prayer (you have but to turn, and you can see the water, Galata, and Scutari, in exquisite fragments), you will see men coming in one by one, and going up to the washing-place against the wall. They take off their coats and shoes, stand on the narrow foothold of stone in front of the tap, and wash hands and feet and head. The carter has tied his horse to a tree; the soldiers stroll in barefoot in their shoes; the many fez shine vividly against the straight white wall. The muezzins are waiting on the minarets; they lean over their balconies; then voice after voice, in the wailing Eastern tone, cries the salutation, one voice striking through another. They move round their balconies, crying to north and south and east and west. The men go in slowly at all the doors, pushing aside the heavy curtain.

It is this mosque, which is set on the highest hill and seems to crown the city, that Turkish poets have called 'splendor' and 'joy.' And, indeed, seen from the outside, it is the most beautiful mosque in Constantinople. Its admirable proportions, its severe and elegant bulk, its whole mass and height, stand out square and gray and uprising against the blue of the sky; a great gray building, with its flat surfaces, like the walls of a vast house, and great doorways, level with the wall, squared round by barred windows, and the long square lines of the harem, four five-sided minarets rising from its corners, with their elaborately carved balconies hung with little black lamps.

Women have no souls, say the Turks. Well, Turkish women have none. The soul in them sleeps, and without dreams. Their eyes are like lustrous oil, and shine without individual fire. Their eyes are like the conscious eyes of animals that have been taught coquetry; they have an instinct and artifice, and nothing between. They grow sleepy in captivity, and, not being wholly human, they paint their faces and dye their nails and their hair, that they may be more decorative than humanity. Their faces have the precise, not quite perfect, regularity of early painting and sculpture, in which men trimmed nature a little awkwardly. The nose is apt to be too long or too prominent, the chin too thickened. The mind has done nothing to model the lines of their faces finely; the lines are always in smooth curves, in which elegance sleeps. Beauty in them is an exterior thing, into which the individuality does not enter. They are as they were made in the beginning; they change only to fatten and to fade; they die children whom life has taught nothing but the taste of sweet and bitter.

The attraction of the East for the West is, after all, nostalgia; it is as if, when we are awakened by dreams, we remember that forgotten country out of which we came. We came out of the East, and we return to the East. All our civilization has been but an attempt at forgetting, and, in spite of that long attempt, we still remember. When we first approach it, the East seems nothing more than one great enigma, presented to us almost on the terrifying terms of the Sphinx. We are on the threshold of a mystery; a curtain trembles over some veiled image, perhaps the image of wisdom. The grave faces of worshipers look into our faces without curiosity; they come out into the light from behind the veil and go about their daily business, and they are as inscrutable to us as if they really were in communion with a wisdom which we do not know. Perhaps, after all, this secret with which they seem to go about is no more than certain ordinary and, of necessity, incommunicable thoughts. Here everything is incommunicable; there is a barrier between us and them, as narrow, perhaps, and as real as the barrier between Europe and Asia: you have only to cross the Bosphorus.

The true East, one imagines, might come ultimately to have its satisfaction for us, if only in our admiration before a complete, finished thing which we may not understand. In Constantinople we meet the East half-way; it has all the finished barbarism of the West in conflict with its own fiercer elements. In that still hostile corner of Europe, the East still has to

fight for foothold; it has never been let alone long enough to give itself up to its own leisure. Left to himself, the Turk's finest capacity is for an ironical repose, as he sits aside while the world goes by. He has settled now into a tragic, not satisfied, unstirred immobility; he desires no change, but things as they are do not give him happiness. Under his acceptance of them he has a few fierce ideas, held like swords. Religion which becomes fanaticism, fatalism which becomes inertia, pride which becomes a mask for ignorance, guide or station him. In his rejection of the West he has not been able to keep the West out of his city, and the West is beginning to soak into his soul.

II

THE CITY THAT WAS

WILL IRWIN

[This is a recast of a newspaper article of the same title published in the *Sun*, April 21, 1906, three days after the Visitation came upon San Francisco. It is here reprinted by permission of the *Sun* and of Mr. B. W. Huebsch, who republished the revised article in book form. Two omitted passages are indicated by asterisks.]

The old San Francisco is dead. The gayest, lightest hearted, most pleasure loving city of the Western Continent, and in many ways the most interesting and romantic, is a horde of refugees living among ruins. It may rebuild; it probably will; but those who have known that peculiar city by the Golden Gate, have caught its flavor of the Arabian Nights, feel that it can never be the same. It is as though a pretty, frivolous woman had passed through a great tragedy. She survives, but she is sobered and different. If it rises out of the ashes it must be a modern city, much like other cities and without its old atmosphere.

San Francisco lay on a series of hills and the lowlands between. These hills are really the end of the Coast Range of mountains, which stretch southward between the interior valleys and the Pacific Ocean. Behind it is the ocean; but the greater part of the town fronts on two sides on San Francisco Bay, a body of water always tinged with gold from the great washings of the mountain, usually overhung with a haze, and of magnificent color changes. Across the Bay to the north lies Mount Tamalpais, about 3000 feet high, and so close that ferries from the waterfront take one in less than half an hour to the little towns of Sausalito and Belvidere, at its foot.

Tamalpais is a wooded mountain, with ample slopes, and from it on the north stretch away ridges of forest land, the outposts of the great Northern woods of Sequoia sempervirens. This mountain and the mountainous country to the south bring the real forest closer to San Francisco than to any other American city. Within the last few years men have killed deer on the slopes of Tamalpais and looked down to see the cable cars crawling up the hills of San Francisco to the south. In the suburbs coyotes still stole in and robed hen roosts by night. The people lived much out of doors. There is no time of the year, except a short part of the rainy season, when the weather keeps one from the fields. The slopes of Tamalpais are crowded with little villas dotted through the woods, and these minor estates run far up into the redwood country. The deep coves of Belvidere, sheltered by the wind from Tamalpais, held a colony of 'arks' or houseboats, where people lived in the rather disagreeable summer months, coming over to business every day by ferry. Everything there invites out of doors.

The climate of California is peculiar; it is hard to give an impression of it. In the region about San Francisco, all the forces of nature work on their own laws. There is no thunder and lightning; there is no snow, except a flurry once in five or six years; there are perhaps half a dozen nights in the winter when the thermometer drops low enough so that in the morning there is a little film of ice on exposed water. Neither is there any hot weather. Yet most Easterners remaining in San Francisco for a few days remember that they were always chilly.

. . . . . .

So much for the strange climate, which invites out of doors and which has played its part in making the character of the

people. The externals of the city are — or were, for they are no more — just as curious. One usually entered San Francisco by way of the Bay. Across its yellow flood, covered with the fleets from the strange seas of the Pacific, San Francisco presented itself in a hill panorama. Probably no other city of the world, excepting perhaps Naples, could be so viewed at first sight. It rose above the passenger, as he reached dockage, in a succession of hill terraces. At one side was Telegraph Hill, the end of the peninsula, a height so abrupt that it had a one hundred and fifty foot sheer cliff on its seaward frontage. Further along lay Nob Hill, crowned with the Mark Hopkins mansion, which had the effect of a citadel, and in later years by the great, white Fairmount. Further along was Russian Hill, the highest point. Below was the business district, whose low site caused all the trouble.

Except for the modern buildings, the fruit of the last ten years, the town presented at first sight a disreputable appearance. Most of the buildings were low and of wood. In the middle period of the '70's, when a great part of San Francisco was building, the newly-rich perpetrated some atrocious architecture. In that time, too, every one put bow windows on his house to catch all of the morning sunlight that was coming through the fog; and those little houses, with bow windows and fancy work all down their fronts, were characteristic of the middle class residence districts.

Then the Italians, who tumbled over Telegraph Hill, had built as they listed and with little regard for streets, and their houses hung crazily on a side hill which was little less than a precipice. The Chinese, although they occupied an abandoned business district, had remade their dwellings Chinese fashion, and the Mexicans and Spaniards had added to their houses those little balconies without which life is not life to a Spaniard.

Yet the most characteristic thing after all was the coloring. The sea fog had a trick of painting every exposed object a sea gray which had a tinge of dull green in it. This, under the leaden sky of a San Francisco morning, had a depressing effect on first sight and afterward became a delight to the eye. For the color was soft, gentle and infinitely attractive in mass.

The hills are steep beyond conception. Where Vallejo Street ran up Russian Hill it progressed for four blocks by regular steps like a flight of stairs. It is unnecessary to say that no teams ever came up this street or any other like it, and grass grew long among the paving stones until the Italians who live thereabouts took advantage of this herbage to pasture a cow or two. At the end of four blocks, the pavers had given it up and the last stage to the summit was a winding path. On the very top, a colony of artists lived in little villas of houses whose windows got the whole panorama of the bay. Luckily for these people, a cable car scaled the hill on the other side, so that it was not much of a climb to home.

With these hills, with the strangeness of the architecture and with the green-gray tinge over everything, the city fell always into vistas and pictures, a setting for the romance which hung over everything, which has always hung over life in San Francisco since the padres came and gathered the Indians about Mission Dolores.

And it was a city of romance and a gateway to adventure. It opened out on the mysterious Pacific, the untamed ocean; and through the Golden Gate entered China, Japan, the South Sea Islands, Lower California, the west coast of Central America, Australia. There was a sprinkling, too, of Alaska and Siberia. From his windows on Russian Hill one saw always something strange and suggestive creeping through the mists of the Bay. It would be a South Sea Island brig, bringing in copra, to take out cottons and idols; a Chinese junk after sharks' livers; an old whaler, which seemed to drip oil, home from a year of cruising in the Arctic. Even the tramp windjammers were deep-chested craft, capable of rounding the Horn or of circumnavigating the globe; and they came in streaked and picturesque from their long voyaging.

In the orange colored dawn which always comes through the mists of that Bay, the fishing fleet would crawl in under triangular lateen sails; for the fishermen of San Francisco Bay are all Neapolitans who have brought their customs and sail with lateen rigs stained an orange brown and shaped, when the wind fills them, like the ear of a horse.

Along the waterfront the people of these craft met. 'The smelting pot of the races,' Stevenson called it; and this was always the city of his soul. There were black Gilbert Islanders, almost indistinguishable from negroes; lighter Kanakas from Hawaii or Samoa; Lascars in turbans; thickset Russian sailors; wild Chinese with unbraided hair; Italian fishermen in tam o' shanters, loud shirts and blue sashes; Greeks, Alaska Indians, little bay Spanish-Americans, together with men of all the European races. These came in and out from among the queer craft, to lose themselves in the disreputable, tumble-down, but always mysterious shanties and small saloons. In the back rooms of these saloons South Sea Island traders and captains, fresh from the lands of romance, whaling masters, people who were trying to get up treasure expeditions, filibusters, Alaskan miners, used to meet and trade adventures.

There was another element, less picturesque and equally characteristic, along the waterfront. San Francisco was the back eddy of European civilization — one end of the world. The drifters came there and stopped, lingered a while to live by their wits in a country where living after a fashion has always been marvelously cheap. These people haunted the waterfront and the Barbary Coast by night, and lay by day on the grass in Portsmouth Square.

The square, the old plaza about which the city was built, Spanish fashion, had seen many things. There in the first burst of the early days the vigilance committee used to hold its hangings. There, in the time of the sand lot troubles, Dennis Kearney, who nearly pulled the town down about his ears, used to make his orations which set the unruly to rioting. In later years Chinatown lay on one side of it and the Latin quarter and the 'Barbary Coast' on the other.

On this square the drifters lay all day long and told strange yarns. Stevenson lounged there with them in his time and learned the things which he wove into *The Wrecker* and his South Sea stories; and now in the center of the square there stands the beautiful Stevenson monument. In later years the authorities put up a municipal building on one side of this square and prevented the loungers, for decency's sake, from lying on the grass. Since then some of the peculiar character of the old plaza has gone.

The Barbary Coast was a loud bit of hell. No one knows who coined the name. The place was simply three blocks of solid dance halls, there for the delight of the sailors of the world. On a fine busy night every door blared loud dance music from orchestras, steam pianos and gramaphones, and the cumulative effect of the sound which reached the street was chaos and pandemonium. Almost anything might be happening behind the swinging doors. For a fine and picturesque bundle of names characteristic of the place, a police story of three or four years ago is typical. Hell broke out in the Eye Wink Dance Hall. The trouble was started by a sailor known as Kanaka Pete, who lived in the What Cheer House, over a woman known as Iodoform Kate. Kanaka Pete chased the man he had marked to the Little Silver Dollar, where he halted and punctured him. The by-product of his gun made some holes in the front of the Eye Wink, which were proudly kept as souvenirs, and were probably there until it went out in the fire. This was low life, the lowest of the low.

Until the last decade almost anything except the commonplace and the expected might happen to a man on the waterfront. The cheerful industry of shanghaing was reduced to a science. A citizen taking a drink in one of the saloons which hung out over the water might be dropped through the floor into a boat, or he might drink with a stranger and wake in the forecastle of a whaler bound for the Arctic. Such an incident is the basis of Frank Norris's novel, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, and although the novel draws it pretty strong, it is not exaggerated. Ten years ago the police, the Sailors' Union, and the foreign consuls, working together, stopped all this.

Kearney Street, a wilder and stranger Bowery, was the main thoroughfare of these people. An exiled Californian, mourning over the city of his heart, has said:

'In a half an hour of Kearney Street I could raise a dozen men for any wild adventure, from pulling down a statue to searching for the Cocos Island treasure.' This is hardly an exaggeration. It was the Rialto of the desperate, Street of the Adventurers.

These are a few of the elements which made the city strange and gave it the glamour of romance which has so strongly attracted such men as Stevenson, Frank Norris, and Kipling. This life of the floating population lay apart from the regular life of the city, which was distinctive in itself.

The Californian is the second generation of a picked and mixed ancestry. The merry, the adventurous, often the desperate, always the brave, deserted the South and New England in 1849 to rush around the Horn or to try the perils of the plains. They found there a land already grown old in the hands of the Spaniards — younger sons of hidalgo and many of them of the best blood of Spain. To a great extent the pioneers intermarried with Spanish women; in fact, except for a proud little colony here and there, the old, aristocratic Spanish blood is sunk in that of the conquering race. Then there was an influx of intellectual French people, largely overlooked in the histories of the early days; and this Latin leaven has had its influence.

Brought up in a bountiful country, where no one really has to work very hard to live, nurtured on adventure, scion of a free and merry stock, the real, native Californian is a distinctive type; as far from the Easterner in psychology as the extreme Southerner is from the Yankee. He is easy going, witty, hospitable, lovable, inclined to be unmoral rather than immoral in his personal habits, and easy to meet and to know.

Above all there is an art sense all through the populace which sets it off from any other population of the country. This sense is almost Latin in its strength, and the Californian owes it to the leaven of Latin blood. The true Californian lingers in the north; for southern California has been built up by 'lungers' from the East and Middle West and is Eastern in character and feeling.

Almost has the Californian developed a racial physiology. He tends to size, to smooth symmetry of limb and trunk, to an erect, free carriage; and the beauty of his women is not a myth. The pioneers were all men of good body; they had to be to live and leave descendants. The bones of the weaklings who started for El Dorado in 1849 lie on the plains or in the hill-cemeteries of the mining camps. Heredity began it; climate has carried it on. All things that grow in California tend to become large, plump, luscious. Fruit trees, grown from cuttings of Eastern stock, produce fruit larger and finer, if coarser in flavor, than that of the parent tree. As the fruits grow, so the children grow. A normal, healthy, Californian woman plays out-of-doors from babyhood to old age. The mixed stock has given her that regularity of features which goes with a blend of bloods; the climate has perfected and rounded her figure; out-of-doors exercise from earliest youth has given her a deep bosom; the cosmetic mists have made her complexion soft and brilliant. At the University of California, where the student body is nearly all native, the gymnasium measurements show that the girls are a little more than two inches taller than their sisters of Vassar and Michigan.

The greatest beauty-show on the continent was the Saturday afternoon matinée parade in San Francisco. Women in so-called 'society' took no part in this function. It belonged to the middle class, but the 'upper classes' have no monopoly of beauty anywhere in the world. It had grown to be independent of the matinées. From two o'clock to half-past five, a solid procession of Dianas, Hebes, and Junos passed and repassed along the five blocks between Market and Powell and Sutter and Kearney — the 'line' of San Francisco slang. Along the open-front cigar stores, characteristic of the town, gilded youth of the cocktail route gathered in knots to watch them. There was something Latin in the spirit of this ceremony — it resembled church parade in Buenos Ayres. Latin, too, were the gay costumes of the women, who dressed brightly in accord with the city and the climate. This gaiety of costume was the first thing which the Eastern woman noticed — and disapproved. Give her a year, and she, too, would be caught by the infection of daring dress.

In this parade of tall, deep bosomed, gleaming women, one caught the type and longed, sometimes, for the sight of a more ethereal beauty — for the suggestion of soul within which belongs to a New England woman on whom a hard soil has bestowed a grudged beauty — for the mobility, the fire, which belongs to the Frenchwoman. The second generation of

France was in this crowd, it is true; but climate and exercise had grown above their spiritual charm a cover of brilliant flesh. It was the beauty of Greece.

With such a people, life was always gay. If the fairly Parisian gaiety did not display itself on the streets, except in the matinée parade, it was because the winds made open-air cafés disagreeable at all seasons of the year. The life careless went on indoors or in the hundreds of pretty estates — 'ranches' the Californians called them — which fringe the city.

San Francisco was famous for its restaurants and cafés. Probably they were lacking at the top; probably the very best, for people who do not care how they spend their money, was not to be had. But they gave the best fare on earth, for the price, at a dollar, seventy-five cents, a half a dollar, or even fifteen cents.

If one should tell exactly what could be had at Coppa's for fifty cents or at the Fashion for, say thirty-five, no New Yorker who has not been there would believe it. The San Francisco French dinner and the San Francisco free lunch were as the Public Library to Boston or the stockyards to Chicago. A number of causes contributed to this. The country all about produced everything that a cook needs and that in abundance — the bay was an almost untapped fishing pound, the fruit farms came up to the very edge of the town, and the surrounding country produced in abundance fine meats, game, all cereals, and all vegetables.

But the chefs who came from France in the early days and stayed because they liked this land of plenty were the head and front of it. They passed on their art to other Frenchmen or to the clever Chinese. Most of the French chefs at the biggest restaurants were born in Canton, China. Later the Italians, learning of this country where good food is appreciated, came and brought their own style. Householders always dined out one or two nights of the week, and boarding houses were scarce, for the unattached preferred the restaurants.

* * * * * *

The city never went to bed. There was no closing law, so that the saloons kept open nights and Sundays at their own sweet will. Most of the cafés elected to remain open until two o'clock in the morning at least.

This restaurant life, however, does not express exactly the careless, pleasure-loving character of the people. In great part their pleasures were simple, inexpensive, and out of doors. No people were fonder of expeditions into the country, of picnics — which might be brought off at almost any season of the year — and of long tours in the great mountains and forests.

Hospitality was nearly a vice. As in the early mining days, if they liked the stranger the people took him in. At the first meeting the San Francisco man had him put up at the club; at the second, he invited him home to dinner. As long as the stranger stayed he was being invited to week end parties at ranches, to little dinners in this or that restaurant and to the houses of his new acquaintances, until his engagements grew beyond hope of fulfilment. Perhaps there was rather too much of this kind of thing. At the end of a fortnight a visitor with a pleasant smile and a good story left the place a wreck. This tendency ran through all grades of society — except, perhaps, the sporting people who kept the tracks and the fighting game alive. These also met the stranger — and also took him in.

Centers of man hospitality were the clubs, especially the famous Bohemian and the Family. The latter was an off-shoot of the Bohemian; and it had been growing fast and vying with the older organization for the honor of entertaining pleasing and distinguished visitors.

The Bohemian Club, whose real founder is said to have been the late Henry George, was formed in the '70's by newspaper writers and men working in the arts or interested in them. It had grown to a membership of 750. It still kept for its nucleus painters, writers, musicians, and actors, amateur and professional. They were a gay group of men, and hospitality was their avocation. Yet the thing which set this club off from all others in the world was the midsummer High Jinks.

The club owns a fine tract of redwood forest fifty miles north of San Francisco on the Russian River. There are two varieties of big trees in California: the Sequoia gigantea, and the Sequoia sempervirens. The great trees of the Mariposa grove belong to the gigantea species. The sempervirens, however, reaches the diameter of sixteen feet, and some of the

greatest trees of this species are in the Bohemian Club grove. It lies in a cleft of the mountains; and up one hillside there runs a natural out of doors stage of remarkable acoustic properties.

In August the whole Bohemian Club, or such as could get away from business, went up to this grove and camped out for two weeks. On the last night they put on the Jinks proper, a great spectacle in praise of the forest with poetic words, music, and effects done by the club. In late years this has been practically a masque or an opera. It cost about $10,000. It took the spare time of scores of men for weeks; yet these 750 business men, professional men, artists, newspaper workers, struggled for the honor of helping out on the Jinks; and the whole thing was done naturally and with reverence. It would not be possible anywhere else in this country; the thing which made it possible was the art spirit which is in the Californian. It runs in the blood.

Who's Who in America is long on the arts and on learning and comparatively weak in business and the professions. Now some one who has taken the trouble has found that more persons mentioned in *Who's Who* by the thousand of the population were born in Massachusetts, than in any other State; but that Massachusetts is crowded closely by California, with the rest nowhere. The institutions of learning in Massachusetts account for her preeminence; the art spirit does it for California. The really big men nurtured on California influence are few, perhaps; but she has sent out an amazing number of good workers in painting, in authorship, in music, and especially in acting.

'High society' in San Francisco had settled down from the rather wild spirit of the middle period; it had come to be there a good deal as it is elsewhere. There was much wealth; and the hills of the western addition were growing up with fine mansions. Outside of the city, at Burlingame, there was a fine country club centering a region of country estates which stretched out to Menlo Park. This club had a good polo team, which played every year with teams of Englishmen from southern California and even with teams from Honolulu.

The foreign quarters are worth an article in themselves. Chief of these was, of course, Chinatown, of which every one has heard who ever heard of San Francisco. A district six blocks long and two blocks wide, housed 30,000 Chinese when the quarter was full. The dwellings were old business blocks of the early days; but the Chinese had added to them, had rebuilt them, had run out their own balconies and entrances, and had given the quarter that feeling of huddled irregularity which makes all Chinese built dwellings fall naturally into pictures. Not only this; they had burrowed to a depth of a story or two under the ground, and through this ran passages in which the Chinese transacted their dark and devious affairs — as the smuggling of opium, the traffic in slave girls, and the settlement of their difficulties.

In the last five years there was less of this underground life than formerly, for the Board of Health had a cleanup some time ago; but it was still possible to go from one end of Chinatown to the other through secret underground passages. The tourist, who always included Chinatown in his itinerary, saw little of the real quarter. The guides gave him a show by actors hired for his benefit. In reality the place amounted to a great deal in a financial way. There were clothing and cigar factories of importance, and much of the Pacific rice, tea, and silk importing was in the hands of the merchants, who numbered several millionaires. Mainly, however, it was a Tenderloin for the house servants of the city — for the San Francisco Chinaman was seldom a laundryman; he was too much in demand at fancy prices as a servant.

The Chinese lived their own lives in their own way and settled their own quarrels with the revolvers of their highbinders. There were two theaters in the quarter, a number of rich joss houses, three newspapers, and a Chinese telephone exchange. There is a race feeling against the Chinese among the working people of San Francisco, and no white man, except the very lowest outcasts, lived in the quarter.

On the slopes of Telegraph Hill dwelt the Mexicans and Spanish, in low houses, which they had transformed by balconies into a semblance of Spain. Above, and streaming over the hill, were the Italians. The tenement quarter of San Francisco shone by contrast with those of Chicago and New York, for while these people

lived in old and humble houses they had room to breathe and an eminence for light and air. Their shanties clung to the side of the hill or hung on the very edge of the precipice overlooking the Bay, on the verge of which a wall kept their babies from falling. The effect was picturesque, and this hill was the delight of painters. It was all more like Italy than anything in the Italian quarter of New York and Chicago — the very climate and surroundings, the wine country close at hand, the Bay for their lateen boats, helped them.

Over by the ocean and surrounded by cemeteries in which there are no more burials, there is an eminence which is topped by two peaks and which the Spanish of the early days named after the breasts of a woman. The unpoetic Americans had renamed it Twin Peaks. At its foot was Mission Dolores, the last mission planted by the Spanish padres in their march up the coast, and from these hills the Spanish looked for the first time upon the golden bay.

Many years ago some one set up at the summit of this peak a sixty foot cross of timber. Once a high wind blew it down, and the women of the Fair family then had it restored so firmly that it would resist anything. It has risen for fifty years above the gay, careless, luxuriant, and lovable city, in full view from every eminence and from every valley. It stands to-night, above the desolation of ruins.

The bonny, merry city — the good, gray city — O that one who has mingled the wine of her bounding life with the wine of his youth should live to write the obituary of Old San Francisco!

III

THE STREET

SIMEON STRUNSKY

[*Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1914. Republished in *Belshazzar Court* (Henry Holt and Co.), 1914. Reprinted by permission of the author and publishers.]

It is two short blocks from my office near Park Row to the Subway station where I take the express for Belshazzar Court. Eight months in the year it is my endeavor to traverse this distance as quickly as I can. This is done by cutting diagonally across the street traffic. By virtue of the law governing right-angled triangles I thus save as much as fifty feet and one-fifth of a minute of time. In the course of a year this saving amounts to sixty minutes, which may be profitably spent over a two-reel presentation of *The Moonshiner's Bride*, supplemented by an intimate picture of *Lumbering in Saskatchewan*. But with the coming of warm weather my habits change. It grows more difficult to plunge into the murk of the Subway.

A foretaste of the languor of June is in the air. The turnstile storm-doors in our office building, which have been put aside for brief periods during the first deceptive approaches of spring, only to come back triumphant from Elba, have been definitely removed. The steel-workers pace their girders twenty floors high almost in mid-season form, and their pneumatic hammers scold and chatter through the sultry hours. The soda-fountains are bright with new compounds whose names ingeniously reflect the world's progress from day to day in politics, science, and the arts. From my window I can see the long black steamships pushing down to the sea, and they raise vague speculations in my mind about the cost of living in the vicinity of Sorrento and Fontainebleau. On such a day I am reminded of my physician's orders, issued last December, to walk a mile every afternoon on leaving my office. So I stroll up Broadway with the intention of taking my train farther up-town, at Fourteenth Street.

The doctor did not say stroll. He said a brisk walk with head erect, chest thrown out, diaphragm well contracted, and a general aspect of money in the bank. But here enters human perversity. The only place where I am in the mood to walk after the prescribed military fashion is in the open country. Just where by all accounts I ought to be sauntering without heed to time, studying the lovely texts which Nature has set down in the modest type-forms selected from her inexhaustible fonts,— in the minion of ripening berries, in the nonpareil of crawling insect life, the agate of tendril and filament, and the 12-point diamond of the dust,— there I stride along and see little.

And in the city, where I should swing along briskly, I lounge. What is there on Broadway to linger over? On Broad-

way, Nature has used her biggest, fattest type-forms. Tall, flat, building fronts, brazen with many windows and ribbed with commercial gilt lettering six feet high; shrieking proclamations of auction sales written in letters of fire on vast canvasses; railway posters in scarlet and blue and green; rotatory barber-poles striving at the national colors and producing vertigo; banners, escutcheons, crests, in all the primary colors — surely none of these things needs poring over. And I know them with my eyes closed. I know the windows where lithe youths in gymnasium dress demonstrate the virtue of home exercises; the windows where other young men do nothing but put on and take off patent reversible near-linen collars; where young women deftly roll cigarettes; where other young women whittle at sticks with miraculously stropped razors. I know these things by heart, yet I linger over them in flagrantly unhygienic attitudes, my shoulders bent forward and my chest and diaphragm in a position precisely the reverse of that prescribed by the doctor.

Perhaps the thing that makes me linger before these familiar sights is the odd circumstance that in Broadway's shop-windows Nature is almost never herself, but is either supernatural or artificial. Nature, for instance, never intended that razors should cut wood and remain sharp; that linen collars should keep on getting cleaner the longer they are worn; that glass should not break; that ink should not stain; that gauze should not tear; that an object worth five dollars should sell for $1.39; but all these things happen in Broadway windows. Williams, whom I meet now and then, who sometimes turns and walks up with me to Fourteenth Street, pointed out to me the other day how strange a thing it was that the one street which has become a synonym for 'real life' to all good suburban Americans is not real at all, but is crowded either with miracles or with imitations.

The windows on Broadway glow with wax fruits and with flowers of muslin and taffeta drawn by bounteous Nature from her storehouses in Parisian garret workshops. Broadway's ostrich feathers have been plucked in East Side tenements. The huge cigars in the tobacconist's windows are of wood. The enormous bottles of champagne in the saloons are of cardboard, and empty. The tall scaffoldings of proprietary medicine bottles in the drug shops are of paper. 'Why,' said Williams, 'even the jewelry sold in the Japanese auction stores is not genuine, and the sellers are not Japanese.'

This bustling mart of commerce, as the generation after the Civil War used to say, is only a world of illusion. Artificial flowers, artificial fruits, artificial limbs, tobacco, rubber, silks, woolens, straws, gold, silver. The young men and women who manipulate razors and elastic cords are real, but not always. Williams and I once stood for a long while and gazed at a young woman posing in a drug-shop window, and argued whether she was alive. Ultimately she winked and Williams gloated over me. But how do I know her wink was real? At any rate the great mass of human life in the windows is artificial. The ladies who smile out of charming morning costumes are obviously of lining and plaster. Their smug herculean husbands in pajamas preserve their equanimity in the severest winter weather only because of their wire-and-plaster constitution. The baby reposing in its beribboned crib is china and excelsior. Illusion everywhere.

But the Broadway crowd is real. You only have to buffet it for five minutes to feel, in eyes and arms and shoulders, how real it is. When I was a boy and was taken to the circus it was always an amazing thing to me that there should be so many people in the street moving in a direction away from the circus. Something of this sensation still besets me whenever we go down in the Subway from Belshazzar Court to hear Caruso. The presence of all the other people on our train is simple enough. They are all on their way to hear Caruso. But what of the crowds in the trains that flash by in the opposite direction? It is not a question of feeling sorry for them. I try to understand and I fail. But on Broadway on a late summer afternoon the obverse is true. The natural thing is that the living tide as it presses south shall beat me back, halt me, eddy around me. I know that there are people moving north with me, but I am not acutely aware of them. This onrush of faces converges on me alone. It is I against half the world.

And then suddenly out of the surge of faces one leaps out at me. It is Williams, whose doctor has told him that the surest

way of fighting down the lust for tobacco is to walk down from his office to the ferry every afternoon. Williams and I salute each other after the fashion of Broadway, which is to exchange greetings backward over the shoulder. This is the first step in an elaborate minuet. Because we have passed each other before recognition came, our hands fly out backward. Now we whirl half around, so that I who have been moving north face the west, while Williams, who has been traveling south, now looks east. Our clasped hands strain at each other as we stand there poised for flight after the first greeting. A quarter of a minute perhaps, and we have said good-by.

But if the critical quarter of a minute passes, there ensues a change of geographical position which corresponds to a change of soul within us. I suddenly say to myself that there are plenty of trains to be had at Fourteenth Street. Williams recalls that another boat will leave Battery Place shortly after the one he is bound for. So the tension of our outstretched arms relaxes. I, who have been facing west, complete the half circle and swing south. Williams veers due north, and we two men stand face to face. The beat and clamor of the crowd fall away from us like a well-trained stage mob. We are in Broadway, but not of it.

'Well, what's the good word?' says Williams.

When two men meet on Broadway the spirit of optimism strikes fire. We begin by asking each other what the good word is. We take it for granted that neither of us has anything but a chronicle of victory and courage to relate. What other word but the good word is tolerable in the lexicon of living, upstanding men? Failure is only for the dead. Surrender is for the man with yellow in his nature. So Williams and I pay our acknowledgments to this best of possible worlds. I give Williams the good word. I make no allusion to the fact that I have spent a miserable night in communion with neuralgia; how can that possibly concern him? Another manuscript came back this morning from an editor who regretted that his is the most unintelligent body of readers in the country. The third cook in three weeks left us last night after making vigorous reflections on my wife's good nature and my own appearance. Only an hour ago, as I was watching the long, black steamers bound for Sorrento and Fontainebleau, the monotony of one's treadmill work, the flat unprofitableness of scribbling endlessly on sheets of paper, had become almost a nausea. But Williams will know nothing of this from me. Why should he? He may have been sitting up all night with a sick child. At this very moment the thought of the little parched lips, the moan, the unseeing eyes, may be tearing at his entrails; but he in turn gives me the good word, and many others after that, and we pass on.

But sometimes I doubt. This splendid optimism of people on Broadway, in the Subway, and in the shops and offices — is it really a sign of high spiritual courage, or is it just lack of sensibility? Do we find it easy to keep a stiff upper lip, to buck up, to never say die, because we are brave men, or simply because we lack the sensitiveness and the imagination to react to pain? It may be even worse than that. It may be part of our commercial gift for window-dressing, for putting up a good front.

Sometimes I feel that Williams has no right to be walking down Broadway on business when there is a stricken child at home. The world cannot possibly need him at that moment as much as his own flesh and blood does. It is not courage; it is brutish indifference. At such times I am tempted to dismiss as mythical all this fine talk about feelings that run deep beneath the surface, and bruised hearts that ache under the smile. If a man really suffers he will show it. If a man cultivates the habit of not showing emotion he will end by having none to show. How much of Broadway's optimism is — But here I am paraphrasing William James's *Principles of Psychology*, which the reader can just as well consult for himself in the latest revised edition of 1907.

Also, I am exaggerating. Most likely Williams's children are all in perfect health, and my envelope from the editor has brought a check instead of a rejection slip. It is on such occasions that Williams and I, after shaking hands the way a locomotive takes on water on the run, wheel around, halt, and proceed to buy something at the rate of two for a quarter. If any one is ever inclined to doubt the spirit of American fraternity, it

is only necessary to recall the number of commodities for men that sell two for twenty-five cents. In theory, the two cigars which Williams and I buy for twenty-five cents are worth fifteen cents apiece. As a matter of fact they are probably ten-cent cigars. But the shopkeeper is welcome to his extra nickel. It is a small price to pay for the seal of comradeship that stamps his pair of cigars selling for a single quarter. Two men who have concluded a business deal in which each has commendably tried to get the better of the other may call for twenty-five cent perfectos or for half-dollar Dreadnoughts. I understand there are such. But friends sitting down together will always demand cigars that go for a round sum, two for a quarter or three for fifty (if the editor's check is what it ought to be).

When people speak of the want of real comradeship among women, I sometimes wonder if one of the reasons may not be that the prices which women are accustomed to pay are individualistic instead of fraternal. The soda fountains and the street cars do not dispense goods at the rate of two items for a single coin. It is infinitely worse in the department stores. Treating a friend to something that costs $2.79 is inconceivable. But I have really wandered from my point.

'Well, be good,' says Williams, and rushes off to catch his boat.

The point I wish to make is that on Broadway people pay tribute to the principle of goodness that rules this world, both in the way they greet and in the way they part. We salute by asking each other what the good word is. When we say good-by we enjoin each other to be good. The humorous assumption is that gay devils like Williams and me need to be constantly warned against straying off into the primrose paths that run out of Broadway.

Simple, humorous, average American man! You have left your suburban couch in time to walk half a mile to the station and catch the 7.59 for the city. You have read your morning paper; discussed the weather, the tariff, and the prospects for lettuce with your neighbor; and made the office only a minute late. You have been fastened to your desk from nine o'clock to five, with half an hour for lunch, which you have eaten in a clamorous, overheated restaurant while you watched your hat and coat. At odd moments during the day the thought of doctor's bills, rent bills, school bills, has insisted on receiving attention. At the end of the day, laden with parcels from the market, from the hardware store, from the seedman, you are bound for the ferry to catch the 5.43, when you meet Smith, who, having passed the good word, sends you on your way with the injunction to be good — not to play roulette, not to open wine, not to turkey-trot, not to joy-ride, not to haunt the stage door. Be good, O simple, humorous, average suburban American!

I take back that word suburban. The Sunday Supplement has given it a meaning which is not mine. I am speaking only of the suburban in spirit, of a simplicity, a meekness which is of the soul only. Outwardly there is nothing suburban about the crowd on lower Broadway. The man in the street is not at all the diminutive, apologetic creature with side whiskers whom Mr. F. B. Opper brought forth and named Common People, who begat the Strap-Hanger, who begat the Rent-Payer, and the Ultimate Consumer. The crowd on lower Broadway is alert and well set up. Yes, though one hates to do it, I must say 'clean-cut.' The men on the sidewalk are young, limber, sharp-faced, almost insolent young men. There are not very many old men in the crowd, though I see any number of gray-haired young men. Seldom do you detect the traditional signs of age, the sagging lines of the face, the relaxed abdominal contour, the tamed spirit. The young, the young-old, the old-young, but rarely quite the old.

I am speaking only of externals. Clean-cut, eager faces are very frequently disappointing. A very ordinary mind may be working behind that clear sweep of brow and nose and chin. I have known the shock of young men who look like kings of Wall Street and speak like shoe clerks. They are shoe clerks. But the appearance is there, that athletic carriage which is helped out by our triumphant, ready-made clothing. I suppose I ought to detest the tailor's tricks which iron out all ages and all stations into a uniformity of padded shoulders and trim waistlines and hips. I imagine I ought to despise our habit of wearing elegant shoddy where the European chooses honest, clumsy woolens. But I am concerned only with

externals, and in outward appearances a Broadway crowd beats the world. Æsthetically we simply are in a class by ourselves when compared with the Englishman and the Teuton in their skimpy, ill-cut garments. Let the British and German ambassadors at Washington do their worst. This is my firm belief and I will maintain it against the world. The truth must out. *Ruat cælum. Ich kann nicht anders. J'y suis, j'y reste.*

Williams laughs at my lyrical outbursts. But I am not yet through. I still have to speak of the women in the crowd. What an infinitely finer thing is a woman than a man of her class! To see this for yourself you have only to walk up Broadway until the southward-bearing stream breaks off and the tide begins to run from west to east. You have passed out of the commercial district into the region of factories. It is well on toward dark, and the barracks that go by the unlovely name of loft buildings, are pouring out their battalions of needle-workers. The crowd has become a mass. The nervous pace of lower Broadway slackens to the steady, patient tramp of a host. It is an army of women, with here and there a flying detachment of the male.

On the faces of the men the day's toil has written its record even as on the women, but in a much coarser hand. Fatigue has beaten down the soul of these men into brutish indifference, but in the women it has drawn fine the flesh only to make it more eloquent of the soul. Instead of listlessness, there is wistfulness. Instead of vacuity you read mystery. Innate grace rises above the vulgarity of the dress. Cheap, tawdry blouse and imitation willow-plume walk shoulder to shoulder with the shoddy coat of the male, copying Fifth Avenue as fifty cents may attain to five dollars. But the men's shoddy is merely a horror, whereas woman transfigures and subtilizes the cheap material. The spirit of grace which is the birthright of her sex cannot be killed — not even by the presence of her best young man in Sunday clothes. She is finer by the heritage of her sex, and America has accentuated her title. This America which drains her youthful vigor with overwork, which takes from her cheeks the color she has brought from her Slavic or Italian peasant home, makes restitution by remolding her in more delicate, more alluring lines, gives her the high privilege of charm — and neurosis.

Williams and I pause at the Subway entrances and watch the earth suck in the crowd. It lets itself be swallowed up with meek good-nature. Our amazing good-nature! Political philosophers have deplored the fact. They have urged us to be quicker-tempered, more resentful of being stepped upon, more inclined to write letters to the editor. I agree that only in that way can we be rid of political bosses, of brutal policemen, of ticket-speculators, of taxicab extortioners, of insolent waiters, of janitors, of indecent congestion in travel, of unheated cars in the winter and barred-up windows in summer. I am at heart with the social philosophers. But then I am not typical of the crowd. When my neighbor's elbow injects itself into the small of my back, I twist around and glower at him. I forget that his elbow is the innocent mechanical result of a whole series of elbows and backs extending the length of the car, to where the first cause operates in the form of a station-guard's shoulder ramming the human cattle into their stalls. In the faces about me there is no resentment. Instead of smashing windows, instead of raising barricades in the Subway and hanging the train-guards with their own lanterns about their necks, the crowd sways and bends to the lurching of the train, and young voices call out cheerfully, 'Plenty of room ahead.'

Horribly good-natured! We have taken a phrase which is the badge of our shame and turned it into a jest. Plenty of room ahead! If this were a squat, ill-formed proletarian race obviously predestined to subjection, one might understand. But that a crowd of trim, well-cut, self-reliant Americans, sharp-featured, alert, insolent as I have called them, that they should submit is a puzzle. Perhaps it is because of the fierce democracy of it all. The crush, the enforced intimacies of physical contact, the feeling that a man's natural condition is to push and be pushed, to shove ahead when the opportunity offers and to take it like a man when no chance presents itself — that is equality. A seat in the Subway is like the prizes of life for which men have fought in these United States. You struggle, you win or lose. If the other man wins there is no envy; admiration rather, provided he has not

shouldered and elbowed out of reason. That godlike freedom from envy is passing today, and perhaps the good nature of the crowd in the Subway will pass. I see signs of the approaching change. People do not call out, 'Plenty of room ahead,' so frequently as they used to.

Good-natured when dangling from the strap in the Subway, good-natured in front of baseball bulletins on Park Row, good-natured in the face of so much oppression and injustice, where is the supposed cruelty of the 'mob'? I am ready to affirm on oath that the mob is not vindictive, that it is not cruel. It may be a bit sharp-tongued, fickle, a bit mischievous, but in the heart of the crowd there is no evil passion. The evil comes from the leaders, the demagogues, the professional distorters of right thinking and right feeling. The crowd in the bleachers is not the clamorous, brute mob of tradition. I have watched faces in the bleachers and in the grand-stand and seen little of that fury which is supposed to animate the fan. For the most part he sits there with folded arms, thin-lipped, eager, but after all conscious that there are other things in life besides baseball. No, it is the leaders, the baseball editors, the cartoonists, the humorists, the professional stimulators of 'local pride,' with their exaggerated gloatings over a game won, their poisonous attacks upon a losing team, who are responsible. It is these demagogues who drill the crowd in the gospel of loving only a winner — but if I keep on I shall be in politics before I know it.

If you see in the homeward crowd in the Subway a face over which the pall of depression has settled, that face very likely is bent over the comic pictures in the evening paper. I cannot recall seeing any one smile over these long serials of humorous adventure which run from day to day and from year to year. I have seen readers turn mechanically to these lurid comics and pore over them, foreheads puckered into a frown, lips unconsciously spelling out the long legends which issue in the form of little balloons and lozenges from that amazing portrait gallery of dwarfs, giants, shrilling viragos and their diminutive husbands, devil-children, quadrupeds, insects,— an entire zoölogy. If any stimulus rises from these pages to the puzzled brain, the effect is not visible. I imagine that by dint of repetition through the years these grotesque creations have become a reality to millions of readers. It is no longer a question of humor, it is a vice. The Desperate Desmonds, the Newlyweds, and the Dingbats, have acquired a horrible fascination. Otherwise I cannot see why readers of the funny page should appear to be memorizing pages from Euclid.

This by way of anticipation. What the doctor has said of exercise being a habit which grows easy with time is true. It is the first five minutes of walking that are wearisome. I find myself strolling past Fourteenth Street, where I was to take my train for Belshazzar Court. Never mind, Forty-second Street will do as well. I am now on a different Broadway. The crowd is no longer north and south, but flows in every direction. It is churned up at every corner and spreads itself across the squares and open places. Its appearance has changed. It is no longer a factory population. Women still predominate, but they are the women of the professions and trades which center about Madison Square — business women of independent standing, women from the magazine offices, the publishing houses, the insurance offices. You detect the bachelor girl in the current which sets in toward the home quarters of the undomesticated, the little Bohemias, the foreign eating-places whose fixed *table d'hôte* prices flash out in illumined signs from the side streets. Still farther north and the crowd becomes tinged with the current of that Broadway which the outside world knows best. The idlers begin to mingle with the workers, men in English clothes with canes, women with plumes and jeweled reticules. You catch the first heart-beat of Little Old New York.

The first stirrings of this gayer Broadway die down as quickly almost as they manifested themselves. The idlers and those who minister to them have heard the call of the dinner hour and have vanished, into hotel doors, into shabbier quarters by no means in keeping with the cut of their garments and their apparent indifference to useful employment. Soon the street is almost empty. It is not a beautiful Broadway in this garish interval between the last of the matinée and shopping crowd and the vanguard of the night crowd. The monster electric sign-boards have not begun to gleam and flash and

revolve and confound the eye and the senses. At night the electric Niagara hides the squalid fronts of ugly brick, the dark doorways, the clutter of fire-escapes, the rickety wooden hoardings. Not an imperial street this Broadway at 6.30 of a summer's afternoon. Cheap jewelry shops, cheap tobacconist's shops, cheap haberdasheries, cheap restaurants, grimy little newspaper agencies and ticket-offices, and 'demonstration' stores for patent foods, patent waters, patent razors.

O Gay White Way, you are far from gay in the fast-fading light, before the magic hand of Edison wipes the wrinkles from your face and galvanizes you into hectic vitality; far from alluring with your tinsel shop-windows, with your puffy-faced, unshaven men leaning against door-posts and chewing pessimistic toothpicks, your sharp-eyed newsboys wise with the wisdom of the Tenderloin, and your itinerant women whose eyes wander from side to side. It is not in this guise that you draw the hearts of millions to yourself, O dingy, Gay White Way, O Via Lobsteria Dolorosa!

Well, when a man begins to moralize it is time to go home. I have walked farther than I intended, and I am soft from lack of exercise, and tired. The romance of the crowd has disappeared. Romance cannot survive that short passage of Long-acre Square, where the art of the theater and of the picture-postcard flourish in an atmosphere impregnated with gasoline. As I glance into the windows of the automobile salesrooms and catch my own reflection in the enamel of Babylonian limousines I find myself thinking all at once of the children at home. They expand and fill up the horizon. Broadway disappears. I smile into the face of a painted promenader, but how is she to know that it is not at her I smile but at the sudden recollection of what the baby said at the breakfast-table that morning? Like all good New Yorkers when they enter the Subway, I proceed to choke up all my senses against contact with the external world, and thus resolving myself into a state of coma, I dip down into the bowels of the earth, whence in due time I am spewed out two short blocks from Belshazzar Court.

IV

CONEY ISLAND AT NIGHT

JAMES HUNEKER

[*New York Herald*, August 19, 1906. Republished in *New Cosmopolis* (Chas. Scribner's Sons) 1915. Reprinted by permission of the author and publishers.]

It was the hottest night of the summer at Coney Island. All day a steaming curtain of mist hid the sun from the eyes of men and women and children; yet proved no shield against the blasting heat. Humidity and not the sun-rays had been the enemy. And when a claret-colored disk showed dully through the nacreous vapors just before setting, we knew that the night would bring little respite from the horror of the waking hours. It was a time to try men's nerves. The average obligations of life had faded into the abyss of general indifference, one that had absorbed the exactions of daily behavior — politeness, order, sobriety, and decency. Add a few notches upward on the thermometer, and mankind soon reverts to the habits and conditions of his primitive ancestors. The ape, the tiger, and the jackal in all of us come to the surface with shocking rapidity. We are, in a reasonable analysis, the victims of our environment, the slaves of temperature. Heat and cold have produced the African and the Laplander. At Coney Island during a torrid spell we are very near the soil; we cast to the winds modesty, prudence, and dignity. Then, life is worth living only when stripped to the skin.

Three seasons had I passed without a visit to this astonishing bedlam, yet I found the place well-nigh unrecognizable. Knowing old Coney Island, the magnitude of its changes did not so much amaze and terrify me. One should never be amazed in America. After an hour's hasty survey, Atlantic City seemed a normal spot. Broad stretches of board walk, long, sweeping beaches, space to turn about — these and other items might be added. But at Coney Island the cramped positions one must assume to stand or move, the fierce warfare of humanity as it forces its way along the streets or into the crazy shows — surely conceived by madmen for madmen — the indescribable and hideous symphony of noise running the gamut

from shrill steam-whistles to the diapasonic roar of machinery; decidedly the entire place produced the sensation of abnormality, of horrible joys grabbed at by a savage horde of barbarians, incapable of repose even in their moments of leisure. Some one has said that the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly; then we must take ours by rude assault. All Coney Island reminded me of a disturbed ant-heap, the human ants ferocious in their efforts to make confusion thrice confounded, to heap up horrors of sound and of sight.

There must be in every one, no matter how phlegmatic, a residuum of energy which may boil over when some exciting event knocks at the door of our being. It is, psychologists assure us, the play-instinct of the animal in us that delights in games innocent and dangerous. If forty thousand people assemble to see a game of baseball, how many more would gather with feverish gaiety if there were a surety of the umpire's death at every game? The Romans daily witnessed men and women destroyed in the arena of their circus — witnessed it with a satisfaction æsthetic and profound. The reason was not that they were less civilized than the moderns, but only more frank. Their play-instinct was more fully developed and the classical world was not hampered by our moral prejudices.

As cruelty is proscribed among highly civilized nations to-day — the game of life being so vilely cruel that the arena with its bulls and tigers is unnecessary — our play-instinct finds vent in a species of diversion that must not be examined too closely, as it verges perilously on idiocy. Coney Island is only another name for topsyturvydom. There the true becomes the grotesque, the vision of a maniac. Else why those nerve-racking entertainments, ends of the world, creations, hells, heavens, fantastic trips to ugly lands, panoramas of sheer madness, flights through the air in boats, through water in sleds, on the earth in toy trains! Unreality is as greedily craved by the mob as alcohol by the dipsomaniac; indeed, the jumbled nightmares of a morphine eater are actually realized at Luna Park. Every angle reveals some new horror. Mechanical waterfalls, with women and children racing around curving, tumbling floods; elephants tramping ponderously through streets that are a bewildering muddle of many nations, many architectures; deeds of Western violence and robbery, illustrated with a realism that is positively enthralling; Japanese and Irish, Germans and Indians, Hindus and Italians, cats and girls and ponies and — the list sets whirring the wheels of the biggest of dictionaries.

In Dreamland there is a white tower that might rear itself in Seville and cause no comment.[1] Hemming it about are walls of monstrosities — laughable, shocking, sinister, and desperately depressing. In the center flying boats cleave the air; from the top of a crimson lighthouse flat, sled-like barges plunge down a liquid railroad, while from every cavern issue screams of tortured and delighted humans and the hoarse barking of men with megaphones. They assault your ears with their invitations, protestations, and blasphemies. You are conjured to 'go to Hell-gate'; you are singled out by some brawny individual with threatening intonations and bade enter the animal show where a lion or a tiger is warranted to claw a keeper at least once a day. The glare is appalling, the sky a metallic blue, the sun a slayer.

And then the innumerable distractions of the animated walks, the dwarfs and the dogs, the horses and the miniature railway. Inside the various buildings you may see the cosmos in the act of formation, or San Francisco destroyed by fire and quake; the end of life, organic and inorganic, is displayed for a modest pittance; you may sleigh in Switzerland or take a lulling ride in Venetian gondolas. But nothing is real. Doubtless the crowd would be disappointed by a glimpse of the real Venice, the real Switzerland, the real hell, the real heaven. Everything is the reflection of a cracked mirror held in the hand of the clever showman, who, knowing us as children of a larger growth, compounds his mess, bizarre and ridiculous, accordingly. There is little need to ponder the whys and wherefores of our aberrancy. Once en masse, humanity sheds its civilization and becomes half child, half savage. In the theaters the gentlest are swayed by a sort of mob mania and delight in scenes of cruelty and bloodshed — though at home the sight of a canary with a broken wing sets stirring in us tender sympathy. A crowd seldom reasons. It

[1] This was so before fire destroyed the place.

will lynch an innocent man or glorify a scamp politician with equal facility. Hence the monstrous debauch of the fancy at Coney Island, where New York chases its chimera of pleasure.

Nevertheless, with all its perversion, its oblique image of life, is Coney Island much madder than the Stock Exchange, the prize-ring, roller-skating, a fashionable cotillion, a political mass-meeting, or some theatrical performances? Again I must bid you to remember that everything is relative; that the morals of one age are the crimes of another; that I am, comparatively speaking, a stranger to our summer cities and perhaps not peculiarly well fitted to judge of such an astounding institution as Coney Island.

The madness converges below Brighton, reaching its apex on Surf Avenue, jammed with pleasure-seekers, fringed by 'fakers' and their utterly abominable wares. Farther up the beach order reigns, men and women are clothed in their right mind, walk, talk, and act rationally. At the Oriental dignity prevails. Few people are to be seen. The place slumbers. You feel that in such a hotel you may live as you wish. Manhattan, no longer queen of the beaches, has its interest. The bathing attracts. The wide porches and the dining couples are pleasing to see. A theater there is for those to whom the ocean is not a stimulating spectacle. Walk farther. We reach Brighton. There the pot begins to bubble. A smaller Coney confronts you. You pass on. Stopping before what was once Anton Seidl's music pavilion, you indulge, more sadly than sentimentally, in memories of those evenings, over two decades ago, when the sound of the waves formed a background for the dead master's music-making — Beethoven and Wagner and Liszt.

Instead of Brünhilde and her sisters' wild ride, we hear the wooden horse orchestrion screeching 'Meet Me at the Church.' Move on? Has public musical taste moved with the years? Meet me at the madhouse! We reach the Boulevard and note its agreeable vastness. The sun has set and the world is become suddenly afire.

Then Coney Island, with its vulgarity, its babble and tumult, is a glorified city of flame. But don't go too near it; your wings will easily singe on the broad avenue where beer, sausage, fruit, pop-corn, candy, flapjacks, green corn, and again beer, rule the appetites of the multitude. After seeing the aerial magic of that great pyrotechnic artist Pain, a man who could, if he so desired, create a new species of art, and his nocturnes of jeweled fire, you wonder why the entire beach is not called Fire Island. The view of Luna Park from Sheepshead Bay suggests a cemetery of fire, the tombs, turrets, and towers, illuminated, and mortuary shafts of flame. At Dreamland the little lighthouse is a scarlet incandescence. The big building stands a dazzling apparition for men on ships and steamers out at sea. Everything is fretted with fire. Fire delicately etches some fairy structure; fire outlines an Oriental gateway; fire runs like a musical scale through many octaves, the darkness crowding it, the mist blurring it. Fire is the god of Coney Island after sundown, and fire was its god this night, the hottest of the summer.

At ten o'clock the crowds had not abated. Noise still reigned over the Bowery, and the cafés, restaurants, dens, and shows were full of gabbling, eating, drinking, cursing, and laughing folk. I had intended to return either to my hotel or to New York, but the heat pinioned my will. In company with thousands, I strolled the beach near the Boulevard. An amiable policeman told me that few people would go back to the city, that, hot as it was at Coney, the East Side was more stifling. The sight of cars coming down crowded at eleven o'clock and returning half-full at midnight determined my plan of action. I went to my hotel, put on a sweater and a cap, changed a bill into silver, and with a stick for company I returned to the West End. There were more people than before, though it was nearly one o'clock and the lights were beginning to dim. I searched for the friendly policeman, but instead found a surly one, who warned me that it would be a risk to venture upon the beach if I had a watch or money. I longed for a Josiah Flynt who would pilot me through this jungle of humanity. The heat was depressing and mosquitoes made us miserable. They knew me for a fresh comer and exacted a sorry toll from my hands, neck, and face. I wavered in my resolution to spend the night on the beach. I had left my rake at home, and as I am not a socialist I could not emulate the

performances of the 'white mice,' as the East Side names the good, well-dressed young men and women of means who make sociological calls on them, note-books in their hands, curiosity in their eyes, and burning enthusiasm in their hearts.

All the lights of the pleasure palaces were extinguished. Across at Riccadonna's there was still a light, and peering over the Brighton pavilion there was a pillar of luminosity that looked a cross between a corn-cob and a thermometer afire. I sat down on the sand. I would stay out the night. And then I began to look about me. In Hyde Park, London, I had seen hundreds of vagabonds huddled in the grass, their clothes mere rags, their attitudes those of death, but nothing in England or America can match what I saw this particular night. While the poorer classes predominated, there was little suggestion of abject pauperism. Many seemed gay. The white dresses of the women and children relieved the somber masses of black men, who, though coatless for the most part, made black splotches on the sand. In serried array they lay; there was no order in their position, yet a short distance away they gave the impression of an army at rest. The entire beach was thick with humanity. At close range it resolved itself in groups, sweethearts in pairs, families of three or four, six or seven, planted close together. With care, hesitation, and difficulty I navigated around these islets of flesh and blood. Sometimes I stumbled over a foot or an arm. Once I kicked a head, and I was cursed many times and vigorously cursed. But I persisted. Like the 'white mice,' I was there to see. Policemen plodded through the crowds, and if there was undue hilarity warned the offenders in a low voice. But it was impossible for such a large body of people to be more orderly, more decent. I determined to prowl down the lower beach, between the Boulevard and Sea Gate.

My sporting instinct came to the surface. Here was game. Not in the immemorial mob, joking and snoring, shrieking and buzzing, would I find what I sought. I tried to pass under the bathing-houses, but so densely packed were the paths that I was threatened by a dozen harsh voices. So I pursued a safer way, down Surf Avenue. It was still filled with people — men and women, battered, bleary, drunk or tired, dragged their weary paces, regarding each other as do wolves, ready to spring. We all felt like sticky August salt. Reaching the beach again, I was too fatigued to walk farther. I propped my head against the wooden pillar of an old bath-house and my eyes began to droop. I heard without a quiver of interest the sudden scream of a woman followed by ominous bass laughter. Some one plucked a banjo. Dogs barked. A hymn rose on the hot air. Around me it was like a battle-field of the slain. A curious drone was in the air; it was the monster breathing. A muggy moon shone intermittently over us, its bleached rays painting in one ghastly tone the upturned faces of the sleepers. The stale, sour, rank smell of wretched mankind poisoned the atmosphere, thick with sultry vapors. I wished myself home.

Then a gentle voice said — the accent was slightly foreign:

'What a sight the poor make in the moonlight!' I did not turn, but answered that I had thought that same thing. The voice proceeded. It was not strong, though a resonant baritone:

'You are alone, good sir; but look at my brood, and don't wonder at people dying without asking the world's permission.'

I half arose, expecting that it was a beggar who addressed me. A child began whimpering. I saw a woman on her side holding with relaxed grasp this crying infant — the wail was hardly perceptible above the swish of the surf. Near her were two older children. The man who had spoken to me was sitting, his head plunged almost between his knees, his skinny hands supporting his head. He was exceedingly poor, wearing only a ragged shirt and trousers. His head was large and curly with thick hair. He could not have been more than forty. When he lifted his head his eyes in the moonshine were like two red cinders. A wild beast — and with a gentle, even cultivated, voice. I went over to him. The child still moaned as the fingers of the exhausted woman opened farther. I forgot sociology and wondered if here was a case of starvation — a hungry family in all the Gargantuan feast of Coney Island. The idea was horrible.

'What's the matter, Batiushka?' I

asked, adopting a familiar form of Russian salutation. He fell on his knees.

'Brother,' he panted, 'are you a Russian? A Jew? Help us. We have not eaten since yesterday morning.' I confess I shuddered. I confess also that I did n't believe him. A man, a Jewish man with a family, in New York and starving! New York, with its rich charitable institutions! And this fellow tried to make me think that he needed food; that his wife and children needed food! I had eaten my dinner at the Manhattan, and I enjoyed that selfish credulity which an able-bodied gourmand feels when he is approached by some one who has tasted no food for days.

And this miserable being came nearer to me, feebly, supplicatingly. His eyes were like red dots in the head of a famished animal. His hot breath issued as from an open grave. The child sobbed louder, and the mother, half awake, clutched it. She sat up. The other two children arose, alarmed, silent. It was too much for my pampered nerves. Bidding the man remain where he was, I ran across the beach to the Bowery and into a little saloon full of half-drunken, vicious people. Ten minutes later we sat at an improvised supper of pretzels, cold fish, and beer. I knew this family would n't touch anything else. Starvation itself would not force them to break their tribal law. I have an idea that I was thirsty myself, for I enjoyed the flat beer, and I enjoyed the subdued ferocity with which the family ate and drank. The baby did not stir. It had fallen asleep. The mother, a worn-out woman, still young, mechanically put the food into her mouth, not looking at us, not speaking to the two girls. She was numbed by hunger and heat.

'See here, what 's your name?' I asked.

'My name,' he stammered, 'is Hyman.'

'I mean your family name,' I demanded; 'Hyman is your first name.'

He gave me a keen glance. Then he quietly replied: 'You are right. My full name is Hyman Levin.'

'Have you a home?' I pursued. I felt my importance. I was playing the rôle of benefactor, and what philanthropist, great or small, does not desire the worth of his money? Besides, it is good policy to cross-examine a starving man. He appreciates your interest at such a time. (Oh, what smiling villains are we all!)

'I live in an alley near Oliver Street. Usually we go to the recreation pier near Peck Slip, but the child was so sick that I came down here last night.'

'Last night?'

'Yes, I pawned my coat to get the car fare.'

This is a truthful report of the man's conversation. He was out of work — sickness — and he had pawned, piece by piece, bit by bit, everything in the house. His wife went to the pawnhouse, while he, scarcely able to hold up his head, watched the baby. The children lived in the streets, feeding at the garbage cans, thankful for such a chance. Is this exaggeration? If you think so, then you don't know your own city. Such things happen every day. The neighbors were kind, especially the Irish. But they, too, could scarcely boast more than one meal a day. Hyman coughed; he evidently was marked for the death of a consumptive. Yet he fought on. The charities were available — for a time. But funds ran low; public interest also ran low. The Levins found themselves within five days of rent time in their room, a musty, dirty garret. Life from heat and insufficient food became intolerable, and, half crazed with fever, on that hot Monday, they contrived to reach the seashore. With only a few pennies, yet they were happier; they could at least breathe fresh air, see the water. But so forbidding was the appearance of this unhappy family that they were warned off the board walk and frightened away from the crowd of pleasure-seekers. We do not care to see these death's-heads at our feasts. Finally they found refuge under the bathhouse, and there I met them.

Worse remains. When the dawn came up softly like the vanguard of an army without banners I shook the sleeping Hyman. I awoke the woman. I had heard queer sounds in the throat of the child, noises like water slowly dripping into a well. Why should I go on? The child was dead, and I was not surprised. Nor were the parents. They made no outcry, but covered the little thing with the mother's old pelisse. Stunned by their cumulative misfortunes, this death was accepted with the fatalism of a Russian. I told a policeman the story, and a half-hour later the entire family was carted away with

the promise that they would be given food and shelter.

There was a bitter taste in my mouth. If a poor devil of a tramp or a working man had met me then I should not have been able to look either one in the eye. Oh, how cheap is charity! The silver I spent did not relieve the Levins. They had scarcely bade me good-by, so oppressed were they by their sorrow, their shame. They must have hated me. The man was not ignorant. His English betrayed a reader. He had conversed well about Gorky and Tolstoy, had read Karl Marx, and knew the names of all his saints of anarchy. A socialist? I do not know. I only know that your bookish theories go to smash when you hear a man's voice thrill with anguish. A pauper, you say, a lazy good-for-nothing? Ay, perhaps he was — perhaps they all are; but drunkard, thief, even murderer, must they starve? Anarchs and infidels? So were the Americans of 1776, according to the English.

Remember what Richard Jeffries wrote: 'Food and drink, roof and clothes are the inalienable right of every child born into the light. If the world does not provide it freely — not as a grudging gift, but as a right, as a son of the house sits down to breakfast — then is the world mad. . . . I verily believe that the earth in one year produces enough food to last for thirty. Why, then, have we not enough? . . . It is not the pauper — oh, inexpressibly wicked word! — it is the well-to-do who are the criminal classes.' Grant Allen said that all men are born free and unequal. True. But should they be allowed to want for bread?

Don't ask me the remedy. I am neither a professional prophet nor a socialist. Don't throw socialism at my head. Ready-made prophylactics smell suspiciously. The 'dismal science' scares me. Before the fatal words 'unearned increment' I retreat. And the socialist's conception of the state approaches singularly close to the old conception of monarchy. I know that there are many Levins in New York, of many nationalities. Starve in New York, the abundant city, where 'God's in the world to-day'? Impossible! cry the sentimentalists. I did n't believe it, either, until I met the Levins. That adventure has cured me of all foolish optimistic boasting. I have told the story plainly. I realized of how little account to people in such awful straits is the clangor of contending political parties. Of what interest to a man, his belly pinched by starvation, whether one Jack in office is ousted by another Jack who desires the place; whether this one is president, that one is governor? A flare of fireworks, a river of beer, on the East Side for a night, and the people are forgotten by their masters. It has been so always; for eternity it will endure. Does not Campanella's sonnet sing:

The people is a beast of muddy brain
That knows not its own strength, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone;
. . . . . .
Its own are all things between earth and Heaven;
But this it knows not, and if one arise
To tell this truth it kills him unforgiven.

Grunting, growling, spitting, coughing, the huge army of thousands began in maelstrom fashion to move cityward. Some stopped at the half-way house of whisky; many breakfasted, but the main body made a dash for the cars. The night had been a trying one, the new day did not promise; yet it was a new day, and with it a flock of fresh hopes was born. The crowd seemed rested; in its eyes was the lust of life, and it was absolutely good-humored. I heard a vague tale about a man-hunt during the night — how a thief had been chased with stones and clubs until, reaching Sea Gate, he had boldly plunged into the water and disappeared. His hawk-like features, the color of clay from fright, had impressed the old man who related the story. In return I told the Levins' heart-breaking tale, and he did not appear much interested. What signified to all those strong, bustling men and women the death of a tiny girl baby — dead and hardly clad in a wisp of blackened canvas?

'Better dead!' The mobs thickened. Policemen fought them into line. The hot sun arose, in company with the penetrating odors of bad coffee and greasy crullers. Another day's labor was arrived. Soon would appear the first detachment of women and children sick from the night in the city. Soon would be heard the howling of the fakers: 'Go to Hell, go to Hell-gate!'

I felt that I had been very near it, that I had seen a new Coney Island. I went home, after this, the most miserable night of my life — miserable because my nerves were out of gear. I was once more the normal, selfish man, thinking of his bed, of his breakfast. I had, of course, quite forgotten the Levins.

V

SHADOW AND LIGHT IN LONDON TOWN

[*Sphere*, London, Eng., December 21, 1918. By permission.]

'When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life,' wrote Dr. Johnson; and, indeed, there is no city in the world so loved as your true Londoner loves his London. Follow him where you will and as far as you will and he will talk of her; he will stand in the shadow of the Taj Mahal and tell you of his longing to see Piccadilly again, all lighted up, with the traffic splashing through the mud and the newsboys crying the last editions. Once you give your heart to London, she will never give it back to you; and though you wander to the ends of the earth and find your heart's desire, there will come a day when the longing to see her again will come upon you and you will crave for the sights and sounds of her as only an exile can. And then you will come home. You may come in the millionaire's suite or in the steerage, but you will come, just because London calls you, and you love her.

She is so lovable, this London of ours, so full of beauty that meets you at every turn of the way — pigeons bathing in the Temple fountains on a sunny day, a gray street corner lit by chrysanthemum fires of gold and flame, and gardens lost among the stone, a little tired and wilted like flowers brought home to the slums by a city urchin after a day in the country, but still serving as a reminder of the good green fields and deep woods that lie beyond.

But we who loved her in time of peace have learned to love her better still in these years of war, when she took her place with dimmed lights and silenced bells among the fighting cities of the earth. For we learned then of what quality is the courage of London. We saw her send out her men to fight, quietly and calmly, with no show of sacrifice, and we watched her take them back, maimed and broken, and the flower-girls flung them daffodils, with London's love. She took her share and more of suffering and sorrow in those sad years, and she never flinched.

Then one dull November day there came a wonderful piece of news to London town, news of armistice on land and sea, and in an hour she had found her voice again and her bells rang out their joyous message. The spell of gloom was broken, the nightmare was ended, the Princess was awake, and Youth held high carnival in the streets. The day was to the young; the pavements were their dancing-floor and staff cars their chariots, bearing them to a future of golden dreams. Admirals and generals did not count, but the boys and girls, wearing the colors of half-a-dozen nations, who sang and cheered in surging crowds around the Palace on that wonderful day. Some of those boys lacked a limb and went on crutches, but not one lacked jest or laughter.

Yet it was not bells nor flags nor cheering which gave the most tangible sign that the shadow had lifted — that came at night when darkness fell and the lights of London shone bravely out from uncurtained windows and street lamps hastily freed from their shrouding paint. Bright lights in the roadway, twinkling lights across the river, dazzling lights from open doors — and in the midst of it all, London looked upwards towards those other lights, her faithful guard, wheeling slowly over the sky, quartering it for the lurking foe. But the silver guard had gone.

The dark days are done with, and yet they brought us some good things. At least, we have seen our London as they meant her to be seen who built and wrought her centuries ago; to us it has been given to see the towers of Westminster in the misty rose of evening, unlit save by the lamp of the moon that swung above them, mysteriously lovely as the towers of Camelot, dim barges sailing on a dark river sown with stars, and commonplace streets transformed to fairy avenues by the magic of the shadows. We have seen her, too, in battle trim — armed and facing Death with a high heart. Who can forget those nights

when the magic of the moon was broken by war and the arches of Heaven shook to the thunder of London's guns — above all of that unforgettable night when a blazing factory in the East End lit the sky with burning rose and the city lay under an arch of silver swords of light, while the guns roared and flashed their mighty accompaniment to the battle overhead? Or, again, that earlier night, when London, all amazed, watched the marvel of a burning Zeppelin rush earthwards, a huge torch of flame that lighted up the city, while cheer after cheer rolled upwards to greet the conquerors in the sky? Truly, we saw splendid visions in our war-time London. Some ghosts we saw, too — ghosts of the men of London Town who fought for her in the long ago — knights and archers and men-at-arms; surely they were abroad in the streets in these last years, watching the strange warfare that threatened their dear city. I like to think that London's dead — the dead who loved her so and who sleep within sound of her bells — left their peace to cheer and comfort her in those hard days, and helped to lend her courage.

All are pictures that have vanished back into the old past again. The lights are up and London is awake. London's babies make toys of the great German guns in the Mall, fireworks have glittered over her parks, German warships lie captive in Scapa Flow, victory is becoming a familiar thing. Londoners overseas are thinking of Piccadilly and the Mile End Road and dream of coming home, and the old bells of London ring out their chimes again, as they have rung through the centuries, calling the Whittingtons of the world, with their knapsacks of ideals and ambitions, calling them to the golden city of London Town.

VI

THE BLACK FOG

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

[*Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1908. By permission of author and publisher.]

The black fog has come. Over all the city it lies intact and deep. An absolute midnight reigns. Almost material, almost tangible, almost massive, seems this envelope of sulphurous gloom. It invests the city like a flood; within the streets, within the houses, and within the lungs of all its denizens, it lies intrenched and pitiless. The chimneys pour forth their smoke, but the leaden air oppresses and repels it, and it sinks to the ground, making the darkness denser. The gloom seems to have risen from the shores of those streams of wailing and lamentation, baleful Acheron and Cocytus environing Tartarus, where the thin shades cluster and move, like those who are now pent in this city on the Thames.

The darkness is not black, but of a deep brown. It is as though one walked at the bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall of this chamber is almost invisible — at ten o'clock in the morning. Above this dreadful pall that hides his rays, the life-giving sun, bursting with useless fire, now beats upon the surface of the sea of shadow, but his baffled light is repelled or smothered in the misty deeps. Difficult is it for him who walks in an unlifted night to believe that the sun still shines.

Let us forth into the streets so still and sorrowful. With our hands we grope our way past garden-railings, feeling with adventurous foot for the steps or curbs. A glowing patch appears above us; it seems incredibly far away. We put forth our hand and touch the dank iron of a lamp-post. Not even fire and light avail against the almighty fog. Footsteps resound about us, but they are the footsteps of ghosts, for one beholds no body. Now and then some human being brushes by — a woman, announced, perhaps, by rustling skirts or by some perfume cast from her clothes; perhaps a man, declared by the thud of a can on the flagstones or the dull glow of a cigar.

Upon the main thoroughfares, a weird and muffled pandemonium prevails. From out the heart of the yellow-reddish murk resounds the beat of horses' hoofs; now and then a spark flies close from their iron shoes. Hoarse warning cries are heard from everywhere, and sometimes, where the fog for a moment is thinned, exaggerated shapes and monstrous figures loom up and creep along, great trucks, wains, and omnibuses with lanterns lit and the drivers leading the horses. Then again strange man-shaped spots appear, like demons come from infernal corridors; they swell out of the darkness surrounded by faint red haloes. These are pedestri-

ans preceded by link-boys, bearing their flaming torches to guide their patrons on their way. The lofty and powerful electric arc-lights, so keenly radiant when the air is clear, now sputter dismally, invisible save at a few yards. From directly below the iron standards, the fierce white arc is dimmed to the luminosity of a red-hot ember. Before some of the railway stations wave great gasoline flambeaux, and fires in iron cressets struggle with the fog — like beacons before the sea-castle of some medieval robber-lord. The detonators, placed upon the railway tracks in place of light signals, incessantly rend the air. The curbs are cumbered with useless hackney and hansom cabs, the horses unharnessed, the drivers disconsolate. The crawling omnibuses, blundering along the indistinguishable streets, often meet or mount upon the sidewalks amidst cries and wild confusion, and there they remain, like ships becalmed at night. Those huge Behemoths and cars of Juggernaut, the gigantic, double-decked motor-omnibuses, with their two lurid yellow eyes and little sparks of red and green, stand trembling and snorting with impatience, immersed and obliterated in the fog. Universal night enthralls the world-metropolis; its currents of commerce stagnate in its veins, its mighty plans and purposes are frustrated or delayed, and this central heart of the trade of the whole earth is standing still in a dark paralysis.

Onward into the night, into the mists, into the unknown! We see not and are not seen. We pass and repass, all of us shrouded in the all-enveloping gloom, along the daily walks where life roared in the sunlight of yesterday; we pass,— lovers may almost touch each other, each unknown to each, wives may pass their husbands and mothers their sons, mortal enemies may walk side by side and feel no stir of rage, the outcast and pariah may jostle with the peer of golden millions, for all are blind, helplessly blind! Eerie is this fog-life; London lies beneath its spectral pall like a doomed state whose hope and whose daylight are wrecked by the thick shadows of war or insurrection.

Swiftly we move along beside a stone wall surmounted by an iron rail which serves as a guide. We recoil as a vast apparition looms up before us and our hands touch its cold, graven sides. It is the Marble Arch, rising like a pale transparent stain out of the dunnest blankness of the fog. One might imagine it the vision of a cyclopean tomb of some long-buried Cæsar lifted up out of the vistas of fading time.

A great policeman stands before us not a yard away, yet ghostly and insubstantial to the eye. To him there comes a little girl, terror-stricken and in tears, who, straying from her mother, has been swallowed up in the mists.

'I've lost my mother, where is my mother?' she cries.

'Where do you live, little girl?' asks the tall specter of the constable.

'I live in Fulham, sir,' she replies. 'Please, sir, which is the way to Fulham?'

The policeman points into the darkening wastes.

'You cannot find it now,' he says. 'Better wait here, then come to the station with me.'

'Where are you, little girl?' says a voice, and a bent figure with outstretched hands emerges through the walls of obscurity. 'Where are you? I'll show you the way to Fulham. Come with me.'

It is an old man; his beard is white as snow; a placard glimmers faintly on his breast. He is blind. The little maid places her hand in his; they make two steps and the next instant are effaced in the fog. Only the blind know the way through this city that is blind.

Does the sun still move on overhead and the hours with him, or are time and the earth standing still? After a long time we at last wander along the Strand, which is smitten with an unusual silence. The close current of its traffic is stayed and disorganized; its thousands of pedestrians have shrunk to hundreds groping through the choking miasma and the channels of tenebrous smoke.

How in the blindness that encompasses them do these dark-flitting shapes of men and women hurry on! They are as shadows lost and dissolved in night. They are the searchers and the symbols of the never-ending quest for light, for happiness, for peace. Something of the same feeling comes upon me as once came upon me when I walked through the empty streets of the dead Pompeii and only my footfall echoed on its sunswept stones. Here each is by and to himself complete, a little animated fire in the heart, a little light in the brain, in the veins a little warm red blood

that keeps the breathing mechanism astir so long as the fire burns. Out of the darkness they came, in darkness they walk, into the darkness they shall go. The Black Fog, like Death itself, is a great leveler. All these beings are but phantoms to the eye, phantoms of human lives, dusky moths storm-driven to and fro on the gusts of existence, each on its own quest, which is that dream of the unattainable that will not come to pass.

Now we are close to Saint Paul's Churchyard. Here the mausolean night is lifted for a space, and out of the blankness of an umber-tinted vast swells forth a vague and mystic bulk of gray, a shadow without shading or relief. It is the immense cupola of the cathedral rising like a mountain above the streets. The sun does battle with the flying mists about the dome and melts them to a dull and sullen gold, wherein the star of day hangs like a quivering globe of blood. It is a spectacle of soft yet somber sublimity, such as only the towering imaginations of a Turner, a Doré, or a John Martin, expressed by brushes of opulent wealth and daring power, could conceive or execute. The drifting scud grows thinner and ever thinner in the upper air, and unfolds to him who gazes upward from the deep streets the gilded symbol of Christianity glowing softly in the golden haze, invested with a mild irradiance from the feeble light of the sun. There it lifts and gleams above the shadows like the sweet smile of the gentle Galilean whose sorrow and burthen it was and whose symbol it has remained. Below rolls the world, swart-black with its crime and misery; above, the titanic cross stretches wide its golden arms as with an imploring appeal from the Son of Man to the Love of Man. Pillars and cornices and angles of carven stone emerge faintly from the turbid chaos, like dim suggestions in a dream, or half-heard whispers out of midnight, all under the towering rood throbbing to the sky. It is high noon; a burst of bells suddenly breaks forth from the gossamer towers, a clanging chorus, loud, vibrant, and metallic. These violent voices are the chimes that utter every day with their iron tongues the beloved national hymn, 'God Save the King.' Now the strong glooms darken about the dome once more; the luster fades, and the great cross blurs dimly back into the crowding ocean of fog that overpowers it. Few of the thousands pressing along the paves have seen it, and had their eyes beheld it for a space, this apparition of the sign of human love, it would but have called forth ideas of the olden agony or a slight, subconscious tremble of reverence in those of religious blood. We repeat again the eternal interrogations: What is Truth? and — Where may Peace be found?

Is it here, perchance, where we now stand, upon the cold stone arches of London Bridge, above the ghostly rushing Thames whose clashing waves lap and swish against the stolid stone? Whence comes or goes this river, plunging out of darkness into darkness, broad and vast with the mystery of existence, and the constant cry of ever-recurrent life? Down from the hills to the sea, we say, up from the sea to the cloud, then down to the hills again, and again onward to the sea. It is the known and visible obedience to some iron law. But seldom we venture to pierce beneath the surfaces of semblance, lest we alight upon truths unknown, horrors negative to Hope, and see the old guides through life, blind and decrepit now, fall dead at our feet, or lest, cowering in our creeds, we fear, like savages in the storm-swept woods, that the hand that lifts the veil will be withered by some bolt from the furious heavens. Mantled in the palls of this everlasting ignorance, we stalk upon the highways of life like shadows drowned in shadow. Upon this ignorance the human heart builds its dreams as with inspiration, and draws hope from the very truth that this life seems so ill a recompense for all that tears and torments the baffled mind, adrift on the desert seas of mere conjecture. Yet all nature about us is content, and the sojourn in the sunshine of all other living things is full of beauty and joy. But to-day the city mourns in sackcloth and ashes.

Darkly the waters gurgle through this murky night-in-day. Perhaps Peace is there, upon their bosom or within their depths, to be borne onward in some oarless, rudderless boat, past the muffled thunder of the metropolis, past fields filled with the mystery of things that live and grow and die, past the river's mouth where its lips of land speak a great farewell, out into the wastes of the infinite sea. Lovingly its breast would open and merge

one again into the elements of its mighty vase, to be formed anew in the unceasing ferment of processes of creation.

Over the bridge the breathing specters move; below, indistinct and long-drawn shapes fare by, silent and immense, past all the pride of the city,— bearing what burthens? steered by what ghostly helmsman? So the barge of dolor must cross the lamenting currents of the infernal river. The shadow of another boat, with sweeps groaning in their locks, glides by beneath. Within its ribs lie piled

What merchandise? whence, whither, and for whom?
Perchance it is a fate-appointed hearse,
Bearing away to some mysterious tomb
Or Limbo of the scornful universe
The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions
Of all things good which should have been our portions
But have been strangled by that City's Curse.

VII

AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY IN WAR TIME

ARTHUR EVERETT SHIPLEY

Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, Eng.

[*Outlook*, January 8, 1919. By permission.]

The atmosphere of a university is as illusive as the charm of a person. Neither can be weighed, measured, or calibrated, and yet both are there and are readily recognized. The attractiveness of Cambridge before the war consisted largely in the presence of youth. They came up to us at an age 'when to be young is very heaven.' There is also the charm of stately and ancient buildings; the charm of the chimes of the university and college bells ringing from the slender clock-towers; the charm of paddling up on a summer's evening for tea at Grantchester — Rupert Brooke's Grantchester; the charm of strolling over to Coton through the meadows *wo das betreten's nicht verboten;* the sight of the graceful figures clad in white on the cricket-field on a hot June afternoon, or the looking on at the more strenuous struggle of the football field as the sun begins to sink on a November afternoon.

Then again there is the charm of almost infinite association with the past. Think of Wordsworth in his room above the kitchens of St. John's:

'The Evangelist St. John my patron was:
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;
Right underneath, the College kitchens made
A humming sound, less tunable than bees,
But hardly less industrious.'

Think of him again as he frequents the rooms traditionally assigned to John Milton at Christ's, rooms in which he tells us he became intoxicated. It must have been with memories, not with wine, for, as his biographer has pointed out, the Poet Laureate's standard of intoxication 'was always deplorably low.'

A certain pageantry is also there. Only a few weeks ago, in the dim light of an autumn day, the Bishop of Lincoln inducted the newly elected Provost of King's College into his office. Accompanied by clergy and by choir, he moved to solemn organ tones along the aisles of the greatest of all Perpendicular chapels to hear the newly appointed Provost recite the Lord's Prayer and to confer upon him his episcopal blessing.

Much of this charm went with the war. No longer were the students seen boating or playing. The chimes were silenced, the streets darkened. It was not even allowed to strike matches in the streets of our shrouded East Anglian towns.

Long before conscription came the University students, almost to a man, enlisted. Our numbers fell from four thousand to four hundred, and most of those left were either of neutral nationalities or from Asia. Gradually Cambridge, always a strategic center — for it is on the southern edge of the impassable fens — filled with troops. In August, 1914, the Sixth Division encamped on the numerous open spaces which are spread through the University town. They were among the first to leave our shores to fight in France, and not one tithe of them have ever returned. Later the Welsh Division replaced them, only to leave for the tragic heights of Gallipoli.

After about a year of war the Government took over our almost empty college buildings, and soon the student was re-

placed by the cadet. Many of these were public school and university men, most of them soldiers who had seen service in the ranks; all were now being trained to become officers. The sound of the bugle replaced the college clocks and the chapel bells. As time wore on and as England's manhood was depleted, older and older men were thrown into the ranks of the cadets, and by the summer of 1918 men of forty-eight and fifty were being trained by subalterns young enough to be their grandsons.

It is traditionally said that nothing is sacred to a sapper, yet these cadets, coming from all classes of society, from every kind of calling, from every part of the widely scattered British Empire, inured to the trenches, invariably respected the prejudices of the few elderly dons left in residence. The grass lawns in our courts were even more inviolable to them than they were to the normal students. Some months ago the War Office sent down a new colonel to take charge of these three thousand officers-in-training. He called upon me to ask officially how the troops which were to come under his command were behaving. I asked him to step to the window, and I pointed out to him the spotless, smooth-shaven grass-plots in the college court. All I said to him was, 'That, sir, is how the cadets are behaving.'

Not only had the students all disappeared and all the dons of military age gone, but those who were older than these gave their untiring services in the various Government offices. Cambridge has a very large scientific school, and in every department where science was required our scientific staff was fully and most fertilely employed. Classical and literary men went into Government offices in London, and one met Oxford and Cambridge dons more often in Whitehall than in the streets of their respective universities. Our lecture-rooms and laboratories were closed, our libraries deserted.

Still there were many activities left to the few who remained in residence. At the beginning of the war Cambridge, being situated near our eastern coast, was subjected to an invasion of Belgians fleeing from 'the wrath to come.' We started in October a small Belgian university, with some one hundred and fifty to two hundred students and about thirty professors. By October, 1914, we had four faculties in existence, and by January, 1915, we had six. At the end of the first year of war the Belgian Government closed this down, sending the younger men to fight or placing the medically unfit in munition factories. Our Belgian guests were succeeded by an influx of Serbian boys, many of whom were educated and boarded free in the various colleges which build up the University of Cambridge. There was nothing more heroic in this war than the conduct of those Serbian mothers forcing their boys from their mountain homes to the seacoast, knowing that in all probability they would never see them again. Eighteen thousand boys, varying in age from six to sixteen, marched from the mountains down to the shores of the eastern Adriatic. Six thousand perished on the way. Those that reached the shore were taken by the Italians to Sicily, and then by the French to Corsica, where they were sorted out and sent wherever there were kindly people willing to receive them. About a hundred and fifty came to Cambridge and are there being cared for, clothed, and taught.

I began this article by recalling a few of the charms of Cambridge. Even during and after the war the traditions and the buildings remain, and will remain. A young American private from the Southern States whom I was one day showing around our college said to me, in his sweet, soft, Georgian voice, 'We had not thought, sir, that such buildings could exist.'

Will they fill up again? I think they will. Already the 'King's Dominions beyond the Seas' are sending many of their wounded sons to complete with us their broken education. Wounded men discharged from the army are slowly returning, and it is to be hoped that during the necessarily long period of demobilization the Government of the United States will send its younger officers for a term or two to see something of English university life. Preparations for their welcome have already been made.

Cambridge can never be the same again. Nothing can ever be the same again. But our numbers fell off sadly during our Civil War, during the Napoleonic wars, during the Crimean War; and they after a time more than recov-

ered. What we can never recover is the loss of those who have died for their country. Probably no university has suffered more. Some twelve to thirteen per cent of the total number of British officers killed were Cambridge men. Out of fifteen thousand fighting, nearly three thousand are killed and three thousand are wounded, and, in spite of the armistice, the toll still mounts.

In no time of her long history has Cambridge been so stricken and so proud.

VIII

A RAVAGED LAND

FRANK H. SIMONDS

[*New York Tribune*, January 26, 1919. Copyright by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, by whose permission it is here republished.]

Paris, Jan. 21, 1919.— Through the courtesy of the British Government I have come to the Peace Conference by way of the war zone. To travel directly from America, always at peace, to Paris, now resuming much of her ante-war activity and become again a real capital, is to forget almost entirely the four years and a half of agony that separate Europe and the world from July, 1914, and thus to eliminate many of the vital questions remaining to be settled. It is otherwise if one journeys by Ypres, by Vimy Ridge, by the Somme battlefields, by the regions where five years ago hundreds of thousands of people lived and labored amidst smiling fields and in pleasant towns, regions in which two million dead now sleep, and sleep in the midst of a desolation beyond human words to describe. I have seen battlefields in the hour of conflict, but in that time amidst the desolation and destruction there was still a sense of human energy which had become almost superhuman in its fury. The forces of destruction were themselves vital amidst all the waste which they created; but far more terrifying and terrible is the battlefield when the living are gone, when upon hundreds and thousands of square miles of territory there rests the blight of war. It is in the dead cities, and even more in the dead villages of Northern France, that one must seek evidence of what this German thing has meant, must seek some estimate of that vast account which remains to be settled.

The German has gone. He has vanished out of the trenches, out of the ruins of the regions he has wasted. His conquerors have gone after him, but the real inhabitants have not yet begun to return. As a consequence, from Ypres to the border of the Oise above Noyon, more than a hundred miles in longitude and from a dozen to 50 miles in latitude, there exists the most appalling desert of which the mind can conceive: a few German prisoners cleaning *débris* from the more important highways, a few British soldiers standing guard over material, and for the rest, in a land where three millions of French and Belgians lived five years ago — just nothing. Villages, forests, the fruit trees, and the garden shrubs, like the buildings, all gone. How then are the peacemakers at Paris to set in motion the machinery, itself all to be made, which will bring the old inhabitants back to the German desert which, like the great American desert of the last century, separates two smiling regions? How are the millions of little people with their flocks and their farm implements to be returned? How are the Germans who did this thing to undo it? In Paris one talks of the League of Nations and the right of self-determination, but on the Hindenburg line one thinks of something more specific, more tangible.

On that Hindenburg line I found a French woman who had come to look for the first time at what had been her home, the village in which she had been born, and her people time out of mind. I found her exhausted beside the road after the 30-mile walk, her face again turned towards her place of exile. And this is what for her, for her children, her friends and neighbors the Hindenburg line was.

Here is what this Frenchwoman found in the very heart of the Hindenburg line facing Queant, where the famous switch line began facing Bullecourt, where once the Australians were slaughtered, surrounded on all sides by places whose names were in all the war news a few months ago. Immediately before her was her own village. Of it there remained a few masses of riven masonry, endless heaps of brick and dust, formless masses of ruins themselves half buried in ashes. Where the village church had stood a

squat German dug-out arose in stark ugliness, the single existing structure that had form. Looking north, east, south, or west from the gentle eminence on which the village stood, she looked out upon a land torn by shell fire until it resembled a skeleton rather than the flesh. Along every swell in the slopes actually behind it crumbling dug-outs, ugly holes in the ground slowly sinking under the action of the rains, separated from each other by endless rows of barbed wire, sown everywhere with little crosses, themselves half fallen, where dead men were buried at hazard. This was her own country. And beyond the nearer view, curve on curve, the land swelled away in all directions, a monotonous waste without a tree, without a single surviving habitation, without any obstacle to interrupt the vision — not a desert with clean sand, but a waste in which everything spoke of decay following death. For nearly 20 miles in either direction this desert extended. Eastward against the horizon was the skeleton of Bourlon Woods, where the first battle of Cambrai was won and lost in 1917. Westward was Arras, behind the slope, the city of a thousand bombardments, gone now to dust and ashes in the main. Here, where there had been smiling villages, fertile fields, and happy people, was nothing but a desolation tragic beyond expression.

And all this was not the wreck of battles. It was nothing of the sort. In January, 1917, Hindenburg had said: 'We shall retreat 20 miles, wasting the country to create a desert in front of us. Thus we shall escape an Allied attack while we settle with Russia.' And with German thoroughness the thing was done. The people were marched off to Belgium to be fed by American relief missions or to die. The villages were destroyed, the roads mined, every living thing was cut down, every inanimate thing was blown up. So the German desert was created, and so it remains, sown now with millions of unexploded shells, the *débris* of late battles, with helmets and hand grenades, a region where every heap of ruins is a deadly peril, where the plow must reopen furrows among live shells.

Yet by contrast there was the Frenchwoman, and she said quite simply:

'Are we coming back? Of course we are coming back as soon as the Government will give us the barracks in which to live. We must get to work on our fields again. Yes, it will require courage to do this work, but we have courage. We must do it for the young. Is it not so?'

And that, as I said, is the problem not of the French Government alone, but of the Paris Conference. Somehow these thousands and hundreds of thousands of women and men who have courage must be brought back to these fields. Somehow the German who created the desert deliberately, wantonly, viciously, must be made to abolish it, to excavate the shells, to supply the labor and the material, to furnish the new homes with what they stole from the old before they wrecked them, to return the machinery which they carted to Germany to supply a beginning — for they took everything movable and destroyed everything that was immovable. There is still another problem. You will find it at Lens if you follow in the footsteps of the Canadians over Vimy Ridge to the fair lands below. Here were the coal mines of France, surrounded by a score of little cities, model cities with their well-ordered brick homes, cities of which Lens was but the most considerable. Quite 100,000 people lived in these cities — lived in a degree of comfort which was unmistakable, and year by year brought up from the ground some 15 million tons of coal, the greater share of the French supply and the very foundation of French industry.

Of all these little cities there is left only vast heaps of splintered beams and smashed bricks. Mile on mile in all directions not a house stands. Into the mines the Germans turned the floods. Such machinery as they could not remove they smashed. Each house was treated to dynamite. The industry of destruction was unbelievable. City blocks were reduced to dust and straw mattresses fallen by the wayside were picked clean of the straw. It was as if the contract had called for utter ruin and the German's life had depended upon the completeness of the destruction.

In the center of Lens a returned citizen was searching amidst the ruins of his store for a well down which he had lowered valuable papers, and he could not find the well. Even so small and well-defined an objective was beyond his re-

sources, destruction was too complete. And the story of Lens was this. When the German found that he could not stay he resolved that France should still be dependent upon Germany for coal, that she should still be crippled for an endless time. So systematically he destroyed the mines, the machinery, the dwelling houses; he took the furniture. I do not know how words can describe the monstrous, the amazing miracle of destruction he accomplished in the Lens district.

He is gone now, but the problem remains. He wasted the fields that the peasants might not return. He destroyed the cities and the mines that the industrial population might not come back, that this region and this portion of France might die. And now when his peasants are returning to their undisturbed farms, to their undamaged industrial centers, and their intact factories, the people of Northern France are still exiles.

I hope people will think of the German desert which occupies so much of Northern France when the Peace Conference begins its work. If the French ask the possession of the Saar coal district, once theirs, and stolen by the German in 1814, to replace the ruined coal fields of Artois and Flanders, I trust that people will not see in this demand French Imperialism, but the effort of France to resume the business of life in spite of the German effort permanently to destroy French industries. And in the same sense, if there is discussion of compelling Germany to supply labor to remove the shells, plow the fields, and open the roads, I hope that the Americans will think that the French are not seeking revenge, but a way to repair the most brutal of all injuries and permit their exiles to return home again — the exiles who, like the Frenchwoman at Croissilles, have courage, but have lost everything else.

And in the Paris Conference there is to be talk of the responsibility not alone for the acts of war after the contest itself came, but for the causing of the war. If only one could translate into words that had a meaning the fact of the dead and deserted battlefields, that shell-torn region one looks down upon from Kemmel and from Scharfenburg, the region that was once the Ypres Salient! At least half a million men died there. A few sleep in graves, but for the most part they and their graves have been ground up in the never-ending pound of ceaseless bombardments. A year ago every ridge, every slope, every heap of dust and ashes had its military value and its historic meaning. Men died by the thousand to advance a few hundred yards, but now all the hills and ruins have been as it were demonetized. They have no further value. The Germans lost them, the British advanced beyond. The war has gone, and peace cannot return. Half a million dead remain, but nothing for which they fought to the end is worth a second thought, nothing in the material facts. And the Hindenburg line, the Somme battlefields — it is the same thing in both cases. A million and a half of dead sleep between the Yser and the Somme, but in the lands they died to hold no living thing stays save a few prisoners and their guards. The trenches disintegrate in the rain, the barbed wire rusts in the brown of the landscape, the snake grass is beginning to bury everything.

For all this some one must pay, not as a matter of punishment — that is another question — but some one must pay in order that this part of the German plan may not prevail, that this much of civilization may not perish, that this corner of France may not die. In Flanders, Artois, Picardy, you get the full measure of the German fury of destruction. A more terrible force one cannot imagine. It has wasted provinces and destroyed cities. Nothing has been too small or too great to elude Germany run amuck. The passion that is almost elemental in its magnitude of destructive force at one moment seems guided by microscopic vision at the next. One must see what the Germans did to understand something of what Germany was and may be again when a few decades have passed.

I have dwelt upon these circumstances at this time because it seems to me that Americans must understand in some measure the mood and temper of France today. It is the tragedy which has not been abolished by the Armistice; it is the ruin which no formula of words and sentiments can abolish. The men who planned and guided this thing are in the main alive and unpunished. At least a million Frenchwomen and children are still practically homeless. Years must pass before the open wound which

stretches from Belgium to Switzerland can be healed, if at all, and it will remain an open wound forever in the side of France if France, and not the Germans, have to carry the burden. And yet, save for the French in Paris and out of it, one feels a certain tendency to forget this German desert. The German is singing a new tune now. His humility is as complete as his arrogance a year ago. The Frenchwoman told me how her German master made her work in the fields close up to the firing line growing potatoes, and then allowed her two a day to live on. Yet the German now imperiously demands that we feed him, while his victims remain without all that which they must have if they are to begin life again.

Over in Germany the Germans are feeding our soldiers with words and with provisions, carrying on a monstrous propaganda with something of the success they had in a similar work in America not so long ago. In Paris the Peace Conference reports concentrate upon the Adriatic problem, the Polish readjustments, while the question of the Kingdom of the Hedjaz threatens to shorten the lives of statesmen and diplomats alike.

But by automobile one may almost in a moment reach the old German line, and it is hardly three hours to the German-made desert of the Somme. And these deserts present the problems I have mentioned, problems of restitution, reparation, and restoration.

As it stands, the German has lost the war; but before he lost the war he ruined half of Northern France, and, if he does not repay, his factories will profit, his laborers gain, and glory will be to the victor but the dividends to the vanquished, who only fought while victory seemed possible and grounded his arms when the battle approached his factories and fields.

It is not a hymn of hate that I am trying to sing. There is no longer any room for emotion. The war is over, the futility of the German methods carries a final judgment. But either the German must pay or the French and Belgian people stagger under the burden of his terrible destruction, while the German, escaping the burden, recuperates for a new adventure. He expects to escape. A year ago he was starving millions, today he openly demands that the world feed him. His propaganda is everywhere at work in Paris and out of it, and with such a small part of the non-military part of the world as thinks of the German desert, knows it as it exists, one fears that the world will forget. Today I talked with an American journalist flaming with fury because in some fashion his precious comment was delayed or lost in transit, to the great injury of the freedom of the press. I talked with a British colonel keen to erect a new Hedjaz kingdom under the sympathetic eye of America. The frontiers of Poland move with the tides, a new map of Asia Minor is made each hour, and the islands of the Ægean change hands every moment; but in the midst of all this diplomatic discussion, the mingling of idealism and realism, international romance and high finance, I find myself constantly thinking of the ruined cities, of the wasted fields, and the forlorn graves of the north. Shall we forget them all in Paris?

IX

THE DAY OF GLORY

DOROTHY CANFIELD

[*Collier's*, January 11, 1919. Republished in volume under the same title (copyright, 1919) by Henry Holt & Co., by whose permission it is here reprinted.]

. . . if the armistice is signed, a salvo of cannon from the Invalides at eleven o'clock will announce the end of the war.

The clock hands crept slowly past ten and lagged intolerably thereafter. The rapid beating of your heart, telling off the minutes, brought eleven finally very near. Then the clock, your heart, all the world, seemed to stand still. The great moment was there. Would the announcing cannon speak? Such a terrible silence as the world kept during that supreme moment of suspense! It was the quintessence of all the moral torture of four nightmare years.

And then . . . like a shock within your own body it came, the first solemn proclamation of the cannon, shaking the windows, the houses, the very sky, with its news. The war was over. The accursed guns had ceased tearing to pieces our husbands and our sons and our fathers.

Of all the hundreds of thousands of women who heard those guns, I think there was not one who did not feel instantly, scalding on her cheeks, the blessed tears — tears of joy! She had forgotten that there could be tears of joy. The horrible weight on the soul that had grown to be a part of life dissolved away in that assuaging flood; the horrible constriction around the heart loosened. We wept with all our might; we poured out once for all the old bitterness, the old horror. We felt sanity coming back, and faith and even hope, that forgotten possession of the old days.

When the first tears of deliverance had passed, and your knees had stopped shaking, and your heart no longer beat suffocatingly in your throat, why, then every one felt one common imperious desire, to leave the little cramping prison of his own walls, to escape out of the selfish circle of his own joy, and to mingle his thanksgiving with that of all his fellows, to make himself physically, as he felt spiritually, at one with rejoicing humanity.

And we all rushed out into the streets.

I think there never can have been such a day before, such a day of pure thanksgiving and joy for every one. For the emotion was so intense that, during the priceless hours of that first day, it admitted no other. Human hearts could hold no more than that great gladness. The dreadful past, the terrible problems of the future, were not. We lived and drew our breath only in the knowledge that 'firing had ceased at eleven o'clock that morning,' and that those who had fought as best they could for the Right had conquered. You saw everywhere supreme testimony to the nobility of the moment, women in black, with bits of bright-colored tricolor pinned on their long black veils, with at last a smile, the most wonderful of all smiles, in their dimmed eyes. They were marching with the others in the streets; every one was marching with every one else, arm in arm, singing:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le Jour de Gloire est arrivé!

The houses echoed to those words, repeated and repeated by every band of jubilant men and women and children who swept by, waving flags and shouting:

Come, children of our country,
The Day of Glory is here!

Every group had at its head a permissionnaire or two in field uniform who had been pounced upon as the visible emblem of victory, kissed, embraced, covered with flowers, and set in the front rank to carry the largest flag. Sometimes there walked beside these soldiers working women with sleeping babies in their arms, sometimes old men in frock coats with ribbons in their buttonholes, sometimes light-hearted, laughing little munition workers still in their black aprons, but with triqolored ribbons twisted in their hair, sometimes elegantly dressed ladies, sometimes women in long mourning veils, sometimes ragged old beggars, sometimes a cab filled with crippled soldiers waving their crutches — but all with the same face of steadfast glowing jubilee. During those few blessed hours there was no bitterness, no evil arrogance, no revengeful fury. Any one who saw all that afternoon those thousands and thousands of human faces all shining with the same exaltation can never entirely despair of his fellows again, knowing them to be capable of that pure joy.

The crowd seemed to be merely washing back and forth in surging waves of thanksgiving, up and down the streets aimlessly, carrying flowers to no purpose but to celebrate their happiness. But once you were in it, singing and marching with the others, you felt an invisible current bearing you steadily, irresistibly, in one direction; and soon, as you marched, and grew nearer the unknown goal, you heard another shorter, more peremptory, rhythm mingling with the longer shout, repeated over and over:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le Jour de Gloire est arrivé!

Now people were beginning to shout: 'To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg!' Then you knew that you were being swept along to the Place de la Concorde, to salute the statue of Strasbourg, freed from her forty years of mourning and slavery.

The crowd grew denser and denser as it approached that heart of Paris; and the denser it grew the higher flamed the great fire of rejoicing, mounting up almost visibly to the quiet gray skies:

Come, children of our country,
The Day of Glory is here!

'To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg!'

No evil epithets hurled at the defeated enemy, not one, not one in all those long hours of shouting out what was in the heart; no ugly effigies, no taunting cries, no mention even of the enemy — instead a fresh outburst of rejoicing at the encounter with a long procession of Belgians, marching arm in arm, carrying Belgian flags and pealing out like trumpets the noble Brabançonne! We made way for them with respectful admiration, we stopped our song to listen to theirs, we let them pass, waving our hats, our handkerchiefs, cheering them, pressing flowers upon them, snatching at their hands for a clasp as they went by, blessing them for their constancy and courage, sharing their relief till our hearts were like to burst!

We fell in behind them and at once had to separate again to allow the passage of a huge camion, bristling with American soldiers, heaped up in a great pyramid of brown. How every one cheered them, a different shout, with none of the poignant undercurrent of sympathy for pain that had greeted the Belgian exiles. These brave, lovable, boyish crusaders come from across the sea for a great ideal, who had been ready to give all, but who had been blessedly spared the last sacrifice — it was a shout of liesse which greeted them! They represented the youth, the sunshine; they were loved and laughed at and acclaimed by the crowd as they passed, waving their caps, leaning over the side to shake the myriad hands stretched up to them, catching at the flowers flung at them, shouting out some song, perhaps a college cheer, judging by the professionally frantic gestures of a cheer leader, grinding his teeth and waving his arms wildly to exhort them to more volume of sound. Whatever it was, it was quite inaudible in the general uproar, the only coherent accent of which was the swelling cry repeated till it was like an elemental sound of nature.

The Day of Glory has arrived.

Now a group of English soldiers overtook us, carrying a great, red, glorious English flag, adding some hearty, inaudible marching song to the tumult. As they passed, a poilu in our band sprang forward, seized one of the Anglo-Saxons in his arms and kissed him resoundingly on both cheeks. Then there was laughter, and shouts and handshakings and more embracing, and they too vanished away in the waves of the great river of humanity flowing steadily, rapidly toward the statue of the lost city whose loss had meant the triumph of unscrupulous force, whose restitution meant the righting of an old wrong in the name of Justice. We were almost there now; the huge open place opened out before us.

Now we had come into it, and our songs for an instant were cut short by one great cry of astonishment. As far as the eye could reach, the vast public square was black with the crowd, and brilliant with waving flags, a band up on the terrace of the Tuileries, stationed between the captured German airplanes, flashed in the air the yellow sheen of their innumerable brass instruments, evidently playing with all their souls, but not a sound of their music reached our ears, so deafening was the burst of shouting and singing as the crowd saw its goal, the high statue of the lost city, buried in heaped-up flowers and palms, a triumphant wreath of gold shadowing the eyes which so long had looked back to France from exile.

Ah, what an ovation we gave her! Then we shouted as we had not done before, the great primitive, inarticulate cry of rejoicing that bursts from the heart too full. We shook out our flags high over our heads, as we passed, we cast our flowers up on the pedestal, we were swept along by the current — we were the current ourselves!

At the base of the statue a group of white-haired Alsatians stood, men and women, with quivering lips and trembling hands. Theirs was the honor to arrange the flowers which, tossed too hastily by the eager bearers, fell to the ground.

As they stooped for them, and reached high to find yet one more corner not covered with blooms, a splendid, fair-haired lad, sturdy and tall, with the field outfit of the French soldier heavy on his back, pushed his way through the crowd.

He had in his hand a little bouquet —

white and red roses, and forget-me-nots. His eyes were fixed on the statue. He did not see the old men and women there to receive the flowers. He pressed past them and with his own young hands laid his humble offering at the feet of the recovered city. He looked up at the statue and his lips moved. He could not have been more unconscious if he had been entirely alone in an Alsatian forest. The expression of his beautiful young face was such that a hush of awe fell on those who saw him.

An old woman in black took his hand in hers and said: 'You are from Alsace?'

'I escaped from Strasbourg to join the French army,' he said, 'and all my family are there.' His eyes brimmed, his chin quivered.

The old woman had a noble gesture of self-forgetting humanity. She took him in her arms and kissed him on both cheeks. 'You are my son,' she said.

They all crowded around him, taking his hand. 'And my brother!' 'And mine!' 'And mine!'

The tears ran down their cheeks.

X

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

[*Morning Post*, London, Eng., November 11, 1918. By permission.]

It was a glorious day for what was thought of as London's pageant of victory. There was a white frost at the rising of the sun, and as the day wore on a slight mist added a soft splendor to the coloring of the ancient city, so wise in the world's service. London, indeed,

> Put on for her adorning
> The beauty of the morning
> As robes of victory

and those who hastened from the suburbs and the great 'workmen's dormitories' far out (for many factory workers took a holiday) saw every familiar scene touched with the emotion of a great task greatly accomplished. Of course, there was a point of interrogation sticking in everybody's mind — news was expected every moment of Germany's final surrender, and once or twice a waif rumor insisted that it had already arrived, though the falsehood never succeeded in finding wings. The mood of the gathering crowd was that of sober rejoicing; one might say it was something between holy-day and holiday, since all present, except the little children, felt some sense of personal loss like the shadowy pain of an old wound. The blackened lamps stood funereal in the still sunshine, like mourners at an ancient Egyptian feast. It will be long before the Imperial City forgets the scars of the tremendous conflict now at its just conclusion.

What would John Wells, that famous London grocer with a predilection for pageantry, have thought of Saturday's spectacle of our wonder-war by sea and land and air? He had a pretty taste in showmanship; his show early in the Fifteenth Century marked his initiation by providing three wells (a joyous jest in the *vis non semper viset* style of word-play) from which Mercy, Grace, and Pity drew red wine for the King's lieges. Also, your grocer then plying a trade that was the most romantic of all in all men's eyes, for Orient spices were Royal treasures, he lived up to the poetical repute of his craft by poetically planting about his three wells 'sondrie trees' of orange, lemon, date, and palm. The year attached to this citizen's name is that of Agincourt, the 'bowmen's glory,' and one may be sure, after all, that his amazement at the sight of vast airships, swimming like silvery fish in the steep blue sky, and monstrous howitzers and earth-shaking tanks would not have prevented him from seeing the truth that underlies the deadlier circumstance — that London has an age-long habit of victory and that the plain civic Londoner, when the need arises, is the most valiant of fighting men. Yes, in a little time, he would have been happily at home in the crowd of his fighting posterity on Saturday.

The procession, the fifth in the key of khaki, was a fugue of the powers of modern warfare. It was more than two miles long, and in its sheer force stronger than many a famous historic army. The Royal Navy, which can fight as well by land as by sea, took precedence, according to immemorial right. Then came the representatives of the Royal Air Force, and there was a grim rasp in the cheering as a captured German Albatross and a captured 'Phaltz' came by, with the brand

of the Iron Cross on them and hideous Boche effigies in the seats — a little boy, seated on his father's shoulder, thought they were 'dead 'uns.' A lorry showing W.R.A.F.'s actually building an aeroplane *en route* was perhaps the most popular of the interesting exhibits which illustrated the work of the youngest of the Services. It helped everybody to remember that the war was won in the workshop as much as in any of the three fields of actual fighting. It was, however, the aerial procession, high in the dreaming azure, which best brought home to the crowd the power and precision of Britannia's battling in the skies. The silver-gleaming kite balloon anchored far aloft — to the enemy an ominous creature full of eager eyes, the weird wary comrade of the guns — the long-lined, clean-built, silver-glistering airship, and the squadrons of planes swiftly manœuvering in the throbbing height filled every observer with a keen, understanding enthusiasm. Seeing the evolutions of this new power, undreamed of five years ago, people talked of the Zeppelin raids almost regretfully — of the white meteoric glare of the first invading airship which was brought down at Potters Bar . . .

> At last he dropped,
> A somber coal of fading crimson fire,
> Into his burial place, a field defiled,
> And then, but not till then, arose the cry,
> Prolonged, unpitying, a cordite cheer
> Of the old valiant city, stark as Time,
> Which wills not mercy for the merciless.

A schoolgirl with an algebra under her arm (perhaps by way of apologizing to her conscience) observed that she had never seen an air raid, and sadly subjoined: 'And now I suppose I 'll never see one!' Here let it be said that in many conversations overheard there was not a word of mercy for the merciless. Let the soft-shell politicians be warned that the essential Londoner at any rate is not going to forgive a criminal nation because they are hoisting the red flag. 'Let 'em pay as big an indemnity as they can afford,' remarked a bluff artisan in the midst of his family, 'and give a bit of it to the soldiers as a war bonus. In course,' this to a U. S. A. soldier standing by, 'you can do without German money.' 'Wa-al,' said the American, 'I take no stock in German democracy.' The latter said nothing in praise of the pageant till the City functionaries went by in their gauds and people about him began laughing. Then he 'guessed it was sure enough history,' which was a fine considerate piece of criticism. To the little children the grand coaches and the 'beady clothes' (a little girl's quaint phrase) of the civic flunkeys were straight out of fairy-land. Even in the grim years of war-time it was a kind and happy idea to keep the traditional civic pomp which once caused a Canadian lady journalist to clap her hands and cry 'Cinderella' (well she knew the Lord Mayor's coach was a transmuted giant pumpkin grown on an allotment).

It is impossible to give even the main points of happy interest in this fine ceremonial, sequent symbols of a nation in arms. The land-girls, grave and intent and roseate, Joans of Arc with farm tools instead of lance and banner, charmed everybody. And there was a catch in the cheering when the car showing how disabled soldiers are trained passed by. The men of the Dominions and the selection of Allies (how 'Julianesque' the Serbians looked) were applauded as special guests. For the rest, look at the official orders and imagine every comma a cheer, and every full stop an ovation, and you get an inkling of how the victory pageant was received. Yet the popular rejoicing was strangely muted; it seemed tremulous in comparison with the martial music, so full of fierce purpose, of the famous bands and the clash and clangor of the bells, decorating the passing time with arabesqueries of many-colored chiming. London still so feels the vanishing of countless lost lovers and the long strain of the life-and-death struggle that but half her heart could be given to the stately symbols of the might of our nationhood. Yet it was gladly accepted as a kind of enacted praise of the happy warriors who have saved England by their efforts and modern civilization by their example. Let the politicians take this object-lesson to heart — they think and talk far too much of themselves and their political future and too little of the glorious armies of the quick and the dead who have wrought for us this wondrous dispensation according to the Divine purpose, as white weapons in the hand of the God of Battles. At the very beginning of the war the City authorities, with their fine sense of tradition and clear-eyed patriotism, saw that the

old familiar 'show' could be transfigured and made to serve the warlike purposes of the whole nation. At the very beginning of peace let the politicians learn how to substitute a glowing gratitude for the cold, calculating tactics of electioneering.

XI

A RIOT OF NOISE AND COLOR

[*Christian Science Monitor*, November 8, 1918. By permission.]

A gray-haired woman ran up Fifth Avenue, twirling a baby's rattle in each hand, and shouting, at every glance, 'They did n't have any whistles.' A half-dozen working girls romped by, using porcelain ware taken from the wholesale stock as cymbals. A thousand automobiles, crammed between the curbs by thousands of shouting men, women and children, blew their horns incessantly, drowning out the shrill sirens let loose all over the city. Down from hundreds of high office buildings fluttered millions of bits of paper, sparkling in the sun — waste baskets emptied out of windows, canceled checks, odds and ends of advertising, newspapers cut into small pieces, confetti, tissue paper of all sorts. Crowds plowed through them as they whitened the streets. Everywhere the impromptu holiday poured merrymakers out into the streets.

Noise was the first requisite for these celebrants, color the next. Rattles, horns, bugles, whistles, tin pans, back-firing automobiles, vocal efforts, all augmented the honking automobiles and shrieking sirens. Anything at hand served for color; a red paper Christmas bell, a Japanese fan, long clusters of confetti, red, white, and blue paper hats, a Bersaglieri hat made hurriedly from pink pasteboard, flowers, bunting, flags of a hundred sizes, but only a few colors, the red, white and blue of America and Britain and France, the deep yellow and black of Belgium, the green of Italy; all mingled in a moving mass of shouting, laughing, sometimes weeping people of all nationalities.

The khaki was there, and the sailor's blue, cheered on all sides, lifted to shoulders and showered with confetti, driven to the roofs of motor cars, leading an unending chorus of 'three cheers.' Up past Thirty-Sixth Street, grinning with joy, a French sailor was carried on workmen's shoulders, the center of a hoarse, red-faced group of revelers, every man and woman of them sober, but every one wild with the excitement inherent in that word 'peace.'

Directly in front of the Waldorf was enacted probably the most significant scene of all. Standing on the shining black roof of a large limousine, whose seats were occupied by a half-dozen women, was an English officer. In his left hand were the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes; stuck in his collar, at the right was the tricolor of France, and at the left the banner of Belgium. His right hand held a rattle, and at brief intervals, with that rattle, he led the cheering of the throngs that moved along up the Avenue, one piece with the machine. A pause. An English officer from another auto-roof comes over and joins him. Up from the crowd is pushed an American soldier, then a jackie, and Fifth Avenue never heard such cheering as broke loose then. Slowly they rode up the avenue, looking for a French fighter, and an Italian, to complete the circle.

A thousand and one incidents flashed across the view, all a part of the unity expressed by this spontaneous people's celebration. No carnival was ever like it. The individual was kin to the whole mass. Camaraderie ran rampant, yet restrained. The man with the cotton flag two inches long laughingly held it alongside the larger one of silk. No face frowned when a storm of confetti burst over it. When, at Twenty-Third Street, four soldiers in an automobile scooped up two ruddy-cheeked girls and drove into the crowd with them, all who saw it cheered, and the girls, without a struggle, continued to blow their horns. One man leaped out of the barber's chair, hurriedly whipped off the lather and rushed out to join an impromptu parade, although one cheek was still unshaven.

These parades sprouted out of the pavement and merged, in full bloom, into the throngs which blocked the traffic. Each parade needed only a leader, and it soon got recruits who carried improvised signs, such as 'Peace at last,' 'Join us,' 'Good-bye, Kaiser,' as well as flags and instruments of noise. A half-dozen men and women, carrying a large flag parallel

with the roadway, paused for no man, but lifted the flag above whoever got in the way.

Another group of marchers followed a cage in which an effigy of the Kaiser smoldered. Drums, though present sometimes, were not essential. Wash-boilers and tin pans were just as inspiring to the feet.

Nowhere was the celebration more colorful and joyous than at that ever-colorful crossing of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street. Amid the flags and fall of torn paper a large man in shabby civilian clothes played lustily upon a huge horn. Behind him and along the sidewalk on each side, men and women made all the noise that each one possibly could, with every variety of implements.

And then it was that the five and ten cent store on a near-by corner, considered by many as a blot upon the beautiful Avenue of the Allies, came forward nobly and more than justified its position. From its doors the crowds surged forth blowing horns and whistles, swinging rattles, ringing bells and banging tin pans, tin covers, little tin frying pans and long-handled ladles. The housekeeping department was quite denuded. The sales-girls who must stay within to serve the throng bedecked themselves with gay star-spangled caps like those that passed on the street outside. More than one store hastily closed its doors, putting up a roughly penciled notice reading, 'Why work today? Let's celebrate. Open tomorrow.'

And so it went, not only on Fifth Avenue, but along all the main arteries of the city, all afternoon, all evening. It was a people fused in the unity of a common joy. It was brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers of men who would not have to fight tomorrow. It was the people's way of expressing a prayer of gratitude for the great fact that, for the first time in more than four years, men were not killing each other every moment of the day. It was victory marshaling the one great family of home folks.

But of all the inspiration the day and night gave forth, none was more poignant than the very first act of the drama. The sirens had not been at work more than ten minutes before Liberty Altar in Madison Square was swarming with people. And out of the crowd, mounting above the rest, rose a little boy, waving a flag. And he led that throng in the singing of the 'Star-Spangled Banner.'

At about the same time a man turning the corner of Twelfth Street was accosted by a youngster on a tricycle, asking: 'What's it all for?' The man patted him on the head and replied: 'We're going to have peace, sonny,' and a woman overhearing the dialogue, added, also patting the boy's cap: 'Yes, and my boys are coming home.'

XII

GERMAN FLEET SURRENDER

[*Manchester Guardian*, Eng., November 22, 1918. By permission.]

'Operation'—that is how some light-hearted official on the flagship headed the order paper circulated to the fleet on the eve of our 'Der Tag.' 'Operation ZZ,' or the last of the fleet's war-time proceedings, was 'to meet and escort,' to quote the quaintly uninspired routine language, 'to an anchorage on the Firth of Forth the ships of the German High Seas Fleet which are to be handed over to the Grand Fleet for internment.'

In that modest way Headquarters described an event only paralleled in human record by the submission of Carthage to Rome. Those nations, like Germany and England, fought for the mastery of the world, and after other struggles and agonies on the razor-edge of disaster both of these mighty combats ended in a strangle-hold. Today we could echo Shelley's poem of liberation: 'Conquest is drawn captive through the deep.'

Long before dawn broke over the misty reaches of the Forth the great fleet slipped away to sea. The mightiest armada the world has ever seen—beyond the imagination of man to grasp its terrible concentration of power—went out quietly on a mission essentially peaceful. It was to take possession for the world's peace of the humbled bully of the seas. The Grand Fleet was playing the part of a colossal policeman, tolerant, good-humored, but intent on his job—that of restraining the peace-breaker for his own good. In the days that I have been living in the fleet, while it buckled on its belt and truncheon, I never heard a vain-

glorious boast or the note of vulgar triumph.

What was the fleet now starting on the most astonishing errand in history? A few numbers and names will give a faint conception. Two hundred and forty British ships of war were arrayed and stole seawards in one immense line — one line as far as open water, and then in two lines six miles apart, so as to be ready to take the Germans into their midst and escort them decently and in order to their resting-place. First in place were the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Battle Squadrons, Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts every one, thirty-three in all. Sir David Beatty, commander-in-chief, flew his flag on the *Queen Elisabeth*. Then came the First, Second, and Third Battle Cruiser Squadrons, eleven ships with famous names sounding like trumpets of Empire — *Lion, Tiger, Renown, Repulse, Princess Royal, Australia, New Zealand, Indomitable, Inflexible, Glorious, Courageous* — six squadrons of light cruisers, the fierce, swift harriers of the sea — thirty ships all told. There were great ships outside this classification — that strange creature *Furious*, the seaplane carrier, the armored cruiser *Minotaur*, come up north, having finished her convoying business, to be in at the painless extinction of the German fleet. There was *Gaston*, the destroyer flagship, and *Champion*, and then in a thick swarm at the tail of the Grand Fleet were the destroyers, 160 of them, mostly war creations.

As we went down we picked up from their station below the bridge the five American battleships that have been doing comradely service in northern waters with Admiral Beatty's fleet — the flagship *New York, Texas, Arkansas, Florida*, and *Wyoming*. Their strange cage masts loomed weirdly in the moonlight. There were French representatives, too, of the floating League of Nations. The high-backed cruiser *Amiral Aube* and a few of their many-funneled destroyers came up from the Dover patrol by way of a holiday. Their job was done with the ever-glorious bottling operations on the Belgian coast.

We were taking no risks today. Every ship in the Allied fleet went out to meet the Germans, ready for instant battle if need be, cleared for action. The order was that the guns were to be 'in securing position,' the ordinary fore and aft arrangement, but the men on my ship, the battleship *Monarch*, told me that thirty seconds from the flashing of a signal was all that they needed to pour a broadside into anything that wanted it. These guns were last fired at the foe in the murk of Jutland night while we were escorting the Germans home.

Heavy fog lay thick on the North Sea all last week — fit emblem of the twilight of German power. It lifted this morning. When the fleet put out there was good visibility up to three miles, sufficient to reveal the whole of the pageant, or what of its mighty extent any one pair of eyes could see. A chill and haggard dawn was breaking when I first looked out from the *Monarch's* bridge on the tumbled sea, leaden like the sky. We were just passing May Island at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, bleak and black, its light staring at us. The moon gleamed through a cloud-rift.

The cheerless daybreak broadened and revealed the armada scattered over leagues of sea. The fleet had come down from Rosyth in one long line, and now, the open sea reached, the long manœuvering began which was to end by eight o'clock in the symmetrical formation of a double line of ships six miles apart. Immediately behind the sister ships of the Second Battle Squadron followed the *Monarch*. The squadron was revealed to me as a series of dark gray shapes, squatly foreshortened, colorless but for the broad ensign at each masthead. There was no life to be seen on the decks, but signal flags fluttered up and down at intervals ahead on battleship after battleship, the *Orion* conspicuous with Admiral Goodenough's flag at the masthead.

We were forging slowly ahead. The navigating officer at my side said: 'It's odd to be going at this speed after four years of war. Makes me feel it's peace at last more than anything — we're so used to high speed and vigilance. And it's queer, too, to be coming out without a swarm of escorting destroyers.' The day brightened, the sun rose out of a great bank of cloud, and more and more of the fleet came into view. Three miles to the south in a light haze the second line of battleships, a broken line as yet, became visible. In among the majestic men-o'-war an inquisitive tug had nosed herself,

determined to be in at the show. From the misty distance one especially noble shape became definite. All glasses were leveled. 'That 's the *Queen Elizabeth.* Look, she 's flying three ensigns as broad as a house.' Her flags stood out stiff in the breeze, expressing, as with a gesture, the ship's pride of place.

About 9:30 precisely came the great moment — the first glimpse of the captive German fleet. The look-out man at the masthead called down the tube to the captain's bridge: 'German fleet in sight on the starboard bow.' We were fifty miles out to sea, east of the opening of the Firth of Forth. 'Der Tag,' murmured the Chief Yeoman of Signals, as he leveled his telescope on the incredible thing. First of all we saw a kite balloon towed along by the *Cardiff,* our light cruiser, in the proud job of marshaling the prisoners. Behind the *Cardiff* we saw a faint silhouette, dark gray against the gray haze, like something cut out of paper. '*Seydlitz,*' said an officer. 'When I saw her last she was fairly battered. Jutland.' So the five battle-cruisers were marching first to prison.

Over the *Seydlitz* one of our North Sea airships kept watch and ward. The leading German ships showed great plumes of smoke. After the *Seydlitz* came the *Moltke, Derfflinger, Hindenburg,* and *Von der Tann.* They were about three miles from us.

'What a target!' said our captain regretfully, and he made a rapid calculation of how long it would take our 33 battleships to sink their nine. The nine now loomed out of the haze, all moving as at some peaceful manœuvers. They were in this order: *Friedrich der Grosse,* flying the flag of Admiral von Reuter; *Kaiser, König Albert, Prinzregent Luitpold, Kaiserin, Bayern* (the very latest), *Grosser Kurfürst, Markgraf, Kronprinz Wilhelm.*

There was a gap of three miles between the battleships and the seven light cruisers. These we could not see at all, nor the fifty German destroyers, all of the latest type, that closed the pageant. The light cruisers were: *Karlsruhe, Frankfurt, Emden* (the successor to the famous raider), *Nürnberg, Brummer, Köln,* and *Bremse.*

The grandest sight was that of the nine battleships towering in the misty light — magnificent and also ignominious. Soon after they were visible, the sun burst out fully and made a path of rippling dazzle between us and the Germans. The phlegm of the British sailor was proof even against this miracle. Round me the officers were calmly identifying the ships from their silhouette-books — 'See the *Derfflinger's* tripod masts,' and so on. Our sailors showed no emotion at all. There was not a cheer in all the British fleet, although everywhere, on every turret and ledge, the men stood thickly, gazing silently or with some casual jest. One man who said to me 'This is what we 've been waiting for all these years' was an exception. The sailorman thought of peace to come and leave at last. There was chivalry in his heart for a beaten foe. I heard one say: 'It 's a fine sight, but I would n't be on one of them ships for the world.' An officer said to me: 'We all feel this is an unparalleled humiliation to a great fleet. The High Seas Fleet has fought well, and we have nothing against it. The submarines are another story. We have won the greatest and the most bloodless victories in the history of the world. That 's enough. No mafficking on the sea.'

Of what were the Germans aboard those ships thinking? Three miles away on either side they watched our noble lines stretching far before and behind, shepherding them to an alien anchorage. The German ships advanced into the jaws of the fleet until the leading ship was level with Admiral Beatty's flagship, which came last as we went to sea, so that when we turned she would head the line into harbor. At this moment, ten minutes past ten, it was time for us to turn. A signal ran down the fleet, and at once each division of ships turned outwards and round until the line was re-formed for the homeward journey.

This was a beautiful thing to see. Each ship swept round with parade precision, furrowing up a wide wake all white and green as it turned. The sun caught everything that could shine, and lit up the flags at the masts. The *Queen Elizabeth* was resplendent, all her silvery bulk flecked with white and crimson. In her wake followed the *Oak,* the Commander-in-Chief's destroyer, after the *Queen Elizabeth* the *Orion,* the *Thunderer,* my ship, the *Mon-*

arch, and the rest of the Second Battle Squadron.

The *Queen Elizabeth* led the squadron in the culminating display, as she does when the fleet goes into battle. Looking back at one moment I saw a score of battleships all changing course simultaneously. This movement gave the finest of a day's impressions of great strength and grace. From every fortress there spread a banner of smoke. One resplendent picture hid a nation's tragedy — a blue dancing sea, gray-blue ships, flags flying, and quiet satisfaction in every man's heart aboard. So complete was the triumph that the humane mind of the British seamen had thoughts to spare of pity, of fellow-feeling.

We went back to port much slower than we came. The German ships were only making nine or ten knots. Were they short of coal, or were they not in trim for making any speed, as the German delegates are said to have confessed to Admiral Beatty? The British ships kept step. The weather cleared about noon, affording us a perfect view of the German fleet, all looking to ignorant eyes much as if punched out of a piece of tin, the same pattern. The *Bayern*, solitary in her class, was distinguishable, the two funnels placed close together. The whole scene lightened and became gay. The crews left their battle stations and popped on deck for a view. Bugles blew, flags whipped out, the silvery 'blimp' airship circled about the fleet, apparently joy-riding. One of her men was seen dangling his legs over the platform side and waving to the navy. The throb of her propeller was heard. The 'blimp' was having a jaunt now that her task of submarine spotting is over.

The French warships kept a little apart from the line, as if in courteous self-effacement.

Shortly before the armada drew in again to the entrance there was a transformation. The southernmost of the escorting lines turned once more and filed in behind the German fleet, a beautifully executed manœuver. Off May Island the whole order was rearranged. Our northern line forged quickly ahead to Rosyth, leaving the German ships to be shown to their anchorage and inspected by the ships of the First Battle Cruiser Squadron. Admiral Beatty's order ran: 'The German flag will be lowered at sunset and will not be hoisted again without permission.' Before we left the High Seas Fleet behind, the *Monarch* came so close that the rows of German sailors could be seen clustered on turret and forecastle. The Germans were witnesses of a scene that must have been a bitter drop in the cup. They heard the British fleet cheering its commander. As each battleship swept past the *Queen Elizabeth* the crews mustered on the decks thundered out three cheers. The Chief stood on his bridge saluting. A cheerfully camouflaged cruiser, packed with men, rushed past the flagship making a noise. The Germans in the background were sad spectators of this climax to our joy. It might have cheered them a little to hear the British officers saying: 'What magnificent ships!' Admiration was universal throughout the fleet, especially for the *Hindenburg*, the latest thing in battle cruisers. A sailor put it naïvely: 'Why, you can't tell them from ours.' The day ended on every ship with a service of thanksgiving to God for our triumph.

The strangest contrast of the day came at sunset — four o'clock. At that time the Admiral's flagship was back at her moorings above the bridge; the luckless German fleet was safe in custody. At sundown on the flagship of the Grand Fleet all hands were piped aft. Men and officers assembled, expecting a speech from Admiral Beatty to mark 'the end of a perfect day.' As they were still waiting a bugle rang out forward, and instantly several hundred men turned round like one and saluted the flag. The bugler was 'making the sunset' in accordance with the old navy custom by which the end of day is signalized whether in war or peace. As the last note of the call died down, the ship's company again turned aft, and on the call of the commander gave three stunning cheers for the Commander-in-Chief. Sir David Beatty, who was standing in the stern of the ship, replied conversationally, 'Thank you,' adding in the same breath, 'I always told you they would have to come out.' Men and officers responded with a chuckle of acquiescence, and in less than half a minute everybody was back at duty or pleasure.

That was the scene above the bridge: the culminating triumph, quiet as always in the navy, but very real.

At the same moment, seven miles below the bridge, the last-scene curtain was falling on the German drama off May Island, which sentinels the entry into the Firth. Seventy-one German ships lay at anchor powerless in the grip of the conqueror. In a semicircle round the only outlet lay British ships, cruisers, and destroyers. At the moment when on the flagship the bugle rang joyously out and the Commander-in-Chief was being cheered, the German Ensign came fluttering down at the order of that same man, maybe never to be hoisted again. The seaplanes in the dusk were hovering overhead. The British key was turned on the flower of the German fleet. Woe to the vanquished!

XIII

WHEN THE TROOPSHIPS COME IN

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

[*Red Cross Magazine*, March, 1919. By permission.]

Throughout many tense months of a spring, summer, and early autumn of the war's last year, ship-load after ship-load of khaki-clad lads left our shores to keep certain pressing engagements abroad, each toting his individual set of skids and rollers to slip beneath Wilhelm the Over-Insured. Then even the mightiest of troopships, the *Leviathan*, would swim eastward, black and silent and majestic, through the Narrows of New York Bay at mysterious moments of dusk or at an inky midnight hour, with a cityful of more than 14,000 souls aboard — a floating city in itself with a population equal to the sum total of every man, woman, and child in Hackensack, N. J., greater in population than Augusta, Me., Corning, N. Y., Bethlehem, Pa., or Santa Barbara, Cal., and not a human being in the greatest city of 6,000,000 hard by would get an inkling, by word of mouth or harbor sound, that the ship had gone.

There was only silence, dumb silence, even among the youngsters in khaki, whose summery campaign hats made a motionless, dun-colored carpet that stretched from rail to rail on the forward main deck of the out-going ship. The young crusaders, under orders to remain quiet, faded out to sea without an answering hand-wave to the few who called a godspeed from passing river craft, their backs turned, for the first and last time, in the general direction of the German Army, as they stood and watched in silence the lights of Coney Island recede and sink into the western blackness that was 'home.'

But when they came back again, as they have been coming to American ports for months, are still coming and will continue to come — Eeeeeeeyip! *Eeeeeee!* YOW! That second trip, in the right direction now, past the Liberty Girl who stands with her substantial feet on the front porch of the United States of America and her bronze brow in the clouds, is something else again!

It was in the last weeks of the Victory Year just past that the home-coming welcomes were at their best, or before the ban was put on waterfront noises, the racket causing confusion to navigating officers as the troopships crept out of the mists of midday or the fogs of dawn and tried to nose a path to their piers without plowing up and mussing the lawns in front of the Army post residences on Governor's Island. Those were the days, from the beginning of last November until the final hours and minutes of the late and lamented Victory Year, when the harbor during daylight hours was in a chronic condition of eruption.

The tiny whistle on the low roof of a two-by-four factory perched on a Staten Island hill sometimes had the honor, because of geographical advantages, of piercing the skies with the initial eagle scream of greeting as an inbound troopship loomed out of the mists and steamed up the bay. Again, the honor went to the *basso profundo* siren of an outgoing liner, or to the mad wail of anguished happiness which a sharp-eyed engineer in a certain South Brooklyn factory always was primed to let loose from the deep-throated whistle above his engine room. It matters not who had the honor of starting a given bunch of ructions: instantly along the New York and New Jersey shores the whistles snorted and chortled and barked until, from the Narrows north to Yonkers, all the sirens of the world metropolis had merged into one splendid croon of joy, as if the god of all choristers were striking his tuning fork as the morning stars began to sing together.

Labor halts in mills and factories boasting of water-front exposures. In downtown skyscrapers of Manhattan the office boys, startled out of their deep contemplation of a choice of leaving their work to take their twelfth drink of water that morning or washing their hands for the eighth time, jump to their feet at the first blast of this happier excuse for temporary relaxation — alas, only to find, upon skidding toward western office windows, that the Old Man, the Junior Partner, and the Misses Tillie Remington, Bertha Underwood, and Mignonette Corona have blocked the view of the whole goshdarned river, because the boss and the girls want to wave a germ-disseminating Chautauqua salute!

Somewhere amid the all-pervading roar of welcome, brass bands are playing, afloat and ashore. Neurasthenic tugs streak out from shore at the apex of a V of foam to bob alongside the towering troopship, not because the tug skippers wish to seek 'business' when the warping-in shall begin but solely that they may race up the river abreast of the vessel as a busy little volunteer guard of honor. At some vague spot inside a mist of leaping spray that seems to cling to the after decks of the advancing troopship, the city fireboats are shooting tons of water plumes into the skies from their deck nozzles, the billows of white mists trailing aft and away, as if the giantess sea lady had come home again wearing a filmy train of lovely old lace. Everywhere is movement, noise, more movement. And all the glint and glitter of sunlight dancing on waters and polished brass sizzle forth with a double, quadruple dazzle of brilliancy as the police boat *Patrol*, with 'Hizzonner' the Mayor's Committee of Welcome aboard, sloshes hysterically up the river, and so enables the sun to take a good crack at the shiny tops and sides of the committeemen's three-quart high hats.

Sometimes, of course, a returning troopship has the ill luck to make her home port on a wet and nasty day, all of which slows down the hoopla quality of the welcome considerably, does it not? It does not. The sun cannot dance on the river then and there is a slight, very slight, thinning of the cheering crowds that line the Battery wall; but the bands still bang and *oom-pah*, the welcomers hurrah, the men and lassies of the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the 'Knights,' and the 'Y' wave their flags in the rain and hurriedly prepare to deal out coffee and buns, cigarettes, chocolates, telegraph blanks, and post cards extravagantly — the 'Y' men footing the bills for all the telegrams the incoming soldiers may wish to send from the pier.

The impression should not be permitted to persist in freshwater towns that an incoming troopship, once her skipper has sighted Sandy Hook, keeps on coming through the Narrows and into the North River, and never slows down until it is time to throw on the ship's brakes opposite her pier. Not at all! Frequently a combination of Customs, Health, and Transport Service officials, or a merger of low tides and fogs, sadly dents the prearranged running schedule. Too often some natural or human force halts the troopship down the Bay, whereupon the last inches of the trip from Europe to a newly Americanized Hoboken waterfront are painfully measured off in tedious fashion.

One can scarcely imagine anything better calculated to sustain the feverish interest of a home-coming doughboy or sailorman, at a point just this side of delirium, than to race him westward across the Atlantic in a six-day liner, and then, just when the first meaty land breeze begins to blow chunks of atmosphere from the Bayonne oil refineries out to the homecomers, to have the skipper of the troopship holler from the bridge, in effect: 'Here we are, lads, off Luna Park, Coney, and a likely place it is to spend the rest of the waning day and night. Out with the mudhook, mates! Warm up the beans, and after supper and a good night's rest aboard ship we 'll resume our journey and dock at Hubbuckn tomorrow, or mebbe next Thursday — if the weather clears."

Soldier lads during recent weeks have been anchored in the Lower Bay or off Quarantine, champing impatiently at their chewing tobacco, for twenty-four and thirty-six hours, all because wintry fogs at times have been so solid (this on the word of an Army chaplain who was pastor of a church at Hartford, Conn., and therefore of a probity unimpeachable) that when the anchor was chucked overboard at least eighteen, sometimes twenty-two, minutes would elapse from the time the

anchor was thrown out onto the fog until it hit the surface of the water. During these near-but-ever-so-far delays there are usually but two bright moments in the lives of the anchored: (a) when the good ship *Patrol* comes alongside with the Mayor's Committee and a police band and glee club aboard; and (b) when the bundles of New York newspapers are tossed to the decks of the troopship.

A happier sort of outburst begins to detonate from the troopship when the police boat *Patrol,* her upper deck paved with gleaming high hats. draws alongside a transport down the Bay. Be it known that just as an American savior of democracy in his late teens or twenties cheers with the glad youthfulness one hears in a college town, just so also is his bump of reverence developed to that high degree so noticeable in the throngs of undergraduate cubs that surge through Chapel Street, Conn., Chestnut Street, Pa., or Nassau Street, N. J., on the night of the day that the 'right' team has won the big football game of the year.

As I, in the course of the day's work, have 'met' 1,000, 10,000, 50,000 of the well and the pitifully shattered soldier lads (most of them quite well again, thank you) as they came into the Port of New York in recent months, I could not help but remember, while watching them make game of the pompous municipal officials and other formal greeters on the *Patrol,* the words of a very solemn English army officer as he described these same American boys in the thick of war.

''Straordinary!' drawled the Englishman. 'I mean to say, your American soldiers do not take even war and death seriously. Now, when one of our Tommies arrives back of the lines with his prisoners he may have a bit of grin on his face, but that is all. The poilu as a rule is a very solemn-looking chap as he escorts his German prisoners rearward. But your American boys — my word! I've seen them come into a French village walking just behind a most furious Hun colonel — a *colonel,* mark you! — and laughing uproariously as they prod the colonel, harmlessly and playfully, with the tip of a bayonet. And while this Hun colonel chap protested over his shoulder vigorously against the indignities, the American boys continued to spoof their prisoner with the most 'straordinary expressions while prodding him along. "Make it snappy, kid!" "Step lively — plenty of room in the forward part of the car!" "Officer, he's in again!" "Hey, Jimmy! Lookut this perfectly good colonel the cat dragged in!"— I mean to say, all that sort of tommyrot.'

And even though a doughboy may have left his arm or leg on a Flanders field, he always brings his merriness and his bump of irreverence back into New York Bay. The distinguished citizens who compose the Mayor's committees, the Mayor of the world metropolis himself, inspire not the least awe in the youthful soldiers draped over the rail of the troopships as the *Patrol* comes alongside. A committeeman raises a megaphone to his lips and declaims impressively, 'We welcome you, soldiers of our great Republic, home to American shores after your magnificent service in the great cause of —'

'Well then, for the luvva Pete, mister, drop your horn and put us ashore!' 'When do we eat, bo?' 'Hey, Mister Mayor, chuck us a steak smothered with lamb chops!' 'Has the old home gone prohibition, Guv'ner?' 'You ain't gotta coupla loose fried eggs wrapped in hot ham in your pocket, have you, kid?' 'Aw, can the speechmaking and tell us who won the world's seerees!' 'Hit me with a bottle o' beer, Senator!' 'Hey, you cops! I committed a coupla murders on this ship coming across — c'mon up here and pull me off and lock me up in the Tenderloin station!'

Then, after the cigarettes and newspapers and chocolates have been tossed aboard, and the bands have played and the Police Department glee club has caroled, up the Bay toward the Liberty Lady, the *Patrol* sets her course, with the troopship trailing after. Precisely as the huddled immigrants always mass themselves silently forward on the main deck when an inbound liner sweeps up the Bay to her pier, so do the homecoming soldier lads scramble toward vantage points, once they glimpse the Statue and the sky-reaching buildings in the haze beyond, on that part of a transport which a non-seagoing doughboy from the Middle West has been heard to call 'the front stoop of the ship.' Doubtless the wide-eyed immigrant sees, as the liner swings slightly to starboard through the Narrows and straightens out toward the river, clumps of trees in Bat-

tery Park, the leaves of which certainly are of solid silver, all clustered with fourteen karat golden fruit that may be had for the plucking. The incoming doughboy has no such illusions; nevertheless, his face is aglow with just the same light which radiates from the eyes of the young immigrant gazing up the Bay upon El Dorado for the first time. But, for a longer time than in the case of the immigrant, the home-again doughboy bends his gaze, fixed and unwinking, on the Statue looming aloft and then, beyond, upon the dream city that reaches to heaven through the morning mists in shimmering, trembling beauty. For the Statue and the Woolworth Tower, so soldier lads have told me as I have stood among them coming up the Bay, came to hold a high place of honor in their mental picture gallery of remembrances as they kept dreary night vigil in the trenches or, perhaps, lay for hours in a shell hole with arm or jaw gone, smashed or torn, neglected and forgotten — thus they had thought in their black loneliness — by all their bright and one-time lovely world. To these, in the lull of fighting, the Statue of Liberty and the skyscrapers of Manhattan came to mean all America — home.

'God!' reverently murmured a colonel, whose services with the 28th Division of Pennsylvania shock troops had left him with but one leg, a crippled arm, and a great red scar running from ear to jaw, 'I thought I had got more than my share of wollops; but when I look this morning at the Statue of Liberty and the big town beyond, I realize that I never was scratched at all compared to a Philadelphia boy from my regiment we have aboard. He suffered so much exposure in the trenches that he developed meningitis, which affected his eyes. And now he's coming up the Bay here, with all this wonderful sight spread out before us. He's stone blind.'

When it comes to prying loose from the human cargo of a troopship the Homeric tales that are locked in the hearts of every mother's fighting son aboard, one is baffled by the great characteristic of American youth — bashfulness and fear of their listening colleagues' banter and ridicule. Also the tales are slow in forthcoming owing to another all-pervading virtue which is not thought extensively to flourish in the United States, the same being modesty. By persevering all the way up the Bay and North River, however, one sometimes loosens reluctant tongues. Bit by bit the stories of personal experiences are briefly told and, after one has heard half a hundred or more of the artless *raconteurs*, one comes away filled largely with a realization of the bald sameness of the narratives of bashful lads, who, stepping from a factory bench or a farm in a peaceful valley, had marched through the gates of hell, young gentlemen unafraid. But perhaps if even the super-*raconteur*, Signor D. Alighieri, of Florence, had made seven separate trips to the Seven Terraces of his Purgatory, coming back from each trip with a yarn to spin, the Florentines would have yawned wearily over the fifth or sixth recital.

'Well, I was going forward at Soissons'— so run the tales, with slight variations as to time and place and nature of mishaps, as told by all returning officers and men — 'when a high explosive got me. They carried me back and took off my leg at the hospital. When I was well enough, they shipped me over here. That's about all there was to it.'

Thus speak the self-conscious youngsters, even when the lie is given to their humble words by a bit of striped ribbon and the glorious War Cross of France, which dangles from an olive drab shirt or tunic in a way that screams vehemently to heaven that this most decidedly was not 'about all there was to it.' Time and again as a soldier, propped on crutches and surrounded by armless and legless youths or uninjured lads, told the interviewers in fifty words a bare outline of his reason for having the *Croix de Guerre* or an American decoration, he would race orally to the fiftieth word and then, with a new heartiness and much more deliberation, exclaim:

'Aw, forget me, you newspaper guys. But listen! Give a swell boost in your papers to the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the Knights o' Columbus. Get me?'

His buddies crowd close (always on a returning troopship there are at least a score of doughboys who supplement their brief personal narratives with just such a remark), and every olive drab lad in the knot of listeners fervently begins to add his exhortations to 'boost' the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the

Knights — the three organizations almost always being listed in the order set down here.

There was one tall, tow-headed lad who pressed eagerly forward as the newspaper men were questioning a wounded soldier one stormy morning a few weeks ago in the dimly lighted sick bay of the *Leviathan*, the troopship having just been warped into her Hoboken pier with almost 12,000 returning soldiers and sailors aboard. The wounded man, who lay prone on a 'lower berth' of the double-deck cots which cluttered the great ship's hospital, told in less than fifty words why he had been cited twice for extraordinary heroism and decorated by France and the United States, the rest of the pitifully wounded boys — those able to stand — crowding as close as the limited space between the double tier cots would permit. The tall, tow-headed lad who had pressed into the circle wore the *Croix de Guerre* with palm and also, it was learned later, had been recommended for the *Medaille Militaire*.

'Who? Me?' suddenly blurted the tall boy with a gulp of astonishment, his face aflame as it came to him that the newspaper men had dismissed from their minds the prone hero on the cot and were fastening their combined gaze upon the French war cross — with palm — on the tall boy's breast; were asking him his name, and why an American private had been so lavishly decorated by France.

'I don't — I did n't — remember much that happened,' he stammered, already beginning to edge away painfully from the limelight as more and more questions were being shot in the general direction of his blushes. 'All I remember about it was that I went out on a wheat field at Château-Thierry — I was a stretcher-bearer — and helped some of the boys in, and then I went out and helped more of the boys in.'

'In where?'

'In back where they ought to be, in with us. I guess I went out a lot of times and helped fellows in. I don't remember much of the details. I think that — Well, I'm glad to meet you. Thanks.'

And he faded miserably into the far shadows of the sick bay. He had tried to make light of his exploits, but as he spoke the writing men present, who had 'covered' battle and fire and sudden death, were conscious again of the truism which their craft learns early: that the soldier who has the thrill, the excitement of battle to sustain him as he rushes on to meet death undoubtedly is brave, but that braver far is the fireman — or stretcher-bearer — who has time mentally to debate his chances before calmly he decides to say good-by to himself, and then shins up the façade of a burning building to a high window — or out upon a shell-swept wheat field at Château-Thierry — to save a brother rimmed with flame or weltering in a shell hole.

Sometimes the exploit that won a decoration was of a nature so magnificent that even the modest reticence of the hero (and how the young homecomers detest that word hero!) could not quite fog the blaze of glory that had lighted his path to fame. There was Johnny Marks, of Arkansas, for instance, who came home recently aboard the onetime German raider *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*, now the United States Navy Transport *De Kalb*.

'Well, I was going forward with the 6th Regiment of Marines when a high explosive and gas . . . and that's about all there was to it,' et ceterah-rah-rah! Thus Marine Johnny Marks, running true to doughboy and marine form by trying to tell a cosmic epic in fifty words. One would need all the pages of this Magazine merely to outline the things that happened to Johnny when he was shot at Belleau Woods last June, went over the top at Soissons a month later with a brigade of 6,800 marines, took the objective with 'little more than a battalion' left of the brigade, started out with just his own little company the next morning to take a hamlet from the Huns, took the hamlet after all but Johnny and four other marines had been killed, and then was stretched out himself with a bullet and gassed — with now only two of his company standing beside him — and still hanging on to the hamlet throughout a terrible night.

But at daybreak, even when the suffering Johnny Marks was almost ready to call quits, out of a haze that hung low across a swamp staggered a line of haggard, dark-eyed little men, their muddy uniforms the color of the blue-gray of the mists of the dawn from which they had come. Johnny, with almost a last effort

at life, raised himself on an elbow to welcome the deliverers. *'Vive la France!'* he gasped — and sank back unconscious as the haggard French fighting devils swept onward to the spot where Johnny lay, and charged eastward so far beyond the little hamlet that straightway the village again was a part of France forever and forever.

Sixty-eight thousand Johnny Marks reached Atlantic ports of the United States during the thirty days preceding the end of the Victory Year, 55,000 of these having been landed at the Port of New York. Wherefore 55,000 of the Homeric tales were brought through the Narrows last December, tales which never will be fully told, perhaps, at least not until the convalescent lads have stretched themselves luxuriously in an easy chair before the home hearth in Farmington, Me., Pittston, Pa., Chicago, Ragweed Junction or Hellandgone, Mont. Then, with a plate of red apples and a table knife at one's elbow, with pop and mom and wide-eyed young brothers and sisters listening open-mouthed, the traveled man of the family perhaps lazily will recall magnificent moments.

But just now, as he comes up the Bay, with wonders unfolding to port and starboard that sometimes during forlorn hours in the Argonne or Flanders he had feared he never again would see, it would be a cruel and an unusual punishment to ask him to cease feasting his eyes and to talk.

Navy and Coast Guard navigators have brought him through thousands of miles of wintry storm and stress on a split second schedule, with all that nicety of exact seamanship which has won for these blue-clad American gentlemen extravagant praise from the sailormen among all the nations of decent peoples of Europe who were our brothers in the great fight. The American Army, particularly all that beautifully systematized Personnel Service of our Army under the able direction of Major General David C. Shanks and Brigadier-General George H. McManus of the Port of Embarkation, is ready at the pier with the gangplank, the brass bands from Camp Merritt or Camp Upton, the railway trains, hospital tugs and motor-driven ambulances to expedite the debarkation and to speed up the transfer of the well and ill from the ship to nearby camps or hospitals — there to remain during the few days, sometimes weeks, that must intervene before the soldier returns to mufti.

The blue-frocked daughters of the Great Mother are at the pier end, waving a welcome with their flags of white and red, then racing back along the pier to arrange for the distribution of the vats of steaming coffee and buns to the 50, the 5,000, 10,000 whose innards must be warmed and filled when the returning warriors are lined up on the pier. At the shore end of the docks are jammed the parents and sweethearts, brothers and sisters, all pleading and trying to bribe the Customs men and military police who, thoroughly ashamed of themselves, are compelled to tell those who carry no Government passes that they must stand on the far, or landward, side of West Street, Manhattan, or River Street, Hoboken, even if 'our Jimmy is aboard the ship.' And so they stand there (Government passes may not be had for the asking), sometimes for hours in the rain, happy because they can hear the distant cheers and braying of bands that are greeting Jimmy, thanking God for the mere glimpse of a foretop or a towering stack that looms above a pier roof as the liner snuggles into her berth.

A greatest cheer reaches the outlanders huddled in the waterfront street, and that 's a sign that the gangplank at last has definitely connected the troopship with one-forty-eighth of these United States. The overworked band rips forth with the opening strains and æsthetic harmonies of the classic which greets all homecoming soldiers and bluejackets; so great is the thrill then that even the Red Cross girls forget themselves to the extent (I 've stood at their elbows repeatedly and therefore know what I know) of lifting their soprano voices, too, when the homecomers, rocking with joy, burst forth in the immortal lyric of the anthem:

'Hail! Hail! The gang 's all here!
What the hell do we care *NOW!*'

It 's shocking!

And on to their own, their native, land runs the olive-drab band that is all America — Cohens and Vanderbilts, O'Rafferty s, Repettis, MacPhersons, Schmaltzes, Swensens, Hoopers, Lees of Vaginyuh, and Wu Lees of Chinatown, sons and grandsons of ex-Presidents and their

chauffeurs, entire crates of Smiths and Browns and Jones — piling ashore in merry tumult, with the broad grins and the boyish skip and jump of small American youngsters spilling out of school on the eve of a holiday, hobbling happily on crutches if a leg has been left in France. Gray-haired men in mufti, who somehow have got onto the pier, cry out and throw their arms around lanky sixfooters, kissing the home-again soldier, who kisses his father back and is unashamed. American men do not kiss their grown sons, eh? Well, just go on to a pier when a troopship comes in and see for yourself. And as for the sons, so many of them have been decorated in France, and therefore kissed by French generals, that doubtless the osculatory greeting of their fathers comes now as less of a shock than in the old days.

Then the 'litter cases,' the last to be brought on to the pier, are tenderly carried down the gangplank and lifted on to a hospital tug or into one of the clutter of ambulances waiting at the street level of the pier, and the blur of white face looking up from a blanket edge blooms into radiant joy. Most heart-gripping of all — fortunately they are few, but the sight of only one on a troopship remains in the mind for days — are the lads whose sight has been blasted forever. Every one — generals, admirals, policemen, and stevedores — makes way for them, unconsciously reaching out a steadying hand as the blind boy in olive drab sets a groping foot on to the land he never again will see. And the blind, with the feel of solid earth once more beneath their feet, 'look' off in that fixed way the sightless have and smile their thanks to God that they are once again in their home land.

Ambulances clang, hospital tugs and lighters slosh away with their happy cargoes bound for troop train or hospital. From street to pier head the crowds melt. And the lads in olive drab have begun the last lap of a journey which soon is to land them at their factory jobs again, in the shops or in the peaceful valley farms of an America which to many, at the beginning of the war, may have been (to quote the great ex-President just laid at rest on the shore of Long Island Sound), 'not a country but a polyglot boarding house,' but which is now — thanks to the homebound soldier and sailor lads — a far-spread nation of two-fisted he-men, and will be forever, unless a coming generation lazily permits itself to grow soft again.

XIV

THE PRISONER'S HOME-COMING

[*Times*, London, Eng., December 17, 1918. By permission.]

Who does not enjoy a winter's afternoon up a lane and round a wood and on a moor does not deserve a summer's evening when it comes. Winter in the country about Christmas-time has wonders of its own that the winsomeness of spring and the comeliness of summer cannot match. It may, of course, be wet underfoot, but a properly accredited wayfarer has reckoned with that, and, gaitered and booted, heeds not the splash, but sees the glimmer of the early sunset up the long winding road touching the little pools and irradiating the trees. The hill is worth conquering, for it is framed about with the tracery of the naked trees. Despite the crispness of the air, it is worth while dallying to watch the patterns against the sky rising above the clean, naked trunks of the beech and the rugged gnarled stems of oak and elm. The oak still has leaves to guard the multitudinous buds, but, anyhow, it is unmistakable in shape with the little bunchy twigs sticking out in all directions, a sort of hairy tree spreading in gracious strength beneath the sky. It is more kindly than the elm, which is gaunt in the glow of sunset, and gives a touch of desolate romance, with its great arms held out in supplication. But it is not as gracious as the subtle larches, nor so tender as the bending silver birches, nor so proud as the great hornbeams, nor so fantastic as the beeches, with their roots creeping like gray serpents along the edges of the wood. But the oak is sturdier than them all, and stands in places of its own here and there, as if to say, 'These others are my courtiers, my generals, my admirals, my daughters, but I am England, and have outstood the winds and storms of a thousand years.'

So a land of mystery stretches out on each side of the road, a shadowy land shot through with sunset rays, where fairies and goblins, witches and ghosts may

be hovering on this late afternoon round the wayfarers on the road that winds uphill through the woodland right on to the billowy and still more mysterious upland, whose elusive distances are touched by the light of a half-moon bending to the west, by the crimson bars of sunset that are waiting to welcome her, by the first lights in farmhouses and villages that tell the traveler of warm fires and story-telling hearths.

But who are these wayfarers who have sped up the hill not on foot, but in a car, bearing the familiar sign of the Red Cross; who have sped silently, with greedy, hungry eyes, drinking in at every bend and swerve of the way each detail of the beloved road? The car stops at the top of the hill, and one man gets out, wrings the hands of his fellows and of the driver, and walks off with hardly a word along a lonely path in the black heather where the car could not follow. All is silence, but there is still in his consciousness the ringing cheers of the folk in the little country town whence he has been driven up on to the moor. He is a thin, broken-looking man, holding himself as well as may be, and nerving himself for a supreme moment. He is not old, but he has the manners of age, an incertitude, hollow cheeks and strained eyes as he looks at the strong light still showing in the west. He straightens himself again and again, he mutters to himself, he recognizes the bark of a dog, the dog knows his step, there is a light shining through a little screen of trees, there is the call of a familiar voice. And the man passes his hand over his forehead to find it wet with the passion of home-coming after years of waiting.

The Prisoner of War hears his wife saying to some one, 'Father may be here soon; today, tomorrow — soon. I did wait in town two days this week, one day last week, but they did zay to I, "Be patient. He is coming very soon."' It was just across the hedge that she was speaking to the herdsman's wife, and he listened, wiping his forehead with his hand. 'You *be* patient. How long be it?' 'It be two year. I be patient.' Then he coughed, a deep, racking cough. He had come from the salt mines and had little strength left. She said, 'What be that; be that father?' Then he stepped to the gate, and the light from the cottage door fell on the well-loved face, worn, thin, grim, but unconquerable. 'It *be* he,' said she. 'It be thy man,' said the herdsman's wife. 'I be come home,' said he. 'Be 'ee well, Mary? Take me in to the hearth. I be tired wi' long plowing this winter's day.'

The weary, distraught mind had forgotten captivity and gone back to the day's plowing he had done before the evening when he had joined up and gone to the field of war. Leaning on his weeping wife, he passed into the cottage, and, sitting in the old chair by the fire, fell asleep like a child smiling in its dreams. And the children of the house crept in to look at him asleep, the man who had been in Hell and had come back to tell the tale, a Dante without words.

XV

AERIAL MAIL SERVICES

WARD MUIR

[*Country Life*, London, Eng., January 18, 1919. By permission.]

In many rural districts of England, and in most Continental countries, it is the popular custom to state the measure of short geographical distances in terms of time. How far is it to the next town? The peasant to whom one puts this question answers, 'Half an hour.' A most irritating reply I have sometimes found it. I would rather have heard definitely that the distance was so many miles or kilometers. But the peasant often does not know the number of miles or kilometers. What he does know is that, on foot, the journey takes him half an hour, or, driving, it takes him ten minutes; he will guess, if you like, the time it will take you in your car. To do him justice, his guess is generally accurate enough. And he is fundamentally sound in his method of measurement — which is a more sophisticated one in principle than it seems. Modern society is so interdependent that the distance between two centers of habitation is really the time it takes to travel between them. London is (or was before the war) roughly a week from New York and eight hours from Paris. The number of miles is of no consequence. Shepherd's Bush is close to the Bank, because

they are connected by a tube; but two villages a similar distance apart would be utterly remote if only connected by a footpath across hills; the inhabitants of each village might seldom or never visit the other. Build a high road and inaugurate a motor-bus service thereon, and the villagers would be next door neighbors and see each other almost daily.

The globe, in fact, becomes socially smaller as we cover it with methods of rapid transit, while physically remaining the same size. Jules Verne's hero, the inimitable Phineas Fogg, went round the world in eighty days. That is tantamount to saying that in Jules Verne's prime the world was virtually eighty days in circumference. Jules Verne died in 1905. The aeroplane has already made it reasonable to postulate a Phineas Fogg performing his great feat not in eighty days but in — well, we hesitate to name a figure, for many preparations have still to be completed before the aerial circumnavigation is genuinely practicable. It suffices that an aeroplane has already flown to India. An aeroplane has flown from California to Washington (4,000 miles). Aeroplanes and airships are being built which will fly the Atlantic. An aeroplane route is being surveyed from Cairo to the Cape. And before this year 1919 is past we shall without doubt see a weekly aeroplane mail service established between London and Delhi.

Some one wrote an article in a newspaper the other day bemoaning the prospect of the world's shrinkage and this final blow to romance. There are always sad souls who bid farewell to romance every time an inventor comes forward with a fresh idea for civilization's progress. The locomotive was the end of romance. The steamship was the end of romance. Perhaps the printing press, the spinning jenny, the telephone, the bicycle were all the end of romance to various poetically minded mourners. But it is too absurd that the stale old lament should be raised with regard to the flying-machine. Could anything be more romantic than the prospect of having one's letters sent by air from London to Delhi — perhaps, to be sure, making this prodigious leap through the sky oneself? The very names of the alighting places *en route* are romantic. Picture the mail 'plane wafted up from the reek of London and steering into the sunshine for Marseilles, Pisa, Taranto, Crete (here we leave Europe), Sollum (now we are in Africa), Mesa Metroh, Cairo, Damascus, Bagdad, Basra, Bushire, Bunder Abbas, Karachi, and Delhi! Is n't it a fairy tale? The Magic Carpet come true! And is the laborious sea voyage in any conceivable sense of the adjective more 'romantic' than this dizzy rush through the atmospheric ocean? It is not to be supposed that the great Sir Richard Burton will turn in his grave when the mail-carrying 'planes buzz across the waste places between Damascus and Baghdad. or that Doughty, author of the classical *Wanderings in Arabia Deserta,* will hear with horror that it is now possible to look down in safety, for a mere hour or two on tracts which occupied weary months in exploration and whose climate and wild inhabitants nearly cost the explorer his life. Yes, some sort of romance may vanish; but how rich is the new romance given us instead!

The weekly letter service between England and India will probably, at first, take not less than eight days. The average stage between alighting-places will be 350 miles, and the total distance, London-Delhi, is 6,000 miles. (The projected All-Red Cape-Cairo service is between five and six thousand miles.) Twenty-five aerodomes for landing purposes, refueling, overhaul, etc., would be required between England and India. Cairo will be the half-way house of the journey; here the mail-bags will probably change 'plane. It is evident that considerable and costly preparations must be consummated before the project materializes; but the war has shown us that even the establishment of a couple of dozen aerodromes is not such a very tremendous effort after all. The war, in fact, has brought flying to its present position, 'forced' its growth as no peace-time conditions, however competitive, could have done. Aviation is actually only twelve years old. It had barely become a practical proposition when the war broke out. And now it is a commonplace of our daily life. Travel by air is, indeed, as little adventurous today as by road or sea. Indeed, as Major-General Sir J. H. Sykes, Chief of the Air Staff, mentioned in a recent lecture to the London Chamber of Commerce, there were 279 passenger

cross-country flights made by the R.A.F. Communication Squadron between August and November last year; flights, that is to say, not concerned with hostilities at the front, but for the purpose of conveying non-combatant officials from London to such places as Paris, Nancy, Dunkirk, Manchester, York, Birmingham, and so on; and these 279 flights were not marred by one single mishap. A pair of machines achieved a record trip to Paris and back, on urgent Government business, in 4 hours and 20 minutes. One of the pilots attached to this Communication Squadron flew across the Channel 287 times, frequently in bad weather, without an accident; and it is worth remark that this particular pilot is over forty years of age.

Surely these are very striking statements, for they mean that what we think of as 'peace-time flying' has already been tested on a large scale—thanks to the war, paradoxically enough. That is to say, the skeptic who fears that flying is only a 'stunt' for reckless youngsters risking their lives above the trenches, with the stimulus of patriotism and the excitement of fighting to goad them into superb follies, must now admit that this is not so: a quieter sort of flying has been going on all the time, for the transport of ordinary civilian passengers to France and elsewhere — persons probably averse to anything riskier than a motor ride; and this more unadventurous aviation has developed as steadily as, if less tragically than, the aviation which sprayed the retreating Boche with machine-gun bullets and dropped bombs on the Rhineland towns. This, in short, is the aviation whose milder triumphs make it reasonable for us to talk with confidence of the weekly branch service to Cape Town, and which will soon open up still more distant portions of our Empire, rendering it at once compacter in size and wider in its unity.

Within the British Isles there should be a fine field for mail and passenger carrying air services. For short distances it will at first not be practicable to compete commercially with the fast train. That is clear enough, for if a letter is sent by train from London to, say, Manchester, in the morning, it reaches its destination in the afternoon. To send it from London to Hendon and again by road into Manchester from the aerodrome, might be quicker, but not so much quicker as to warrant the very great extra cost of carriage. It is for cross-country journeys (*e.g.* Cardiff-Southampton) upon which no direct express train service exists, that the 'plane may come in useful: also, of course, for such long journeys as, for instance, London to Glasgow, *viâ* Edinburgh. In a journey of 300 miles or more the 'plane, as a mail carrier, beats the express 'to a frazzle,' as the late Mr. Roosevelt would have said. By the proposed London-Newcastle-Edinburgh-Glasgow air mail a letter posted at the G.P.O. at 10:30 A. M. would be taken to Hendon by motor-van, would leave Hendon at 11:15 A. M. and arrive in Glasgow at from 3:15 to 3:45 P. M.; certainly would be delivered in the city of Glasgow itself at 4 o'clock. Its recipient could therefore write a reply easily, to post by the night train service to London. Using the air mail only one way and the rail the other, the correspondents would thus have saved a whole day. The mail 'planes working this service, going northward, would probably not alight either at Newcastle or Edinburgh; at both places they would merely drop the local letter-bag into a net. Letters leaving London at 11:15 would be delivered at any house in Newcastle at 3 o'clock. On the southward run the mail 'plane would alight to load and unload its bags both at Edinburgh and Newcastle.

The marking of aerial routes naturally becomes an important issue when considering these projects. A suggestion has been made that all main routes should be marked at intervals of five miles by a chalk stripe on the ground, some 200 ft. in length and 16 ft. in breadth, each stripe pointing exactly along the line of route. The marks could also be distinguished by alphabetical letters, 50 ft. in length, to indicate the routes to which they belong; perhaps also figures to give a clue to distances traversed. Main railway lines could be marked in similar style, so as to be recognizable from aloft. But in anything like decent weather the air pilot requires fewer aids of this sort than might be supposed, especially if he is traversing a course with which practice has rendered him familiar. The 'ferry' pilots who during the war incessantly took machines to General Headquarters in France, and to Montrose in Scotland, have found it so

easy to steer an accurate course by compass, checked by visual observation of landmarks and railways, that none of them, when questioned recently, seemed to have considered the need for artificial markings such as those recommended by committees of theorists. If and when night flying becomes a regular custom it is evident that aerodromes, etc., will have to be illuminated in quite a special fashion; we shall see Pharos beacons of the firmament, launching their beams vertically from earth, colored balls shot above low-lying clouds, and all manner of other fantastic nocturnal phenomena, including, no doubt, the kite balloon with electric lanterns, a kind of lonely lightship lying at anchor in the tides of the heavens. It is a strange era, this into which we are entering, but to assume that it will be an unromantic one is a strain, I think, upon the meaning of the word. Trains, telephones, and the rest, may have begun to bore us a little; but can it be that *Flight*, that exploit of our dreams, will ever become prosaic?

B. NARRATIVE ARTICLES

The narrative article seeks above all else to give a vivid, accurate, and interesting account of a series of incidents. It is frequently set off by a background and it often involves a personality as its motive force. Hence the narrative article usually includes a variable amount of description of places and persons, and by this combination it gains in interest and universality of appeal. The ordinary 'newspaper story' has been omitted from consideration here because its technique has become so specialized as to be unsuitable for general narrative writing. The mechanical restrictions of the average newspaper 'lead' are unnecessary in the freer writing of the longer narrative article, though both strive to answer as far as possible the five fundamental questions involved in this type of article: Who? What? Where? When? and Why?

The chief structural qualities which the narrative article should possess are: (1) Orderly sequence in the successive steps of the series of actions or incidents; this relation may be either causal, where one step depends upon a required antecedent condition or upon a state of mind, or else mechanical, where the article consists largely of a coherent account of steps in a process already completely determined. (2) Unity of the subject as a whole, which meets the Aristotelian demand that there be a beginning in which the action of the narrative is really started, a middle in which the action is developed and consistently carried on, and an end in which the various actions involved in the narration are brought to a satisfactory and complete conclusion.

The qualities of treatment and style which the narrative article demands are: (1) Interest arising partly from the nature of the actions related and partly from the interest which the writer himself takes in his subject, as well as from the professional desire to arouse interest, enthusiasm, or emotion in as many readers as possible. (2) Fidelity to fact, which allows no accessible source of information to go unregarded, and which permits no slovenliness of statement and no unjustified implication to pass uncensored, much less any actual misstatement of fact knowingly to be made. (3) Craftsmanship in method, which comes partly through constant practice and continuous effort, and partly from the careful and intelligent analysis of the masterpieces of those who have been conspicuously successful in writing stories that are compelling in interest, trustworthy in every detail, and noteworthy examples of the writer's craft.

I

A LETTER WRITTEN AFTER THE MESSINA DISASTER

[*McClure's Magazine*, May, 1909. By permission.]

I had gone to Messina on the 26th, to visit my friends, the Levis. I spent the day of the 27th with them, visiting the city, a most beautiful one. Toward evening a heavy thunder-storm came up, and we went home, where Madame Gina Levi was seized with sudden illness. The doctor was called in. We spent the first part of the night around her bed, tending her, trying to quiet her in her nervous paroxysms. Finally we went to bed.

I, lying on a cot near her, had no more than a few minutes' unconsciousness at a time; I would doze, wake up, toss, cry out; I would speak to her, in the effort to soothe her. At last, after a terrifying dream, which I do not remember, I started up, broad awake. The others were all up, standing about my sick friend's bed. Impelled by some mysterious force I jumped out of bed; I seized a dress and hurriedly put it on. Madame Levi said to me, 'Put on your shoes and stockings.' I sat on the edge of the bed and put them on. Who would have believed that in that moment, by that act, I was saving my life?

We could already hear the tinkling, out in the street, of the goat-bells. The servant-girl opened the window; she bought milk. At that instant I was seized with a strange dizziness and violent nausea. The servant-girl offered me a cup of coffee. I went into the room where Gina

was lying, and took the coffee. At the last swallow, I felt myself lifted from the floor to the ceiling. The ceiling dipped, the bed rose, and the horrible shaking began. We were tossed up and down for several seconds; then the earthquake changed its motion, hurled the sick woman from her bed, clove the walls, and the downfall began.

I heard a sound as if of countless paper tearing, stuff burning with crackling and explosions, and a deafening roar, a terrific crashing. There were balconies falling, steeples, chimneys, towers crumbling. I remember clearly that I was clutching my coffee-cup, trying to set it safely on the washstand, demented already, but calm. I thought, 'I will open the balcony door.' I could not do it; the ceiling gaped above my head.

I made a spring for the windows. Impossible to get them open. I was suffocating. The air was charged with thick dust which stopped respiration. I found the door. Behind me came the Levis, with a little girl, Melina, who habitually spent the day and sometimes the night at their house. On the right there had been, in its time, a balcony. The stairway, the house, were in ruins; the other wing of the house, too, was in ruins.

We all jumped from the balcony. We were on the second story; the heaped débris diminished the height of our jump. I fell. It was dark; it was white all around; beyond that, nothing. Ruins and the cries of the dying. Cries, cries, shrieks. Who was shrieking? We could not see. Had the heavens fallen? What had happened? My lips were tight shut in a spasm of agony. I ran. Where was I running? Perhaps it was not I running, but the earth running under my feet.

Then everything stood still, and for a moment there was silence. Then what was it? The cries began anew, the shrieking, the mad attempts at flight. I said over the names of all those I love; I cried them out aloud to the heavens, choking with the bloody froth that ran from my mouth and nostrils. I said them all over, the names of those, living and dead, whom I love; and my wits came back, and I did not lose them again until the moment when I found myself on the train for Catania.

I thought, 'Now I am going to escape from this!' But I did not know the way.

I found a man and said to him, 'Where are we?'

'In Piazza Spirito Santo,' he answered.

'Can we escape?'

'Stay where you are. We are blocked. We are safe here as long as God pleases.'

And the earthquake began again. The houses finished crumbling; they showered forth furniture, mirrors, wounded men, dead bodies. Yells and infernal panic. All suddenly caved in. We dropped face downward, and lay awaiting death. But before long we got up again, and in the dense dust found one another. Melina was trembling in the Professor's arms. What joy, in all that anguish, to ascertain that we were all there — what joy! And joy over what? There were two hundred of us, injured and whole, in that small space. At our right was a convent, the walls of which had dropped in, but whose front, still standing, was a menace to us. At our left was a house, burst open fanwise, ready to fall at the next shock. Behind us the church of the Spirito Santo, tilting forward, with a great triangular crack down its façade. Before us the houses of the Porta Imperiale, in fragments; broken and torn bodies dumped into the square among gravel, blood, and wreckage. 'Let us stay where we are,' we said, 'all close clasped together, let us wait.' For what? For death?

A light broke above us, beyond the ruins which we could dimly distinguish, because an occasional street-lamp, impossible as it seems, had remained alight. 'The dawn! The dawn!' we shouted. No; it was Messina burning.

Then we were seized with desperate madness to flee. But whither? Oh, to the sea, to be drowned in it, to be buried in the depths of the sea! But fire, to die by fire? Oh, God, what anguish! I dumbly gazed at the heavens. I had never seen them of so deep a purple-blue; and how many stars were falling! A shower of stars, thick and shining. A benediction upon the ruins? Behind a house, whose front wall alone was standing, the sky opened, somewhat suddenly, and there poured down light, cold and pallid, like moonlight. Daybreak! Daybreak! *'Adduma! Adduma!'* they cried, mad with the desire for light.

And never was the sun so worshiped, so prayed to, so invoked, as in that tragic

hour. Day broke, but, alas! what a scene of sorrow it brought into view!

We looked at one another, to make sure it was ourselves, to make sure we were alive. We were white with mortar; we looked like ghosts, with hugely dilated eyes staring like madmen's. Oh, the dreadful ruin on every hand, the desolation, the horror! I believed that Catania too had been destroyed. I supposed that the disaster came to us from Ætna, and I prayed that Bruno, my husband, who was there, might have died at once, without knowing, without seeing. I made the reflection that possibly Erminia, my maid, had been able to escape; she slept in a small chamber which I imagined was safe.

And there passed before my eyes all the beloved faces 'that I shall never see again, never again!' I said.

How, from what profound abysms of the soul, was faith born again in me? I felt that some one had worked that miracle for my sake, and I knelt down before the church, which no longer was there, but whose door stood sealed and intact, still guarding its mystery. What did I say? For whom did I pray? For myself, for Bruno, for my dear ones far away? I do not remember; I know that while I was praying two priests passed by. One had an august, aged face, haggard with grief. He looked at me; I told him everything in a look. He spoke over me the blessing for those about to die. He went about among the dying — how many of them! He blessed them, and went his way through the wreckage with his companion, who was weeping, to bless other dead, calmly, without haste, walking under the toppling walls, and we saw him no more.

When I rose to my feet I felt light, rested, strong, well, ready for everything. We began to work for the injured. What endless numbers of them! What slaughter, what mutilations, what horrors! A woman was delivered of twins there in the square: one was dead, one alive; she died later, of hemorrhage.

A father, almost completely naked, tore his face with his nails, desperate at having left his children behind among the ruins.

Meanwhile the miracles of life-saving had begun. Two children slid down a table, placed slantwise, between a stump of house and a heap of rubbish; then came the mother, then the father last. When he had reached the bottom, he saw that two were still missing. What weeping, what shrieks! Oh, God, and who could comfort them? There were some standing by who had no one, no one left. Little children, totally naked, or with nothing on but a little shirt, all blood, all mud; girls and women, gone quite mad, calling out strange pet names and terms of endearment: *'Catù! Bita!* [My breath! My life!] *Catuzza e mamma bedda!'* Meant for whom? Alas! for sons, husbands, scattered, dismembered, or perhaps still alive beneath huge mountains of masonry.

I saw a father searching among the wreckage for his children. He pulled out one of them, dead. One of them, whose head only projected from the horrible rubbish-heap, cried, *'Papà, papà, sete aio, sete aio!'* [I am thirsty! I am thirsty!] And there was no water. The father bent over the dying child and gave him his saliva and all his soul in a kiss. The son closed his eyes and died.

The earthquake continued. The walls continued falling, mountains on top of mountains of stone and plaster. Precipices gaped and engulfed the surviving, who had hoped perhaps to reach safety. All that had been left standing after the first horrible, unending shock now went to pieces.

The instinct of life, however, love of that miserable gift which misfortune had left us, sprang up again within us, and we bethought us, poor wretches! that night would be coming on; we bethought us of the morrow. We rummaged among the ruins in search of food; we tested the earth, and trusted it, poor fools, to uphold the tables which were to shelter us during the night that was closing down — last, immeasurable calamity. We made a hut. And suddenly, as if a malign breath of insanity had overturned their reasons,— whilst, all equally unhappy, all equally poor, naked, wounded, weeping, we were awaiting death,— a small band of men, for a loaf of bread found among the broken masonry, wrenched bars from an iron gate and began whirling them among the crowd, to kill. Where could we flee?

Two or three dropped down, felled; they afterward died. That horrible danger passed, too. Some went searching among the ruins for bread, food, clothing, all that could keep off death — death

which we notwithstanding were calling upon to come quickly, and which came not. Ah, the savage scenes over a chunk of bread, over a sup of putrid water, gathered as it dripped from the ruins, yellow, fetid, which was drunken after the dying had refused to taste it. What struggles for a nut, for a chocolate drop (a ruined sweet-shop had been found, which saved us by a few bottles, a few pots of preserve), for a bone gnawed by dogs, picked out of the refuse, for a mouthful of anything that could keep us from starvation! I saw what the human brute is like when, all restraint removed, all shame cast off, every law forgotten, he stands forth without disguise. Horrible! Horrible! All the most bestial instincts, swarming up from the dregs of the soul, all the unbridled appetites, every baseness, every cowardice! But I saw likewise what treasures of self-renunciation, sacrifice, human brotherliness, generosity, what heroism, are in the depths of the human soul.

A young man, whom I shall never forget, a cripple, with only one leg, clambering with a crutch among the ruins, saved scores of people. Untiringly he searched among the wreckage, he brought back to us everything he could find; he took bits of chocolate out of his mouth to put into the mouths, forever open, of the crying children.

A marvel, in truth, was the forethought of this man. Where did he unearth a crate of apples? He hid them, he defended them from the violence of the greedy; and through the night he went among the huts, distributing quarters of apple to each one of us in his turn, with calculating parsimony, with implacable justice. I shall remember him as long as I live, that fragment of a man among the fragments of a city. He explored the ruined city in every direction, to find a way of escape, to open a road for us. We could see him hanging like a mountain goat over the edge of frightful precipices. At night he never rested, unless it were to make a pillow of himself for those who did not know where to lay their heads, amid the mire, the blood, and the ruin. The name of this hero is Salvatore Stellario. What became of him when the anguished fight for the preservation of life had ceased, and we saw the fire close at hand, after a night spent under the rain, dreadful scourge, amid continual earthquakes, the horrors of darkness, cold, fear, the ever fainter moaning of the hurt? They told me he sought safety in the direction of the railway. Perhaps I shall see him again.

There is another whom I remember for unparalleled self-control and equanimity — Nicola Sclepis, who could impose quiet by a gesture, who wore a look of fatalism, yet had words of encouragement, of hope. Cold, apparently unfeeling, he could stop a frenzied mob by a shout; he could smile while others were inquiring breathlessly, 'When, where, how are we doomed to die?' Oh, how well I remember him! I supposed him a skeptic; I thought him heartless. Later, I saw him clasp his friends to his breast; I saw tears filling his eyes while I told him my last will and testament of love for those who would come to look for me. Shall I ever forget him? He was saved, I know. He could not die; I felt that, and for that reason intrusted my last messages to him. He listened to me, serious, kind. He bade me not to move, when I wanted to go and try to find some way out of that horrible inclosure; he prevented me by a look. Men like Nicola Sclepis are rare indeed. One possessed of such moral strength and courage is worthy, truly, of the name of hero.

Evening came on again; it grew dark early: the light shrank away from the horrors of the catastrophe.

I had eaten a handful of oats, found I do not remember where. I had an egg which a lady had refused. As I was eating it, a woman came running, crying that she had no more milk for her baby. I put out the egg which I had so nearly swallowed; she caught it in her hands and fed it to her infant. Water had been found; it was yellow, thick; it tasted, alas! of decay, of death, of putrefaction: but I drank it. I was mad with thirst, with hunger. I had in my hands a jar of marmalade, but succeeded in no more than touching my lips with it. I distributed it among the injured, feeding them with a hollow cane, split in two. And so came the evening, and the rain fell, and for hours and hours earthquake and rain and weeping; sighs of the dying, howls of desperate grief. Oh, that tragic night! How we wept and how we prayed! Some were seen barbarously beating themselves, to punish themselves for being alive while their beloved

were dead; and we wept in chorus, and sang in chorus.

I remember those lamentable chants: the passion of Jesus sung in Sicilian dialect, the sorrows of Mary, the praises of the Child Jesus,— all the Christian legends, all the songs of infancy. And it rained, it rained, and the earth continued to shake, implacably, and the day was slow in coming.

Oh, what eternal, what cruel waiting! When we were worn out with praying, there was deathly silence; but every little while a groan would bring us back to dreadful consciousness, and we would start up and begin rushing about. But to what purpose, for whose sake? The injured would ask for a mattress, a pillow, and water, water, water! And we had nothing to give them but a few nuts, an apple, a morsel of bread. And those who had fractured jaws, teeth which they spat out with bloody foam, or injuries to their throats, they merely must die of hunger!

We heard a whistle or two in the distance. We supposed it must be some steamer coming to help us; but no one came. The thought crossed my mind that a dirigible balloon might have gotten cognizance of the condition of Messina, but that hope, too, was vain. We spent another night in the mud; at daybreak the rain stopped. As soon as the first light appeared in the sky, there reawakened in all the mad desire to flee. Whither, in what direction, with what hope?

On this side the conflagration, on that, mountains of masonry. The sea had withdrawn. The steamers would take on no more; people had killed one another to get aboard. Where could we go? But go we must.

I had in a little hand-bag, saved I know not how, my provisions for the days that must pass before help came, or death. Two walnuts, a few filberts, a nibbled bit of nougat, and a chocolate watch, such as we buy for children, which was presented to me by a little boy whom I do not remember. He handed it to me unasked, and ran away. I had with me my railway-book. I placed it in the bosom of my dress, thinking that perhaps by means of it I might be identified when they found my body. That was my great preoccupation — to be found, to be identified, to shorten the anxiety of my husband, who was perhaps already looking for me, desperate, among the ruins.

Nicola Sclepis told me to follow him and his caravan, headed for the mountains; he offered me his house, all he had, — at Santa Lucia, I think it was. There I would certainly have been out of danger, but I would have had to wait to send news.

I hesitated for an instant. Then I reflected that by way of the sea I would soonest reach Catania. Death was perhaps lying in wait for me in that direction; but go I must, and I went. My companions followed me a short way, then we separated.

I lost my reason again, and I do not know where I went. I was quite alone, alone among the ruins, the dead, the fallen houses. Where was I? Near the cemetery, they told me. Some told me near the sea, others near the railroad; they did not understand what I said. Some who were crazy, some who were dazed, some who were wicked, misdirected me, sent me vainly wandering among the ruins, alone, forsaken, desperate.

I reached a place where the ruins had caught fire; I was forced to turn back. That had been a street, the handsomest in Messina; now the houses had fallen in, and the dead lay under them. Walking was easy there; but I could not bear to step on the wreckage; I knew of the human flesh throbbing beneath it; I caught glimpses of clothing, scraps of black. Oh, the horror of it!

I ran, I fell, I picked myself up; it began to rain again, but there were no more earthquakes. I came to an open place. Perhaps there had once been a church. I shall never know.

In the middle, a bronze Christ, maimed, wept, with his head bowed toward the right. In front of him a taper was burning. There were before me three roads. I took the one toward which the Christ was looking. Some one told me that was the right road. But what a road! How many crumbled houses, what destruction! I reached a place that was all like a marsh. I walked into it nearly to my knees. When I came out I could no longer walk: my clothes clung to me. I thought of taking them off, then I went down on my hands and knees, and crawled along like an animal. . . .

II

HAROLD BRIDE'S STORY OF THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

[*New York Times*, April 28, 1912. By permission.]

To begin at the beginning, I was born at Nunhead, England, twenty-two years ago, and joined the Marconi forces last July. I first worked on the *Haverford*, and then on the *Lusitania*. I joined the *Titanic* at Belfast.

ASLEEP WHEN CRASH CAME

I did n't have much to do aboard the *Titanic* except to relieve Phillips from midnight until some time in the morning, when he should be through sleeping. On the night of the accident I was not sending, but was asleep. I was due to be up and relieve Phillips earlier than usual. And that reminds me — if it had n't been for a lucky thing, we never could have sent any call for help.

The lucky thing was that the wireless broke down early enough for us to fix it before the accident. We noticed something wrong on Sunday, and Phillips and I worked seven hours to find it. We found a 'secretary' burned out, at last, and repaired it just a few hours before the iceberg was struck.

Phillips said to me as he took the night shift, 'You turn in, boy, and get some sleep, and go up as soon as you can and give me a chance. I 'm all done for with this work of making repairs.'

There were three rooms in the wireless cabin. One was a sleeping room, one a dynamo room, and one an operating room. I took off my clothes and went to sleep in bed. Then I was conscious of waking up and hearing Phillips sending to Cape Race. I read what he was sending. It was traffic matter.

I remembered how tired he was, and I got out of bed without my clothes on to relieve him. I did n't even feel the shock. I hardly knew it had happened until the captain had come to us. There was no jolt whatever.

I was standing by Phillips, telling him to go to bed, when the captain put his head in the cabin.

'We 've struck an iceberg,' the captain said, 'and I 'm having an inspection made to tell what it has done for us. You better get ready to send out a call for assistance. But don't send it until I tell you.'

The captain went away and in ten minutes, I should estimate the time, he came back. We could hear a terrible confusion outside, but there was not the least thing to indicate that there was any trouble. The wireless was working perfectly.

'Send the call for assistance,' ordered the captain, barely putting his head in the door.

'What call should I send?' Phillips asked.

'The regulation international call for help. Just that.'

Then the captain was gone. Phillips began to send 'C. Q. D.' He flashed away at it and we joked while he did so. All of us made light of the disaster.

JOKED AT DISTRESS CALL

We joked that way while he flashed signals for about five minutes. Then the captain came back.

'What are you sending?' he asked.

'C. Q. D.,' Phillips replied.

The humor of the situation appealed to me. I cut in with a little remark that made us all laugh, including the captain.

'Send "S. O. S.,"' I said. 'It 's the new call, and it may be your last chance to send it.'

Phillips with a laugh changed the signal to 'S. O. S.' The captain told us we had been struck amidships, or just back of amidships. It was ten minutes, Phillips told me, after he had noticed the iceberg that the slight jolt that was the collision's only signal to us occurred. We thought we were a good distance away.

We said lots of funny things to each other in the next few minutes. We picked up first the steamship *Frankfurd*. We gave her our position and said we had struck an iceberg and needed assistance. The *Frankfurd* operator went away to tell his captain.

He came back, and we told him we were sinking by the head. By that time we could observe a distinct list forward.

The *Carpathia* answered our signal. We told her our position and said we were sinking by the head. The operator

went to tell the captain, and in five minutes returned and told us that the captain of the *Carpathia* was putting about and heading for us.

GREAT SCRAMBLE ON DECK

Our captain had left us at this time and Phillips told me to run and tell him what the *Carpathia* had answered. I did so, and I went through an awful mass of people to his cabin. The decks were full of scrambling men and women. I saw no fighting, but I heard tell of it.

I came back and heard Phillips giving the *Carpathia* fuller directions. Phillips told me to put on my clothes. Until that moment I forgot that I was not dressed.

I went to my cabin and dressed. I brought an overcoat to Phillips. It was very cold. I slipped the overcoat upon him while he worked.

Every few minutes Phillips would send me to the captain with little messages. They were merely telling how the *Carpathia* was coming our way and gave her speed.

I noticed as I came back from one trip that they were putting off women and children in lifeboats. I noticed that the list forward was increasing.

Phillips told me the wireless was growing weaker. The captain came and told us our engine rooms were taking water and that the dynamos might not last much longer. We sent that word to the *Carpathia.*

I went out on deck and looked around. The water was pretty close up to the boat deck. There was a great scramble aft, and how poor Phillips worked through it I don't know.

He was a brave man. I learned to love him that night, and I suddenly felt for him a great reverence to see him standing there sticking to his work while everybody else was raging about. I will never live to forget the work of Phillips for the last awful fifteen minutes.

I thought it was about time to look about and see if there was anything detached that would float. I remembered that every member of the crew had a special lifebelt and ought to know where it was. I remembered mine was under my bunk. I went and got it. Then I thought how cold the water was.

I remembered I had some boots, and I put those on, and an extra jacket and I put that on. I saw Phillips standing out there still sending away, giving the *Carpathia* details of just how we were doing.

We picked up the *Olympic* and told her we were sinking by the head and were about all down. As Phillips was sending the message I strapped his lifebelt to his back. I had already put on his overcoat.

I wondered if I could get him into his boots. He suggested with a sort of laugh that I look out and see if all the people were off in the boats, or if any boats were left, or how things were.

I saw a collapsible boat near a funnel and went over to it. Twelve men were trying to boost it down to the boat deck. They were having an awful time. It was the last boat left. I looked at it longingly a few minutes. Then I gave them a hand, and over she went. They all started to scramble in on the boat deck, and I walked back to Phillips. I said the last raft had gone.

Then came the captain's voice: 'Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Abandon your cabin. Now it's every man for himself. You look out for yourselves. I release you. That's the way of it at this kind of a time. Every man for himself.'

I looked out. The boat deck was awash. Phillips clung on sending and sending. He clung on for about ten minutes, or maybe fifteen minutes, after the captain had released him. The water was then coming into our cabin.

While he worked something happened I hate to tell about. I was back in my room getting Phillips' money for him, and as I looked out the door I saw a stoker, or somebody from below decks, leaning over Phillips from behind. He was too busy to notice what the man was doing. The man was slipping the lifebelt off Phillips' back.

He was a big man, too. As you can see, I am very small. I don't know what it was I got hold of. I remembered in a flash the way Phillips had clung on — how I had to fix that lifebelt in place because he was too busy to do it.

I knew that man from below decks had his own lifebelt and should have known where to get it.

I suddenly felt a passion not to let that man die a decent sailor's death. I wished he might have stretched rope or walked a plank. I did my duty. I hope I finished him. I don't know. We left him on the cabin floor of the wireless room, and he was not moving.

BAND PLAYS IN RAG-TIME

From aft came the tunes of the band. It was a rag-time tune, I don't know what. Then there was 'Autumn.' Phillips ran aft, and that was the last I ever saw of him alive.

I went to the place I had seen the collapsible boat on the boat deck, and to my surprise I saw the boat and the men still trying to push it off. I guess there was n't a sailor in the crowd. They could n't do it. I went up to them and was just lending a hand when a large wave came awash of the deck.

The big wave carried the boat off. I had hold of an oarlock, and I went off with it. The next I knew I was in the boat.

But that was not all. I was in the boat, and the boat was upside down, and I was under it. And I remember realizing that I was wet through, and that whatever happened I must not breathe, for I was under water.

I know I had to fight for it, and I did. How I got out from under the boat I do not know, but I felt a breath of air at last.

There were men all around me — hundreds of them. The sea was dotted with them, all depending on their lifebelts. I felt I simply had to get away from the ship. She was a beautiful sight then.

Smoke and sparks were rushing out of her funnel. There must have been an explosion, but we had heard none. We only saw the big stream of sparks. The ship was gradually turning on her nose — just like a duck does that goes down for a dive. I had only one thing on my mind — to get away from the suction. The band was still playing. I guess all of the band went down.

They were playing 'Autumn' then. I swam with all my might. I suppose I was 150 feet away when the *Titanic,* on her nose, with her after-quarter sticking straight up in the air, began to settle — slowly.

PULLED INTO A BOAT

When at last the waves washed over her rudder there was n't the least bit of suction I could feel. She must have kept going just as slowly as she had been.

I forgot to mention that, besides the *Olympic* and *Carpathia,* we spoke some German boat, I don't know which, and told them how we were. We also spoke the *Baltic.* I remembered those things as I began to figure what ships would be coming toward us.

I felt, after a little while, like sinking. I was very cold. I saw a boat of some kind near me and put all my strength into an effort to swim to it. It was hard work. I was all done when a hand reached out from the boat and pulled me aboard. It was our same collapsible. The same crowd was on it.

There was just room for me to roll on the edge. I lay there, not caring what happened. Somebody sat on my legs. They were wedged in between slats and were being wrenched. I had not the heart left to ask the man to move. It was a terrible sight all around — men swimming and sinking.

I lay where I was, letting the man wrench my feet out of shape. Others came near. Nobody gave them a hand. The bottom-up boat already had more men than it would hold and it was sinking.

At first the larger waves splashed over my clothing. Then they began to splash over my head, and I had to breathe when I could.

As we floated around on our capsized boat, and I kept straining my eyes for a ship's light, somebody said, 'Don't the rest of you think we ought to pray?' The man who made the suggestion asked what the religion of the others was. Each man called out his religion. One was a Catholic, one a Methodist, one a Presbyterian.

It was decided the most appropriate prayer for all was the Lord's Prayer. We spoke it over in chorus with the man who first suggested that we pray as the leader.

Some splendid people saved us. They had a right-side-up boat, and it was full to its capacity. Yet they came to us and loaded us all into it. I saw some lights

off in the distance and knew a steamship was coming to our aid.

I did n't care what happened. I just lay and gasped when I could and felt the pain in my feet. At last the *Carpathia* was alongside and the people were being taken up a rope ladder. Our boat drew near and one by one the men were taken off of it.

ONE DEAD ON THE RAFT

One man was dead. I passed him and went to the ladder, although my feet pained terribly. The dead man was Phillips. He had died on the raft from exposure and cold, I guess. He had been all in from work before the wreck came. He stood his ground until the crisis had passed, and then he had collapsed, I guess.

But I hardly thought that then. I did n't think much of anything. I tried the rope ladder. My feet pained terribly, but I got to the top and felt hands reaching out to me. The next I knew a woman was leaning over me in a cabin, and I felt her hand waving back my hair and rubbing my face.

I felt somebody at my feet and felt the warmth of a jolt of liquor. Somebody got me under the arms. Then I was hustled down below to the hospital. That was early in the day, I guess. I lay in the hospital until near night, and they told me the *Carpathia's* wireless man was getting 'queer,' and would I help.

After that I never was out of the wireless room, so I don't know what happened among the passengers. I saw nothing of Mrs. Astor or any of them. I just worked wireless. The splutter never died down. I knew it soothed the hurt and felt like a tie to the world of friends and home.

III

TELLING THE TALE OF THE TITANIC

ALEX. McD. STODDART

[*Independent*, May 2, 1912. By permission.]

At 1.20 A.M., Monday, April 15, the cable editor opened an envelope of the Associated Press that had stamped on its face 'Bulletin.' This is what he read:

Cape Race, N. F., Sunday night, April 14. — At 10.25 o'clock to-night the White Star Line steamship *Titanic* called 'C. Q. D.' to the Marconi station here, and reported having struck an iceberg. The steamer said that immediate assistance was required.

The cable editor looked at his watch. It was 1.20 and lacked just five minutes of the hour when the mail edition goes to press.

'Boy!' he called sharply.

An office boy was at his side in a moment.

'Send this upstairs; tell them the head is to come; double column and tell the night editor to rip open two columns on the first page for a one-stick despatch of the *Titanic* striking an iceberg and sinking.'

Every one in the office was astir in a moment and came over to see the cable editor write on a sheet of copy paper:

Set across two columns.
Titanic Sinking
in Mid-Ocean; Hit
Great Iceberg.

'Boy!' he called again; but it was not necessary — a boy in a newspaper office knows news the first time he sees it.

'Tell them that 's the head for the *Titanic*.'

Then he wrote briefly this telegraphic despatch, and as he did so he said to another office boy at his side: 'Tell the operator to shut off that story he is taking and get me a clear wire to Montreal.'

This is what he wrote to the Montreal correspondent, probably at work at his desk in a Montreal newspaper office at that hour:

Cape Race says White Star Liner *Titanic* struck iceberg, is sinking and wants immediate assistance. Rush every line you can get. We will hold open for you until 3.30.

'Give that to the operator and find out if we caught the mail on that *Titanic* despatch,' he said quickly to the boy.

In a moment the boy returned.

'O. K. on both,' he said.

These night office boys can carry a message to Garcia.

The city editor, who had just put on his coat previous to going away for the night, took it off. At the copy desk where all the local copy (as the reporter's story is called) is collected, the night

city editor and the telegraph editor stood together, joined later by the night editor, for the mail edition had left the composing room for the stereotypers and then to the pressroom, and from thence to be scattered wherever on the globe newspapers find readers.

The *Titanic* staff was immediately organized, for at that hour most of the staff were still at work. The city editor took the helm.

'Get the papers for April 11 — all of them,' he said to the head office boy, 'and then send word to the art department to quit everything to make three cuts, which I shall send right down.'

Then to the night city editor: 'Get up a story of the vessel itself; some of the stuff they sent us the other day we did not use and I ordered it put in the envelope.' (Morgue, obituary, call it what you will, are cabinets that contain envelopes filled with newspaper, magazine and other clippings on every conceivable subject, alphabetically arranged for immediate call.) 'Play up her mishap at the start. Get up a passenger list story and an obituary of Smith, her commander.'

There was no mention of Smith in the despatch, but city editors retain such things in their heads for immediate use, and this probably explains in a measure why they hold down their jobs; also having, it might be added, executive judgment, which is sometimes right.

'Assign somebody to the White Star Line and see what they've got.'

The night city editor went back to the circular table where the seven or eight men who read the reporters' copy were gathered.

'Get up as much as you can of the passenger list of the *Titanic*. She's sinking off Newfoundland,' he said briefly to one.

And to another: 'Write me a story of the *Titanic*, the new White Star liner, on her maiden trip, telling of her mishap with the *New York* at the start.'

And to another: 'Write me a story of Captain E. J. Smith.'

Then to a reporter, sitting idly about: 'Get your hat and coat quick; go down to the White Star Line office and telephone all you can get about the *Titanic* sinking off Newfoundland.'

Then to another reporter: 'Get the White Star Line on the 'phone and find out what they have got of the sinking of the *Titanic*. Find out who is the executive head in New York, his address and his telephone number.'

And in another part of the room the city editor was saying to the office boys: 'Get me all the *Titanic* pictures you have and a photo or cut of Captain E. J. Smith.'

Two boys instantly went to work, for the photos of men are kept separate from the photographs of inanimate things. The city editor selected three:

'Tell the art department to make a three-column cut of the *Titanic*, a two-column of the interior, and a two-column of Smith.'

In the meantime the Associated Press bulletins came in briefly. Stripped of their date lines they read:

Half an hour afterward another message came, reporting that they were sinking by the head and that women were being put off in the life-boats.

The weather was calm and clear, the *Titanic's* wireless operator reported, and gave the position of the vessel as 41.46 north latitude and 50.14 west longitude.

The Marconi station at Cape Race notified the Allan liner *Virginian*, the captain of which immediately advised that he was proceeding to the scene of the disaster.

The *Virginian* at midnight was about 170 miles distant from the *Titanic* and expected to reach that vessel about 10 A.M. Monday.

2 A.M. Monday.— The *Olympic* at an early hour this (Monday) morning was in latitude 40.32 north and longitude 61.18 west. She was in direct communication with the *Titanic*, and is now making all haste toward her.

The steamship *Baltic* also reported herself about 200 miles east of the *Titanic* and was making all possible speed toward her.

The last signals from the *Titanic* were heard by the *Virginian* at 12.27 A.M.

The wireless operator on the *Virginian* says these signals were blurred and ended abruptly.

Paragraph by paragraph the cable editor was sending the story to the composing room. What was going on upstairs every one knew. They were side-tracking everything else and the copy-cutter in the composing room was sending out the story in 'takes,' as they are called, of a single paragraph to each compositor. His blue pencil marked each

individual piece of copy with a letter and number, so that when the dozen or so men setting up the story had their work finished the story might be put together consecutively.

'Tell the operator,' said the cable editor again to the office boy, 'to duplicate that despatch I gave him to our Halifax man. Get his name out of the correspondents' book.'

'Who wrote that story of the "*Carmania* in the Icefield"?' said the night city editor to the copy reader who 'handled' the homecoming of the *Carmania*, which arrived Sunday night, and the story of which was already in the mail edition of the paper before him. The copy reader told him. He called the reporter to his desk.

'Take that story,' said the night city editor, 'and give us a column on it. Don't rewrite the story. Add paragraphs here and there to show the vast extent of the ice field. Make it straight copy, so that nothing in that story will have to be reset. You have just thirty minutes to catch the edition. Write it in twenty.'

'Get the passenger lists of the *Olympic* and the *Baltic*,' was the assignment given to another reporter, all alert waiting for their names to be called, every man awake at the switch.

In the meantime the story from the Montreal man was being ticked off, and on another wire Halifax was coming to life.

'Men,' said the city editor, 'we have just five minutes left to make the city. Jam it down tight.'

Already the three cuts had been made, the telegraph editor was handling the Montreal story, his assistant the Halifax end, and the cable editor was still editing the Associated Press bulletins and writing a new head to tell the rest of the story the additional details brought. The White Star Line man had a list of names of passengers of the *Titanic* and found that they numbered 1300 and carried a crew of 860.

In the meantime the proofs of all the *Titanic* matter that had been set were coming to the desk of the managing editor, in charge over all, but giving his special attention to the editorial matter. All his suggestions went through the city editor and on down the line, but he himself went from desk to desk overlooking the work.

'Time's up,' said the city editor, but before he finished the cable editor cried to the boy: 'Let the two-column head stand and tell them to add this head':

Titanic Sinking
in Mid-Ocean; Hit
Great Iceberg.

And to this was added:

At 12.27 this Morning Blurred Signals by Wireless Told of Women Being Put Off in Lifeboats — Three Liners Rushing to Aid of 1300 Imperiled Passengers and Crew of 860 Men.

'Did we catch it?' asked the cable editor of the boy standing at the composing room tube.

'We did," he said, triumphantly.

'One big pull for the last, men,' said the city editor. 'We're going in at 3.20. Let's beat the town with a complete paper.'

The enthusiasm was catching fire. Throughout the office it was a bedlam of noise — clicking typewriters, clicking telegraph instruments and telephone bells ringing added to the whistle of the tubes that lead from the city room to the composing room, the press room, the stereotype room and the business office, the latter, happily, not in use. But throughout the office men worked; nobody shouted, no one lost his head, men were flushed, but the cool, calm, deliberate way in which the managing editor smoked his cigar helped much to relieve the tension.

'Three-fifteen, men,' said the city editor, admonishingly. 'Every line must be up by 3.20. Five minutes more.'

The city editor walked rapidly from desk to desk.

'All up,' said the night city editor, 'and three minutes to the good.'

At the big table stood the city editor, cable editor, night city editor and managing editor. They were looking over the completed headline that should tell the story to the world. It read:

(Across three columns.)
New Liner *Titanic* Hits An Iceberg;
Sinking by the Bow at Midnight;
Women Put off in Lifeboats;
Last Wireless at 12.27 A.M. Blurred.

(Single column.)

Allan Liner *Virginian*
Now Speeding Toward
the Big Ship.

Baltic to the Rescue, Too.
The *Olympic* Also Rushing to
Give Aid — Other Ships
Within Call.

Carmania Dodged Bergs.
Reports French Liner *Niagara*
Injured and Several Ships
Caught.

Big *Titantic's* First Trip. Bringing Many Prominent Americans, and Was Due in New York Tomorrow.

Mishap at very Start. Narrowly Escaped Collision with the American Liner *New York* when Leaving Port.

'That will hold 'em, I guess,' said the city editor, and the head went upstairs.

The men waited about and talked and smoked. Bulletins came in, but with no important details. Going to press at 3.20 meant a wide circulation. At 4.30 the Associated Press sent 'Good-night,' but at that hour the presses had been running uninterruptedly for almost an hour.

On Monday morning, at twelve o'clock, the city editor was at his desk half an hour earlier than usual. His assistant already had read the morning papers and the first editions of the afternoon papers, known as the 'bulldog edition,' which is really the morning papers rewritten, with just a new angle on the news. In a poker way, the 'bulldog' goes the morning paper one better.

'We got out a corker this morning,' said the assistant city editor, although he himself had been fast asleep and knew nothing and did nothing until he picked up his morning paper at the railway station, for assistant city editors, having day jobs, can live in the suburbs. But before noon the assistant city editor had dug out of the morning papers such events as would take place during the day as the city editor might care to 'cover,' the 'beats' the other papers had, the treatment of a story that was so different from the others as the city editor might be interested in, and anything that might interest him generally, all of the clippings clasped together and the schedule neatly typewritten telling in a line the time, the place and the thing.

As he handed it over he remarked to his chief: 'Practically nothing new on the disaster; all the passengers were taken off in lifeboats and are now on their way to Halifax, says Franklin of the White Star Line. By the way, I had a letter from Hitchens to-day. He's at St. John's. Don't you think it would be a good plan to send him over to Halifax even if it does break up his vacation?'

'Yes; and tell him to get a private wire when he reaches there.'

'Get this off quick,' he said, and he handed the following telegrams to his assistant. 'Better have the boy take them to the Marconi Wireless himself — 27 William Street,' he added.

These were the Marconigrams — in duplicate to W. T. Stead, Major Archibald Butt and Jacques Futrelle:

Please send wireless exclusive *Titanic* sinking; your own rates.

It was signed by different names, not by the paper, because these men were known to the individuals and were friends. To Butt's telegram was left off 'Your own rates' and it was signed by the name of the Washington correspondent, a personal friend of many years' standing.

'Skipper wants to talk to you,' said the assistant to the city editor, and he pushed the bracket 'phone that both used toward his chief. 'Skipper' is the title in this office, and usually in all other offices, that is given to the ship news man.

'He says Franklin is not telling the truth, he believes, about the *Titanic*. Write this name and address down,' said the city editor, 'and rush this despatch:'

Can you get me the truth, for private information, about the *Titanic?*

The despatch was sent to the head of one of Canada's great railways.

Meanwhile the city editor was perusing the schedule of suggestions of his assistant, to which he added his own, in more terse language. This is what it looked like:

Scenes at White Star Office .....Burnet
Passenger List .....Howard
First Steamer to Use Wireless .....Horry
Cape Race a Graveyard .....Wall
Description of *Titanic* .....Lynah

Titanic Accident Insurance and Losses ...Glover
Noted Men and Women on Board ...Griffen
Skippers Warned of Ice Peril .....Bush
Career of Captain Smith .....Payne
How the *Republic* Sank Off No Man's Land ...Kimpton
Careers of Millet, Harris, Ismay, Butt, Stead, Futrelle, Straus, Astor, Hays, Guggenheim and Moore .....Brewster
Northern Ice Packs Break up Early ...Elmendorf
Arctic Glaciers the Cause .....Whitten
Bulkheads at Fault .....Moors
Liners That Have Paid Toll .....Bromiley
Modern Safety Devices .....McDonald

And so the morning work was started. The other local news, however, must not be neglected, and there was no disappointment when, in looking over the assignment book, it was found that, at least for the present, the following men were out of it:

Hoe Book Sale .....Wilson
Gaynor Says He Is His Own Boss ...Poinier
Thaw's Sanity to be Tested .....Brown
Clark Offers Fund for Big Art Gallery. Ferris
Schumann-Heink Divorce? .....Alger
War Over $40,000,000 Estate .....Stuart
Her $150,000 Suit Off; Luke Marries ..Riker
Ask Receiver for Manhattan Securities Co. ...Graham

And so the staff separated, all to turn in by five o'clock, when the copy readers should begin their work, the stories assigned to them earlier in the day. The organization must never go to pieces, no matter how big the news, the paper must always take care of the other news, no matter how greatly it is overshadowed.

'My God!' said the city editor, as he read a despatch at seven o'clock that night, 'the skipper's right. The White Star Line and Franklin have lied to us.'

'Here,' he said, calling to Burnet to come to his desk, 'go back to the White Star Line and tell Franklin he is a liar! The *Titanic* sank at 2.20 this morning and not more than 700 were taken off in the boats. Tell it to him with my compliments, too.'

Every one looked up, for the voice of the city editor was pitched high and he was angry clear through. 'Here's a private despatch,' he said, 'I have just received from a friend in Canada, who says that the *Titanic* went down at 2.20 and the only ones saved are practically women and children.'

And then was begun the story telling the world Tuesday morning of the *Titanic* sinking four hours after hitting an iceberg, 866 being rescued by the *Carpathia*, with probably 1250 perishing in the sea; with Ismay safe, and probably Butt, Astor, Smith, Stead, Guggenheim, Millet, Harris, Futrelle, Straus and others less prominent sinking with the *Titanic*.

When the city editor arrived on Tuesday morning, again at noon, showing practically no wear of the eighteen-hour stretch he had gone through, he recalled Hitchens, now in Halifax, telling him to 'never mind' and proceed on his vacation, etc., for the *Carpathia*, 'the hospital ship,' was bound for New York where everything would center.

No reply came from Butt, Stead or Futrelle. Naturally. But what bothered the city editor was that the offer made by wireless to the wireless man aboard the *Carpathia* brought no response, not a word came in answer to the message to Captain Rostrom, of the *Carpathia*, not a word from any passenger of the three women who, it had been suggested to him, might be able 'to write the story.'

The ship news man was sent early to find out about the *Carpathia*, when she would arrive, what men would board her, what and when the revenue cutter would leave, how many men each paper might be permitted to have on board, and arrangements on the pier. This, some of it for publication and some of it for office information, was hard to get because 'everything up in the air,' he reported. Tuesday brought by wireless the passenger list, but not a scrap of information. Nevertheless there were half a dozen pages to fill, and this is the way the city editor mapped out his story for certain things were evident: That the *Titanic* knew of the ice ahead (because she was warned by the *America*); Astor, Straus, Stead and Butt were given up for lost; there were not enough lifeboats; the *Titanic* was not 'unsinkable'; these were 'leads,' and so the staff got busy again.

There were the old stories to be covered again: the scenes at the White Star Line offices, *Titanic* accident, and life

insurance of men and women lost, and these additional stories that the news reports suggested: Criticism of the northern route; young Astor to send ship to seek his father; customs men to pass the *Carpathia* without delay; American regulations compared with British regulations as to lifeboat capacity; big Atlantic liners that are now lacking in lifeboats; sea patrol suggested for the ice-region; vessels not built that will not sink; scout cruisers rushed to scene of wreck; care of survivors when they arrive; steerage survivors to find aid; sea traffic not hurt by the disaster; facts about those on the *Titanic;* people from afar off coming to New York; Congress likely to say 'more lifeboats'; triumph for wireless and why was false news given out Monday night, when it was known that the *Titanic* foundered at 2.20 A.M. Monday.

Tuesday midnight came. This query was handed to the city editor:

'Have story that wreck was caused by high speed and panic,' wired St. John correspondent. 'Shall I send?'

'Wire "Let it come,"' said the city editor.

Five hundred words came. The city editor read it carefully, balanced it in the scales, as it were, and then, reluctantly, as if still in doubt, he said to the telegraph editor:

'Doublelead it; across two columns; put a four-column head on it and say in the head that the tale is discredited.'

The city editor was taking no chances. And so Wednesday morning brought six, seven and eight pages of the *Titanic* matter when the only news was the list of passengers reported by wireless.

Wednesday — another day with no news and with the plan of many engaged to thwart the newspapers and keep what news of the disaster they could from leaking out. The *Carpathia,* it was figured, would be in late Thursday night or possibly Friday morning. Absolutely no news was received, even her position being six, eight and ten hours behind. It was definitely stated, however, that no newspaper man would be permitted to board the vessel on her way up New York Bay, or at her pier in the Hudson River. Quick work was required and the aid of President Taft, Mayor Gaynor and Secretary McVeagh was sought both by the newspapers and those desiring to stop publicity. The newspapers won, and Secretary Nagel received instructions from the President to see that at least reporters were permitted to tell the world what had happened. Every newspaper would have been glad to have assigned twenty-four reporters to interview survivors, but at last it was decided that the press associations should be represented by six men each, the morning newspapers by four men each, and the evening newspapers by two men each. Photographers were barred. Admission to the pier only was given. Previous to this newspapers were given a number of pier passes; these, however, were canceled, and special tickets of the number quoted were to take their place.

How Thursday's paper was got out is merely a repetition of Tuesday. The great story was Thursday night, when the *Carpathia* should arrive. For the *Carpathia* absolutely refused to give out anything by wireless which should tell in advance what had happened on that Sunday midnight and when 1595 men, women and children perished off Newfoundland. The whole of America wanted to know, the whole civilized world wanted information, but this is what the Associated Press had to send to its clients, the newspapers of America:

'We have no assurance that we will get any wireless news from the *Carpathia,* as this vessel studiously refuses to answer all queries. Even President Taft's requests for information, addressed to the *Carpathia,* have been ignored.'

How the city editor laid his plans to get the *Carpathia's* story of the *Titanic* disaster, with only four men to go on the pier, is interesting. First, as near to the pier as he could get it, he arranged for four private wires, direct wires, that would lead into the editorial rooms. These four wires were for the four men, the main men on whom he depended to get the great story of the *Titanic's* foundering. They were picked men, no better, probably, than the rest, but luck is always on the side of the man who is a worker and is alert. In the office were four men, with typewriters, with an instrument held in place to the ear. Whether the *Carpathia* got in at nine

o'clock, or ten, or eleven, or twelve, or even one, the story would, must, be told. Time alone would give more opportunity as to whether the story could be told in two, four, six, eight, ten or twelve pages. The *Carpathia* docked at 9.35 o'clock, but that is getting ahead of the story.

Where the four private telephones were installed was the headquarters of the staff. Two blocks away, out of the way of the great crowd that should gather, were automobiles stationed to carry men to the office, the men who should write the advance stories of the crowds, the ambulances and other aid, the scenes on the pier, before the *Carpathia* came in.

The moment the *Carpathia* docked the real story would begin. Before six o'clock that night the four pier passes were distributed to the four men selected; the additional pier passes that were said to be of no use were also passed out, and in addition every member of the staff had his police card, which permits the reporter to go within the police lines.

At six o'clock that night sixteen men gathered around the city editor. By telephone or otherwise the men who were to gather the story were told to report promptly. They did. These sixteen men were the flying squadron, upon whom devolved the great task of the night. Outside the group, as it were, was the managing editor, who ordinarily is in entire charge of the paper. The night city editor, who is at the head of men who edit the reporters' copy, was near him. And near by were the telegraph and cable editors, whose *Titanic* work was practically finished, their work having been done on the nights when news really did come. Near by stood the four men who were assigned to take the stories over the telephone and write them on the typewriting machines. Other members of the staff stood by to hear how 'the chief,' as the city editor is sometimes called, intended to outline the story.

He began in a leisurely tone, as if telling a story. And this is what he said:

'When the *Carpathia* docks to-night which, as closely as I can figure it, will be between 9 and 9.15, there will probably be thirty thousand people held back by the police. The arrangements may go to pieces; but I imagine Waldo's men will not let the crowd break loose. But whatever happens, you will be up against a stiff game to get through the lines. We have established four telephones, which are direct wires between this office and the building on the northeast corner of Fourteenth Street and Eleventh Avenue.

'The four special passes which I have already given out will admit within the pier lines. The pier passes, which the customs people say now are not good, I have already given out. You may be able to break through lines here and there, but at any rate your police cards will be recognized. As you know, the main story is the arrival of the *Carpathia*, and the tales told by survivors and passengers who witnessed the rescues. The men with the special pier passes will get the story of the four officers who were saved and particularly the story of the second Marconi operator who came through alive. It may be another Jack Binns story and it may not, but we've got to get it. Also the story of the wireless operator of the *Carpathia* must be had. These men ought to have thrilling stories. Captain Rostrom's story should tell from the time he turned his vessel toward the *Titanic* till he reached the pier. Bruce Ismay must be seen. He will give out a formal statement. It won't be worth the paper it is written on, but we'll print whatever he says. Ask him how he came to be saved when Astor, Butt, Straus and Guggenheim went down. That's the story we want — no statement.

'Mr. Burnet will see the second Marconi wireless man; and, if possible, the first officer.

'Mr. Howard will see the wireless man of the *Carpathia* and if possible the second officer.

'Mr. Horry will see Ismay and the third officer, if possible.

'Mr. Wall will see Captain Rostrom and incidentally ask him why Taft's message was ignored.

'In charge of the story will be Mr. Burnet; you may have to ignore some of these assignments; you men on the ground will be the better judge. If you want me, I'll be right here at my telephone.'

All the men were listening intently, for an unusual scene like this is rarely witnessed in a newspaper office.

'You four men upon whom I am depending for the main story will see as many survivors as you can; get as many

stories as you can and don't be afraid of duplicating. I'll take care of that.

'Every man will get survivors' stories; I repeat, don't be afraid of duplicating. I'll take care of that.

'Mr. Lynah will write the story on the arrival of the ship at the pier and interviews with survivors.

'Mr. Glover will write the story of the Senate committee that is on its way here, and which will arrive at eight o'clock, and interviews with survivors.

'Mr. Griffen will write the story of the tugs that will go out to intercept the *Carpathia* and interviews.

'Mr. Bush will write the story of the relief extended to survivors and get interviews.

'Mr. Payne will write the story of the crowd at the Battery and then follow the boat to the pier and get interviews.

'Mr. Kimpton will write the story of the distribution of the money sent by the stock exchange, and get interviews.

'Mr. Brewster will write the story of the autos and get interviews.

'Mr. Elmendorf will get the story of the crowds that will not get near the scene, and get interviews.

'Mr. Whitten will see Franklin and get what the White Star Line has to say, and get interviews.

'Mr. Moors will get interviews and then cover the hotels on Broadway between Twenty-seventh Street and Thirty-fourth Street.

'Mr. Bromiley will get interviews and cover the hotels between Thirty-fourth Street and Forty-fifth Street.

'Mr. McDonald will get interviews and cover the Fifth Avenue hotels, from the Holland House to the Plaza, and including the Ritz-Carlton.

'The autos for the men who are doing these hotels will be parked at Eighteenth Street and Eleventh Avenue. The chauffeurs of these machines will have a piece of white paper in their hats and will take instructions from any man who presents his police card. Mr. Payne, who will do the Battery first, will find his machine at the door.

'In getting the story of survivors and of those on the *Carpathia* to whom the survivors told their story, find out how Astor, Stead, Straus, Millet, Harris, Butt, Futrelle, Guggenheim and Smith died. Get every one to tell any story of heroism or cowardice he or she witnessed. Find out how the crew acted and the panic in the steerage, if there was one.

'The men who do the theaters will first send their stories over the telephone from the headquarters. If there is any jam on telephone we have arranged for three more wires at Twenty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue, the building on the southwest corner. But I don't expect any great jam. Then these men will do the hotels and telephone their story from whichever hotel they are in. The operator has been instructed to use every switch except one for the *Titanic* story, so there will be lots of wires, with men at each end to take stories. But it will help if the stories can come over the four special wires.

'The way the telephones will be cared for is this: When a man comes into headquarters, he will be told which telephone to use, so that the men at this end of the wire will not be interrupted. That is to say, over one wire will come the story of the arrival of the *Carpathia*.

'Over another wire will come the story of the wreck of the *Titanic*.

'Over a third telephone will come the story of the rescue work by the *Carpathia*.

'And over the fourth will come the story of survivors.

'As soon as a man gets into the office he will write down the name of the person he has interviewed. This list will be posted over each wire. If a reporter sees that the man he has interviewed is already posted, pass up the story.'

The city editor stopped talking.

'Are there any questions?' he asked.

'Have I made it clear what each man is to do?'

'You're the goods!' said the youngest of the group, marveling at this master mind that could see the whole scene long before it should be put into cold type and placed before a million readers.

'Then go to it!' said the city editor.

IV

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN SCOTT

LIEUT. E. R. G. R. EVANS, R.N.

[*New York Times*, February 11, 1913.—Copyright. By permission.]

CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand, February 10.—Capt. Robert F. Scott's Antarctic ship, the *Terra Nova,* on January 18, this year, arrived at Cape Evans, the base on McMurdo Sound, where it was to meet the explorers on their return from the expedition in search of the South Pole and bring them back, if they were ready. It was learned from the shore party found at this base that Captain Scott and the four men with him had reached the Pole on January 18, 1912, but all had perished on the return journey, about the end of March. Their bodies were not found until a searching party discovered them on November 12, nearly eight months after the disaster.

Captain Scott, Dr. Edward A. Wilson, chief of the scientific staff, and Lieut. H. R. Bowers had made their way back to within 155 miles of Cape Evans, when they were caught in a blizzard and were overcome about March 29. They were then within eleven miles of One Ton Depot, where they would have found shelter and supplies.

* * * * * *

THE SEARCH PARTY'S JOURNEY

The search party left Cape Evans after the winter on October 30 last. The party, which was organized by Surgeon Atkinson, consisted of two divisions, Atkinson taking the dog teams with Garrard and Demetri, and Mr. Wright being in charge of a party including Nelson, Gran, Lashley, Crean, Williamson, Keohane, and Hooper, with seven Indian mules. They were provisioned for three months, as they expected an extended search.

One Ton Camp was found in order, and all provisioned.

Proceeding along the old southern route, Wright's party sighted Captain Scott's tent on November 12. Within it were found the bodies of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieutenant Bowers. They had saved their records, hard pressed as they were.

From these papers the following information was gleaned:—

The first death was that of Seaman Edgar Evans, petty officer of the Royal Navy, official number 160,225, who died on February 17 at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier. His death was accelerated by a concussion of the brain sustained while traveling over the rough ice some time before.

Capt. L. E. G. Oates of the Sixth Inniskillen Dragoons was the next lost. His feet and hands had been badly frostbitten from exposure on the march. Although he struggled on heroically, on March 16 his comrades knew that his end was approaching. He had borne his intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and he did not give up hope to the very end.

OATES WENT OUT TO DIE

Captain Scott wrote in his diary this tribute to Captain Oates:

'He was a brave soul. He slept through the night, hoping not to wake, but he awoke in the morning. It was blowing a blizzard. Oates said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since.'

Another passage read: 'We knew that Oates was walking to his death, but, though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman.'

On March 16 Oates was really unable to travel, but the others could not leave him and he would not hold them back. After his gallant death, Scott, Wilson, and Bowers pushed on northward when the abnormally bad weather would permit them to proceed. They were forced to camp on March 1, in latitude 79° 40′ S., longitude 169° 23′ E., eleven miles south of the big depot at One Ton Camp.

This refuge they never reached, owing to a blizzard, which is known from the records of the party at Cape Evans to have lasted nine days, overtaking them. Their food and fuel gave out and they succumbed to exposure.

In Captain Scott's diary, Surgeon Atkinson found the following, which is quoted verbatim:

MESSAGE TO THE PUBLIC

The causes of the disaster are not due to faulty organization, but to misfortune in all risks which had to be undertaken.

1. The loss of the pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended, and obliged the limits of stuff transported to be narrowed.

2. The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83° S., stopped us.

3. The soft snow in lower reaches of glacier again reduced pace.

We fought these untoward events with a will and conquered, but it cut into our provision reserve.

Every detail of our food supplies, clothing, and depots made on the interior ice-sheet and over that long stretch of 700 miles to the Pole and back, worked out to perfection. The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with surplus of food, but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. Edgar Evans was thought the strongest man of the party.

The Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather, but on our return we did not get a single completely fine day; this with a sick companion enormously increased our anxieties.

As I have said elsewhere we got into frightfully rough ice and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain — he died a natural death, but left us a shaken party with the season unduly advanced.

But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us on the Barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate, and that no one in the world would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit in lat. 85°, 86° we had −20°, −30°. On the Barrier in lat. 82°, 10,000 feet lower, we had −30° in the day, −47° at night pretty regularly, with continuous head wind during our day marches. It is clear that these circumstances come on very suddenly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause. I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and for a shortage of fuel in our depots for which I cannot account, and finally, but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure our final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow. We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton Camp with fuel for one last meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent — the gale howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for.

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

(Signed) R. Scott.

March 25, 1912.

Surgeon Atkinson and his party gathered the records and effects of the dead men and read the burial service over their bodies and erected a cairn and cross to their memory over the inner tent in which they buried them. A record of the finding of their bodies was left attached to the cross.

The party then searched for twenty miles south, endeavoring to discover the body of Captain Oates. It was not found, but another cairn and record were left in the vicinity to his memory.

It should here most certainly be noted that the southern party nobly stood by their sick companions to the end, and in spite of their distressing condition they had retained every record and thirty-five pounds of geological specimens which proved to be of the greatest scientific value. This emphasizes the nature of their journey.

VII

MY FIRST FLIGHT

H. G. WELLS

[*American Magazine*, December, 1912. By permission.]

Hitherto my only flights have been flights of imagination, but this morning[1] I flew. I spent about ten or fifteen minutes in the air; we went out to sea, soared up, came back over the land, circled higher, planed steeply down to the water, and I landed with the conviction that I had had only the foretaste of a great store of hitherto unsuspected pleasures. At the first chance I will go up again, and I will go higher and further.

This experience has restored all the keenness of my ancient interest in flying, which had become a little fagged and flat by too much hearing and reading about the thing and not enough participation. Fifteen years ago, in the days of Langley and Lilienthal, I was one of the few journalists who believed and wrote that flying was possible — it affected my reputation unfavorably, and produced in the few discouraged pioneers of those days a quite touching gratitude. Over my mantel as I write hangs a very blurred and bad but interesting photograph that Professor Langley sent me thirteen years ago. It shows the flight of the first piece of human machinery heavier than air that ever kept itself up for any length of time. It was a model, a little affair that would not have lifted a cat; it went up in a spiral and came down unsmashed, bringing back, like Noah's dove, the promise of tremendous things.

SOME EXPLODED PROPHECIES

That was only thirteen years ago, and it is amusing to recall how cautiously even we out-and-out believers did our prophesying. I was quite a desperate fellow; I said outright that in my lifetime we should see men flying. But I qualified that by repeating that for many years to come it would be an enterprise only for quite fantastic daring and skill. We conjured up stupendous difficulties and risks. I was deeply impressed and greatly discouraged by a paper a distinguished Cambridge mathematician produced to show that a flying-machine was bound to pitch fearfully, that as it flew on its pitching *must* increase, until up went its nose, down went its tail, and it fell like a knife. We exaggerated every possibility of instability. We imagined that when the aëroplane was n't 'kicking up ahind and afore' it would be heeling over to the lightest side wind. A sneeze might upset it. We contrasted our poor human equipment with the instinctive balance of a bird, which has had ten million years of evolution by way of a start. . . .

(The waterplane in which I soared over Eastbourne this morning with Mr. Grahame White was as steady as a motor-car running on asphalt.)

Then we went on from those anticipations of swaying insecurity to speculations about the psychological and physiological effects of flying. Most people who look down from the top of a cliff or high tower feel some slight qualms of dread, many feel a quite sickening dread. Even if men struggled high into the air, we asked, would n't they be smitten up there by such a lonely and reeling dismay as to lose all self-control? And, above all, would n't the pitching and tossing make them quite horribly seasick?

I have always been a little haunted by that last dread. It gave a little undertow of funk to the mood of lively curiosity with which I got aboard the waterplane this morning — that sort of faint, thin funk that so readily invades one on the verge of any new experience; when one tries one's first dive, for example, or pushes off for the first time down an ice-run. I thought I should very probably be seasick — or, to be more precise, airsick; I thought also that I might be very giddy, and that I might get thoroughly cold and uncomfortable. None of those things happened.

I am still in a state of amazement at the smooth steadfastness of the motion. There is nothing on earth to compare with that, unless — and that I can't judge — it is an ice-yacht traveling on perfect ice. The finest motor-car in the world on the best road would be a joggling, quivering thing beside it.

To begin with, we went out to sea before the wind, and the plane would not readily rise. We went with an undulating movement, leaping with a light splashing pat

[1] Friday, August 2, 1912.

upon the water, from wave to wave. Then we came about into the wind, and rose; and looking over I saw that there were no longer those periodic flashes of white foam. I was flying. And it was

AS STILL AND STEADY AS DREAMING

I watched the widening distance between our floats and the waves. It was n't by any means a windless day — there was a brisk fluctuating breeze blowing out of the north over the downs. It seemed hardly to affect our flight at all.

And as for the giddiness of looking down, one does not feel it at all. It is difficult to explain why this should be so, but it is so. I suppose in such matters I am neither exceptionally steady-headed, nor is my head exceptionally given to swimming. I can stand on the edge of cliffs of a thousand feet or so and look down, but I can never bring myself right up to the edge, nor crane over to look to the very bottom. I should want to lie down to do that. And the other day I was on that Belvedere place at the top of the Rotterdam skyscraper, a rather high wind was blowing, and one looks down through the chinks between the boards one stands on upon the heads of the people in the streets below; I did n't like it. But I looked directly down on a little fleet of fishing-boats over which we passed, and on the crowds assembling on the beach, and on the bathers who stared up at us from the breaking surf with an entirely agreeable exaltation. And Eastbourne in the early morning sunshine had all the brightly detailed littleness of a town viewed from high up on the side of a great mountain.

THAT GOING-DOWN SENSATION

When Mr. Grahame White told me we were going to plane down, I will confess I tightened my hold on the sides of the car, and prepared for something like the down-going sensation of a switchback railway on a larger scale. Just for a moment there was that familiar feeling of something pressing one's heart up towards one's shoulders and one's lower jaw up into its socket, and of grinding one's lower teeth against the upper, and then it passed. The nose of the car and all the machine was slanting downward, we were gliding quickly down, and yet there was no feeling that one rushed, not even as one rushes in coasting a hill on a bicycle. It was n't a tithe of the thrill of those three descents one gets on the great mountain railway in the White City. There one gets a disagreeable quiver up one's backbone from the wheels, and a real sense of falling.

It is quite peculiar to flying that one is incredulous of any collision. Some time ago I was in a motor-car that ran over and killed a small dog, and this wretched little incident has left an open wound upon my nerves. I am never quite happy in a car now; I can't help keeping an apprehensive eye ahead. But you fly with an exhilarating assurance that you cannot possibly run over anything or run into anything — except the land or the sea, and even those large essentials seem a beautifully safe distance away.

THE NOISE OF THE PROPELLER

I had heard a great deal of talk about the deafening uproar of the engine. I counted a headache among my chances. There again reason reinforced conjecture. When in the early morning Mr. Travers came from Brighton in this Farman in which I flew, I could hear the hum of the great insect when it still seemed abreast of Beachey Head, and a good two miles away. If one can hear a thing at two miles, how much the more will one not hear it at a distance of two yards. But at the risk of seeming too contented for anything I will assert I heard that noise no more than one hears the drone of an electric ventilator upon one's table. It was only when I came to speak to Mr. Grahame White, or he to me, that I discovered that our voices had become almost infinitesimally small.

WE SHALL ALL BE FLYING

And so it was that I went up into the air at Eastbourne with the impression that flying was still an uncomfortable, experimental, and slightly heroic thing to do, and came down to the cheerful gathering crowd upon the sands again with the knowledge that it is a thing achieved for every one. It will get much cheaper no doubt, and much swifter, and be improved in a dozen ways,— we *must* get self-starting engines, for example, for both our aëroplanes and motor-cars,— but it is available to-day for any one who can reach it. An invalid lady of seventy could have enjoyed all that I did if only one could

have got her into the passenger's seat. Getting there was a little difficult, it is true; the waterplane was out in the surf, and I was carried to it on a boatman's back, and then had to clamber carefully through the wires, but that is a matter of detail.

This flying is indeed so certain to become a general experience that I am sure that this description will in a few years seem almost as quaint as if I had set myself to record the fears and sensations of my First Ride in a Wheeled Vehicle. And I suspect that learning to control a Farman waterplane now is probably not much more difficult than, let us say, twice the difficulty in learning the control and management of a motor bicycle. I cannot understand the sort of young man who won't learn how to do it if he gets half a chance.

The development of these waterplanes is an important step towards the huge and swarming popularization of flying which is now certainly imminent. We ancient survivors of those who believed in and wrote about flying before there was any flying, used to make a great fuss about the dangers and difficulties of landing and getting up. We wrote with vast gravity about 'starting rails' and 'landing stages,' and it is still true that landing an aëroplane, except upon a well-known and quite level expanse, is a risky and uncomfortable business. But getting up and landing upon fairly smooth water is easier than getting into bed. This alone is likely to determine the aëroplane routes along the line of the world's coast-lines and lake groups and water-ways.

The airmen will go to and fro over water as the midges do. Wherever there is a square mile of water the waterplanes will come and go like hornets at the mouth of their nest. But there are much stronger reasons than this convenience for keeping over water. Over water the air, it seems, lies in great level expanses; even when there are gales it moves in great uniform masses, like the swift still rush of a deep river. The airman, in Mr. Grahame White's phrase, can go to sleep on it.

But over the land, and for thousands of feet up into the sky, the air is more irregular than a torrent among rocks; it is — if only we could see it — a waving, whirling, eddying, flamboyant confusion. A slight hill, a plowed field, the streets of a town, create riotous, rolling, invisible streams and cataracts of air, that catch the aviator unawares, make him drop discontcertingly, try his nerve. With a powerful enough engine he climbs at once again, but these sudden downfalls are the least pleasant and most dangerous experience in aviation. They exact a tiring vigilance. Over lake or sea, in sunshine, within sight of land — this is the perfect way of the flying tourist. Gladly would I have set out for France this morning instead of returning to Eastbourne. And then coasted round to Spain and into the Mediterranean. And so by leisurely stages to India. And the East Indies. . . .

I find my study unattractive to-day.

VI

BY BOMBING PLANE TO FRANCE

R. P. HEARNE

[*Sphere*, London, Eng., December 28, 1918. By permission.]

On a clear, frosty morning we reached the Lympne aerodrome. Lympne is one of the finest air harbors I have ever seen, and it bids fair to become the aerial Dover of England. Its position near Folkestone, as well as its natural features, marks it out as ideal for the purpose of aerial traffic.

To Lympne came every war plane preparatory to flying to France. I am now able to mention the name of the place and give some account of the work done there which helped to beat Germany out of the air. Thoroughness has been the watchword of the R.A.F., and one saw it well demonstrated at Lympne, where every machine is put to the final test ere leaving England. Great workshops exist, where every detail is attended to with the most scrupulous care, the aim being to 'tune up' each aeroplane to its highest pitch ere going into the war. Amongst the many highly-skilled operations done at Lympne is the final speeding-up of the machine to its best pace.

One comes away from witnessing this

operation, and finds hard by a machine making its final gun test, pouring in appallingly rapid discharges of machine-gun fire at a target. A regular stream of spent cartridges and clips pour out from the side of the machine during each burst of fire, and gives one some index to the deadliness of the fusillade.

And now that the gunfire has ceased, there comes to us the deep roar of the giant Handley-Page bombers, three of which are getting ready for the cross-Channel trip. Leaving the fascinations of the Lympne workshops all too soon, we hurry to the impatient machines and prepare to dress for the journey. The R.A.F. provides an excellent outfit of fur-lined leather helmet, goggles, leather coat, and life-belt. When all these are donned one feels like Bibendum. There is no time to lose, for we are due to lunch in France in half an hour. Our party bundles into the Handley-Page bombers, some climbing through the belly of the machine and others into the bomb-chamber. The cockpit in the nose of the machine, forward of the pilot and his navigation officer, falls to me — the choicest position on the machine. A Lewis gun is at hand as if to give me confidence.

With a roar the great Rolls-Royce engines accelerate; the chocks are removed from the wheels and off we go, bumping over the ground. Suddenly the bumping ceases, the roar of the engines becomes louder, and there comes that delicious sense of smoothness which marks the departure from earth. I sometimes think that dying must feel like that fractional instant when the aeroplane lifts from the ground — I hope I am right in this belief.

Climbing steadily we soon get a wide panorama of typical English countryside, with its irregular mosaic of hedged fields. Then the sea comes into view, with light mist and clouds limiting the horizon. A long yellow streak of sand fringed with white comes under the aeroplane, and we know that the coast line has been crossed. Somehow, new sensations come to one when flying over the sea. Progress seems slower than on land, for one has no marks to guess the speed by; but with the air-speed indicator and the height-meter at hand I could note that we were moving at seventy-five an hour and steadily climbing from 2,000 feet. But for these proofs of motion one feels that the machine is making no headway.

Down in the sea a couple of warships the size of toy models come in view, and just then the nose of the aeroplane slowly rises and then sinks to its usual angle. We have met an air bump; and the remainder of the voyage over the water was marked by a series of these invisible waves of air swelling under the machine. Clouds obscured the view up and down Channel, but very soon I caught sight of the French coast, with Cape Gris Nez to our left. The sunlight grew brighter, the coast line came to view as a long strip of yellow matting, and then the hedgeless fields of France were clear in sight, and the straight roads, the long low houses, and the absence of trees indicated the bird's-eye differences from England, with its richer and more varied but less symmetrical patterns. France looks very logically arranged from aloft, and yet it has not geometrical harshness. But I prefer the English countryside.

We go for some miles inland; sheep can be picked out in the fields as the nose of the machine tends earthwards in a gentle glide. The ground hurries up to meet us; we see aerodrome sheds despite their camouflage, and all too soon we are jolting over French ground as we land at Marquise air harbor, which is the aerial Calais of France. Our hosts at this R.A.F. station gave us a hearty welcome, and with appetites keen from the aerial trip we enjoyed an excellent lunch, one of the choice appurtenances thereof being genuine French butter.

Every cross-Channel aeroplane puts in at or sets out from Marquise air harbor, and thus in many ways it is the counterpart of the Lympne station. But in addition it has many special functions, as being the base of the air force in France. The arranging of the daily cross-Channel traffic through the air is in itself a big task which has to be carried out with great care.

I could have spent days at Marquise examining all the wonderful work that is done there, but ominous clouds were filling the sky to the north, and the short winter's day was on the wane. As we had planned to fly right back to London for tea, it was necessary to start before the rising mists became troublesome. But so great were the attractions of Marquise

and the kindliness of our hosts, that it was well after three o'clock before we started.

We found the Channel almost blotted out by great white clouds, which hung low over the water. Again and again we dived through them. There were beautiful light and color effects with the sun as it gave rosy hues to the fleecy clouds floating up from the east. Vast islands of cloud passed close under us, looking so solid with their mountains and valleys of rose-colored snow that one felt tempted to alight upon them. It was a veritable fairyland. Through breaks in the clouds we caught enchanting glimpses of the sunlit sea, gold and blue in a frame of white.

The English coast was only visible at close range, and as the sun dropped rapidly the clouds and mist took on a cold gray tone which chilled one's feelings. Ahead of us was a world of still colder and denser gray, which might mean snow or fog. I now realized how right our pilot — an intrepid bomber of Rhineland towns — was when he forecasted thick weather.

Darkness was coming on quickly over the ground, though at our height we still had fair light. I was now stationed in the bomb-chamber looking out through a little window. As the light waned I noticed the exhaust pipe of one of the engines get cherry red and little sparks of incandescent metal flakes flew past. My companion nudged me and pointed in some alarm at the red-hot pipe. We stood between the big petrol tank and the engine, and I think he was concerned about the proximity of the two things.

We could not talk owing to the noise, but I longed to tell him that there was no fear. I knew very well the work of the man who designed that engine — F. H. Royce; I knew also the work of the designer of the whole machine — F. Handley-Page; and again I knew that the fuselage we stood in had been built by Michael Scarff of the Regent Carriage Company. Probably I had seen it in the building. My confidence in these three men could not be shaken, though that exhaust pipe got spitefully red as we forced the pace.

And we had need, too, of every ounce of speed. Swathes of fog blotted out the country, and darkness was almost upon the land. One of the most dangerous landings is that in an evening mist. If we crashed and a spurt of petrol got on that hot exhaust pipe . . . well, I suppose it would win us a posthumous paragraph!

But then came a sudden lifting of the mist. Our pilot dived rapidly, came up again, spiraled, found his bearings to a nicety, and in a lucky moment made a perfect landing at the great Whitehead aerodrome west of London. Fog and darkness fell on us like a pall ere we had disembarked, after our journey of 106 miles.

VII

THE HORRORS OF LOUVAIN

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

[*New York Tribune*, August 31, 1914. By permission.]

LONDON, August 30.— I left Brussels on Thursday afternoon and have just arrived in London. For two hours on Thursday night I was in what for six hundred years had been the City of Louvain. The Germans were burning it, and to hide their work kept us locked in the railroad carriages. But the story was written against the sky, was told to us by German soldiers incoherent with excesses; and we could read it in the faces of women and children being led to concentration camps and of citizens on their way to be shot.

The Germans sentenced Louvain on Wednesday to become a wilderness, and with the German system and love of thoroughness they left Louvain an empty, blackened shell. The reason for this appeal to the torch and the execution of noncombatants, as given to me on Thursday morning by General von Lutwitz, military governor of Brussels, was this: On Wednesday while the German military commander of the troops in Louvain was at the Hotel de Ville talking to the burgomaster a son of the burgomaster with an automatic pistol shot the chief of staff and German staff surgeons.

Lutwitz claims this was the signal for the civil guard, in civilian clothes on roofs,

to fire upon the German soldiers in the open square below. He said also the Belgians had quick-firing guns, brought from Antwerp. As for a week the Germans had occupied Louvain and closely guarded all approaches, the story that there was any gunrunning is absurd.

Fifty Germans were killed and wounded. For that, said Lutwitz, Louvain must be wiped out. So in pantomime with his fist he swept the papers across his table.

'The Hotel de Ville,' he added, 'was a beautiful building; it is a pity it must be destroyed.'

Ten days ago I was in Louvain when it was occupied by Belgian troops and King Albert and his staff. The city dates from the eleventh century and the population was 42,000. The citizens were brewers, lacemakers and manufacturers of ornaments for churches. The university once was the most celebrated in European cities, and still is, or was, headquarters of the Jesuits.

In the Louvain college many priests now in America have been educated, and ten days ago over the great yellow walls of the college, I saw hanging two American flags. I found the city clean, sleepy and pretty, with narrow, twisting streets and smart shops and cafés set in flower gardens of the houses, with red roofs, green shutters and white walls.

Over those that faced south had been trained pear trees, their branches heavy with fruit spread out against the walls like branches of candelabra. The Town Hall was very old and very beautiful, an example of Gothic architecture, in detail and design more celebrated even than the Town Hall of Bruges or Brussels. It was five hundred years old, and lately had been repaired with great taste and at great cost.

Opposite was the Church of St. Pierre, dating from the fifteenth century, a very noble building, with many chapels filled with carvings of the time of the Renaissance in wood, stone and iron. In the university there were 150,000 volumes.

Near it was the bronze statue of Father Damien, priest of the leper colony in the South Pacific, of which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote. All these buildings now are empty, exploded cartridges. Statues, pictures, carvings, parchments, archives — all are gone.

No one defends the sniper. But because ignorant Mexicans when their city was invaded fired upon our sailors, we did not destroy Vera Cruz. Even had we bombarded Vera Cruz, money could have restored it. Money can never restore Louvain. Great architects and artists, dead these six hundred years, made it beautiful, and their handiwork belonged to the world. With torch and dynamite the Germans have turned these masterpieces into ashes, and all the Kaiser's horses and all his men cannot bring them back again.

When by troop train we reached Louvain, the entire heart of the city was destroyed and fire had reached the Boulevard Tirlemont, which faces the railroad station. The night was windless, and the sparks rose in steady, leisurely pillars, falling back into the furnace from which they sprang. In their work the soldiers were moving from the heart of the city to the outskirts, street by street, from house to house.

In each building, so German soldiers told me, they began at the first floor, and when that was burning steadily passed to the one next. There were no exceptions — whether it was a store, chapel or private residence it was destroyed. The occupants had been warned to go, and in each deserted shop or house the furniture was piled, the torch was stuck under it, and into the air went the savings of years, souvenirs of children, of parents, heirlooms that had passed from generation to generation.

The people had time only to fill a pillowcase and fly. Some were not so fortunate, and by thousands, like flocks of sheep, they were rounded up and marched through the night to concentration camps. We were not allowed to speak to any citizen of Louvain, but the Germans crowded the windows, boastful, gloating, eager to interpret.

We were free to move from one end of the train to the other, and in the two hours during which it circled the burning city war was before us in its most hateful aspect.

In other wars I have watched men on one hilltop, without haste, without heat, fire at men on another hill, and in consequence on both sides good men were wasted. But in those fights there were no

women or children, and the shells struck only vacant stretches of veldt or uninhabited mountainsides.

At Louvain it was war upon the defenseless, war upon churches, colleges, shops of milliners and lacemakers; war brought to the bedside and the fireside; against women harvesting in the fields, against children in wooden shoes at play in the streets.

At Louvain that night the Germans were like men after an orgy.

There were fifty English prisoners, erect and soldierly. In the ocean of gray the little patch of khaki looked pitifully lonely, but they regarded the men who had outnumbered but not defeated them with calm but uncurious eyes. In one way I was glad to see them there. Later they will bear witness as to how the enemy makes a wilderness and calls it war. It was a most weird picture.

On the high ground rose the broken spires of the Church of St. Pierre and the Hotel de Ville, and descending like steps were row beneath row of houses, roofless with windows like blind eyes. The fire had reached the last row of houses, those on the Boulevard de Jodigne. Some of these were already cold, but others sent up steady, straight columns of flame. In others at the third and fourth stories, the window curtains still hung, flowers still filled the window boxes, while on the first floor the torch had just passed and the flames were leaping. Fire had destroyed the electric plant, but at times the flames made the station so light that you could see the second hand of your watch, and again all was darkness, lit only by candles.

You could tell when an officer passed by the electric torch he carried strapped to his chest. In the darkness the gray uniforms filled the station with an army of ghosts. You distinguished men only when pipes hanging from their teeth glowed red or their bayonets flashed.

Outside the station in the public square the people of Louvain passed in an unending procession, women bareheaded, weeping, men carrying the children asleep on their shoulders, all hemmed in by the shadowy army of gray wolves. Once they were halted, and among them were marched a line of men. They well knew their fellow townsmen. These were on their way to be shot. And better to point out the moral an officer halted both processions and, climbing to a cart, explained why the men were to die. He warned others not to bring down upon themselves a like vengeance.

As those being led to spend the night in the fields looked across to those marked for death they saw old friends, neighbors of long standing, men of their own household. The officer bellowing at them from the cart was illuminated by the headlights of an automobile. He looked like an actor held in a spotlight on a darkened stage.

It was all like a scene upon the stage, so unreal, so inhuman, you felt it could not be true that the curtain of fire, purring and crackling and sending up hot sparks to meet the kind, calm stars, was only a painted backdrop; that the reports of rifles from the dark rooms came from blank cartridges, and that these trembling shopkeepers and peasants ringed in by bayonets would not in a few minutes really die, but that they themselves and their homes would be restored to their wives and children.

You felt it was only a nightmare, cruel and uncivilized. And then you remembered that the German Emperor has told us what it is. It is his Holy War.

IX

THE FALL OF ANTWERP

ARTHUR RUHL

[*Collier's*, November 14, 1914.— Copyright. By permission.]

The storm which was to burst over Antwerp the following night was gathering fast when we arrived on Tuesday morning. Army motor trucks loaded with dismantled aëroplanes and the less essential impedimenta screamed through the streets bound away from, not toward, the front. The Queen, that afternoon, was seen in the Hotel St. Antoine receiving the good-bys of various friends. Consuls suddenly locked their doors and fled. And the cannon, rumbling along the eastern horizon as they had rumbled, nearer and nearer, for a fortnight, were now beyond the outer

line of forts and within striking distance of the town.

That night, an hour or two after midnight, in my hotel by the water front, I awoke to the steady clatter of hoofs on cobblestones and the rumble of wheels. I went to the window, on the narrow side street, black as all streets had been in Antwerp since the night that the Zeppelin threw its first bombs, and looked out. It was a moonlight night, clear and cold, and there along the Quai St. Michael, at the end of the street, was an army in retreat. They were Belgians, battered and worn out with their unbroken weeks of hopeless fighting; cavalrymen on their tired horses, artillerymen, heads sunk on their chests, drowsing on their lurching caissons; the patient little foot soldiers, rifles slung across their shoulders, scuffling along in their heavy overcoats.

In the dark shadow of the tall old houses a few people came out and stood there watching silently and, as one felt, in a sort of despair. All night long men were marching by — and in London they were still reading that it was but a 'demonstration' the Germans were engaged in — down the quay and across the pontoon bridge — the only way over the Scheldt — over to the Tête de Flandre and the road to Ghent. They were strung along the street next morning, boots mud-covered, mud-stained, intrenching shovels hanging to their belts, faces unshaven for weeks just as they had come from the trenches; yet still patient and cheerful, with that unshakable Flemish good cheer. Perhaps, after all, it was not a retreat; they might be swinging round to the south and St. Nicholas to attack the German flank. . . .

But before they had crossed, another army, a civilian army, flowed down on and over the quay. For a week people had been leaving Antwerp, now the general flight began. From villages to the east and southeast, from the city itself, people came pouring down. In wagons drawn by huge Belgian draft horses, in carts pulled by the captivating Belgian work dogs, panting mightily and digging their paws into the slippery cobbles; on foot, leading little children and carrying babies and dolls and canaries and great bundles of clothes and household things wrapped in sheets, they surged toward that one narrow bridge and the crowded ferryboats. I saw one old woman, gray-haired and tanned like an Indian squaw with work in the fields, yet with a fine, well-made face, pushing a groaning wheelbarrow. A strap went from the handles over her shoulders, and, stopping now and then to ask the news, she would slip off this harness, gossip for a time, then push on again. That afternoon under my window there was a tall wagon, a sort of hay wagon, in which there were twenty-two little tow-headed children, none more than eight or ten, and several almost babies in arms. By the side of the wagon a man, evidently father of some of them, stood buttering the end of a huge round loaf of bread and cutting off slice after slice, which the older children broke and distributed to the little ones. Two cows were tied to the back of the wagon and the man's wife squatted there milking them. All along the quay and in the streets leading into it were people like this — harmless, helpless, hard-working people, going they knew not where. The entrance to the bridge was soon choked. One went away and returned an hour later and found the same people waiting almost in the same spot, and, with that wonderful calm and patience of theirs, feeding their children or giving a little of their precious hay to the horses, quietly waiting their turn while the cannon which had driven them from their homes kept on thundering behind them.

That afternoon I walked uptown through the shuttered, silent streets — silent but for that incessant rumbling in the southeast and the occasional honking flight of some military automobile — to two of the hospitals. In one, a British hospital on the Boulevard Léopold, the doctor in charge was absent for the moment, and there was no one to answer my offer of occasional help if an outsider could be of use. As I sat waiting a tall, brisk Englishwoman, in nurse's uniform, came up and asked what I wanted. I told her.

'Oh,' she said, and in her crisp English voice, without further ado, 'will you help me with a leg?'

She led the way into her ward, and there we contrived between us to bandage and slip a board and pillow under a fractured thigh. Between whispers of *'Courage! Courage!'* to the Belgian soldier, she said that she was the wife of a British general and had two sons in the army, and a third —'Poor boy!' she murmured, more to him

than to me — on one of the ships in the North Sea. I arranged to come back next morning to help with the lifting, and went on to another hospital in the Rue Nerviens, to find that little English lady who crossed with us in the Ostend boat in August on the way to her sister's hospital in Antwerp.

CHEERFUL LOSERS

Here in the quiet wards she had been working while the Germans swept down on Paris and were rolled back again, and while the little nation which she and her sister loved so well was being clubbed to its knees. Louvain, Liège, Malines, Namur — chapters in all the long, pitiless story were lying there in the narrow iron beds. There were men with faces chewed by shrapnel, men burned in the explosion of the powder magazine at Fort Waelhem, when the attack on Antwerp began — dragged out from the underground passage in which the garrison had sought momentary refuge and where most of them were killed, burned, and blackened. One strong, good-looking young fellow, able to eat and live apparently, was shot through the temples and blind in both eyes. It was the hour for carrying those well enough to stand it out into the court and giving them their afternoon's airing and smoke. One had lost an arm, another, a whimsical young Belgian, had only the stump of a left leg. When we started to lift him back into his bed, he said he had a better way than that. So he put his arms round my neck and showed me how to take him by the back and the well leg.

'*Bon!*' he said, and again '*Bon!*' when I let him down, and then reaching out and patting me on the back, '*Bon!*' he smiled again.

That night, behind drawn curtains which admitted no light to the street, we dined peacefully and well, and, except for this unwonted seclusion, just outside which were the black streets and still the endless procession of carts and wagons and shivering people, one might have forgotten, in that cheerfully lighted room, that we were not in times of peace. We even loitered over a grate fire before going to bed, and talked in drowsy and almost indifferent fashion of whether it was absolutely sure that the Germans were trying to take the town.

THE FLYING DEATH

It was almost exactly midnight that I found myself listening, half awake, to the familiar sound of distant cannon. One had come to think of it, almost, as nothing but a sound; and to listen with a detached and not unpleasant interest as a man tucked comfortably in bed follows a roll of thunder to its end or listens to the fall of rain.

It struck me suddenly that there was something new about this sound; I sat up in bed to listen, and at that instant a far-off, sullen 'Boom!' was followed by a crash as if lightning had struck a house a little way down the street. As I hurried to the window there came another far-off detonation, a curious wailing whistle swept across the sky, and over behind the roofs to the left there was another crash.

One after another they came, at intervals of half a minute, or screaming on each other's heels as if racing to their goal. And then the crash or, if farther away, muffled explosion as another roof toppled in, or cornice dropped off, as a house made of canvas drops to pieces in a play.

The effect of those unearthly wails, suddenly singing in across country in the dead of night from six — eight — ten miles away — heaven knows where — was, as the Germans intended it to be, tremendous. It was not easy to describe nor to be imagined by those who had not lived in that threatened city — the last Belgian stronghold — and felt that vast, unseen power rolling nearer and nearer. And now, all at once, it was here, materialized, demoniacal, a flying death, swooping across the dark into your very room.

It was like one of those dreams in which you cannot stir from your tracks, and meanwhile 'Boom! . . . *Tzee-ee-ee-ee!*' — is this one meant for you?

Already there was a patter of feet in the dark, and people with white bundles on their backs went stumbling by toward the river and the bridge. Motors came honking down from the inner streets, and the quay, which had begun to clear by this time, was again jammed. I threw on some clothes, hurried to the street. A rank smell of kerosene hung in the air; presently a petrol shell burst to the southward, lighting up the sky for an instant like the flare from a blast furnace, and a few mo-

ments later there showed over the roofs the flames of the first fire.

Although we could hear the wail of shells flying across their wide parabola both into the town and out from the first ring of forts, few burst in our part of the city that night, and we walked up as far as the cathedral without seeing anything but black and silent streets. Every one in the hotel was up and dressed by this time. Some were for leaving at once; one family, piloted by the comfortable Belgian servants — far cooler than any one else — went to the cellar, some gathered about the grate in the writing room to watch the night out; the rest of us went back to bed.

POURING OUT OF ANTWERP

There was n't much sleep for any one that night. The bombardment kept on until morning, lulled slightly as if the enemy might be taking breakfast, then it continued into the next day. And now the city — a busy city of near 400,000 people — emptied itself in earnest. Citizens and soldiers, field guns, motor trucks, wheelbarrows, dogcarts, hayricks, baby carriages, droves of people on foot, all flowing down to the Scheldt, the ferries, and the bridge. They poured into coal barges, filling the yawning black holes as Africans used to fill slave ships, into launches and tugs, and along the roads leading down the river and southwestward toward Ostend.

One thought with a shudder of what would happen if the Germans dropped a few of their high-explosive shells into that helpless mob, and it is only fair to remember that they did not, although retreating Belgian soldiers were a part of it, and one of the German aeroplanes, a mere speck against the blue, was looking calmly down overhead. Nor did they touch the cathedral, and their agreement not to shell any of the buildings previously pointed out on a map delivered to them through the American Legation seemed to be observed.

Down through that mass of fugitives pushed a London motor-bus ambulance with several wounded British soldiers, one of them sitting upright, supporting with his right hand a left arm, the biceps, bound in a blood-soaked tourniquet, half torn away. They had come in from the trenches, where their comrades were now waiting, with their helpless little rifles, for an enemy miles away, who lay back at his ease and swept them with shrapnel. I asked them how things were going, and they said not very well. They could only wait until the German aeroplanes had given the range and the trenches became too hot, then fall back, dig themselves in, and play the same game over again.

TOWARD THE CANNON

Following them was a hospital-service motor car, driven by a Belgian soldier and in charge of a clean-cut, soldierlike-appearing young British officer. It was his present duty to motor from trench to trench across the zone of fire, with the London bus trailing behind, and pick up wounded. It was n't a particularly pleasant job, he said, jerking his head toward the distant firing, and frankly he was n't keen about it. We talked for some time, every one talked to every one else in Antwerp that morning, and when he started out again I asked him to give me a lift to the edge of town.

Quickly we raced through the Place de Meir and the deserted streets of the politer part of Antwerp, where, the night before, most of the shells had fallen. We went crackling over broken glass, past gaping cornices and holes in the pavement, five feet across and three feet deep, and once passed a house quietly burning away with none to so much as watch the fire. The city wall, along which are the first line of forts, drew near, then the tunnel passing under it, and we went through without pausing and on down the road to Malines. We were beyond the town now, bowling rapidly out into the flat Belgian country, and clinging there to the running board with the October wind blowing quite through a thin flannel suit, it suddenly came over me that things had moved very fast in the last five minutes, and that all at once, in some unexpected fashion, all that elaborate barrier of *laisses-passers, sauf conduits,* and so on, had been swept aside, and, quite as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, I was spinning out to that almost mythical 'front.'

THE GUNNERS' CHORUS

Front, indeed! It was two fronts. There was an explosion just behind us, a hideous noise overhead, as if the whole zenith had somehow been ripped across like a tightly stretched piece of silk, and

a shell from the Belgian fort under which we had just passed went hurtling down long aisles of air — further — further — to end in a faint detonation miles away.

Out of sight in front of us, there was an answering thud, and — *'Tsee-ee-ee-er-r-r-BONG!'* — a German shell had gone over us and burst behind the Belgian fort. Under this gigantic antiphony the motor car raced along, curiously small and irrelevant on that empty country road.

We passed great holes freshly made — craters five or six feet across and three feet deep, neatly blown out of the macadam, then a dead horse. There were plenty of dead horses along the roads in France, but they had been so for days. This one's blood was not yet dry, and the shell that had torn the great rip in its chest must have struck here this morning.

We turned into the avenue of trees leading up to an empty château, a field hospital until a few hours before. Mattresses and bandages littered the deserted room, and an electric chandelier was still burning. The young officer pointed to some trenches in the garden. 'I had those dug to put the wounded in in case we had to hold the place,' he said. 'It was getting pretty hot.'

WHILE THE SHELLS BURST

There was nothing here now, however, and, followed by the London bus with its obedient enlisted men doing duty as ambulance orderlies, we motored a mile or so further on to the nearest trench. It was in an orchard beside a brick farmhouse with a vista in front of barbed-wire entanglement and a carefully cleaned firing field stretching out to a village and trees about half a mile away. They had looked very interesting and difficult, those barbed-wire mazes and suburbs, ruthlessly swept of trees and houses, when I had seen the Belgians preparing for the siege six weeks before, and they were to be of about as much practical use now as pictures on a wall.

There are, it will be recalled, three lines of forts about Antwerp — the inner one, corresponding to the city's wall; a middle one a few miles further out, where the British now were, and the outer line, which the enemy had already passed. Their artillery was hidden far over behind the horizon trees, and the British marines and naval reserve men who manned these trenches could only wait there, rifle in hand, for an enemy that would not come, while a captive balloon a mile or two away to the eastward and an aeroplane sailing far overhead gave the ranges, and they waited for the shrapnel to burst. The trenches were narrow and shoulder deep, very like trenches for gas or water pipes, and reasonably safe except when a shell burst directly overhead. One had struck that morning just on the inner rim of the trench, blown out one of those craterlike holes, and discharged all its shrapnel backward across the trench and into one of the heavy timbers supporting a bomb-proof roof. A raincoat hanging to a nail in this timber was literally shot to shreds. 'That's where I was standing,' said the young lieutenant in command, pointing with a dry smile to a spot not more than a yard away from where the shell had burst.

Half a dozen young fellows, crouched there in the bombproof, looked out at us and grinned. They were brand-new soldiers, some of them boys from the London streets who had answered the thrilling posters and signs, 'Your King and Country Need You,' and been sent on this ill-fated expedition for their first sight of war. The London papers are talking about it as I am writing this — how this handful of 9000 men, part of them recruits who scarcely knew one end of a rifle from another, were flung across the Channel on Sunday night and rushed up to the front to be shot at and rushed back again. I did not know this then, but wondered if this was what they had dreamed of — squatting helplessly in a ditch until another order came to retire — when they swung through the London streets singing 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary' two months ago.

WHAT A PICNIC IT WAS

Yet not one of the youngest and the greenest showed the least nervousness as they waited there in that melancholy little orchard under the incessant scream of shells. That unshakable British coolness, part sheer pluck, part a sort of lack of imagination, perhaps, or at least of 'nerves,' left them as calm and casual as if they were but drilling on the turf of Hyde Park. And with it persisted that almost equally unshakable sense of class, that touching confidence in one's superiors — the young clerk's or mechanic's inborn

conviction that whatever that smart, clean-cut, imperturbable young officer does and says must inevitably be right — at least that if he is cool and serene you must, if the skies fall, be cool and serene too.

We met one young fellow as we walked through an empty lateral leading to a bombproof prepared for wounded, and the ambulance officer asked him sharply how things had been going that morning.

'Oh, very well, sir,' he said with the most respectful good humor, though a shell bursting just then a stone's throw beyond the orchard made both of us duck our heads. 'A bit hot, sir, about nine o'clock, but only one man hurt. They do seem to know just where we are, sir; but wait till their infantry comes up — we'll clean them out right enough, sir."

And if he had been ordered to stay there and hold the trench alone, one could imagine him saying in that same tone of deference and chipper good humor: 'Yes, sir; thank you, sir,' and staying, too, till the cows came home.

RIGHT AT OUR FEET

We motored down the line to another trench — this one along a road with fields in front and about a couple of hundred yards behind a clump of trees which masked a Belgian battery. The officer here, a tall, upstanding, gravely handsome young man, with a deep, strong, slightly humorous voice, and the air of one both born to and used to command — the best type of navy man — came over to meet us, rather glad, it seemed, to see some one. The ambulance officer had just started to speak when there was a roar from the clump of trees, at the same instant an explosion directly overhead, and an ugly chunk of iron — a bit of broken casing from a shrapnel shell — plunged at our very feet. The shell had been wrongly timed and exploded prematurely.

'I say!' the lieutenant called out to a Belgian officer standing not far away, 'can't you telephone over to your people to stop that? That's the third time we've been nearly hit by their shrapnel this morning. After all'— he turned to us with the air of apologizing somewhat for his display of irritation — 'it's quite annoying enough here without that, you know.'

It was, indeed, annoying — very. The trenches were not under fire in the sense that the enemy were making a persistent effort to clear them out, but they were in the zone of fire, their range was known, and there was no telling when that distant boom thudded across the fields whether that particular shell might be intended for them or for somebody's house in town. We could see in the distance their captive balloon, and there were a couple of scouts, the officer said, in a tower in the village, not much more than half a mile away. He pointed to the spot across the barbed wire. 'We've been trying to pick them off with our rifles for the last half hour.'

THE DESIRE TO BE SOMEWHERE ELSE

We left them engaged in this interesting distraction, the little rifle snaps in all that mighty thundering seeming only to accept the loneliness and helplessness of their position, and spun on down the transverse road, toward another trench on the left. The progress of the motor seemed slow and disappointing. Not that the spot a quarter of a mile off was at all less likely to be hit, yet one felt conscious of a growing desire to be somewhere else. And though I took off my hat to keep it from blowing off, I found that every time a shell went over I promptly put it on again, indicating, one suspected, a decline in what the military experts call *morale*.

As we bowled down the road toward a group of brick houses on the left, a shell passed not more than fifty yards in front of us and through the side of one of these houses as easily as a circus rider pops through a tissue-paper hoop. Almost at the same instant another exploded — where I have n't the least idea, except that the dust from it hit us in the face. The motor rolled smoothly along meanwhile, and the Belgian soldier driving it stared as imperturbably ahead of him as if he were back at Antwerp on the seat of his taxi-cab.

You get used to shells in time, it seems, and, deciding that you either are or are not going to be hit, dismiss responsibility and leave it all to fate. I must admit that in my brief experience I was not able to arrive at this restful state. We reached at last the city gate through which we had left Antwerp, and the motor came to a stop just at the inner edge of the passage under the fort, and I said good-by to the young Englishman ere he started back for the trenches again.

'Well,' he called after me as I started across the open space between the gate and the houses, a stone's throw away, 'you 've had an experience anyway.'

DISCREETLY ZIGZAGGING

I was just about to answer that undoubtedly I had when — *'Tzee-ee-ee-er-r'* — a shell just cleared the ramparts over our heads and disappeared in the side of a house directly in front of us with a roar and a geyser of dust. Neither the motor nor a guest's duty now detained me, and, waving him good-by, I turned at right angles and made with true civilian speed for the shelter of a side street.

The shells all appeared to be coming from a southeast direction, and in the lee of houses on the south side of the street one was reasonably protected. Keeping close to the house fronts and dodging — rather absurdly no doubt — into doorways when that wailing whistle came up from behind, I went zigzagging through the deserted city toward the hotel on the other side of town.

It was such a progress as one might make in some fantastic nightmare — as the hero of some eerie piece of fiction about the Last Man in the World. Street after street, with doors locked, shutters closed, sandbags, mattresses, or little heaps of earth piled over cellar windows; streets in which the only sound was that of one's own feet, where the loneliness was made more lonely by some forgotten dog cringing against the closed door and barking nervously as one hurried past.

Here, where most of the shells had fallen the preceding night, nearly all the houses were empty. Yet occasionally one caught sight of faces peering up from basement windows or of some stubborn householder standing in his southern doorway staring into space. Once I passed a woman bound away from, instead of toward, the river with her big bundle; and once an open carriage with a family in it driving, with peculiarly Flemish composure, toward the quay, and as I hurried past the park, along the Avenue Van Dyck — where fresh craters made by exploding shells had been dug in the turf — the swans, still floating on the little lake, placidly dipped their white necks under water as if it were a quiet morning in May.

WORK FOR A SAMARITAN

Now and then, as the shell's wail swung over its long parabola, there came with the detonation, across the roofs, the rumble of falling masonry. Once I passed a house quietly burning, and on the pavement were lopped-off trees. The impartiality with which those far-off gunners distributed their attentions was disconcerting. Peering down one of the up-and-down streets before crossing it, as if a shell were an automobile which you might see and dodge, you would shoot across and, turning into a cozy little side street, think to yourself that here at least they had not come, and then promptly see, squarely in front, another of those craters blown down through the Belgian blocks.

Presently I found myself under the trees of the Boulevard Léopold, not far from the British hospital, and recalled that it was about time that promise was made good. It was time indeed, and help with lifting they needed very literally. The order had just come to leave the building, bringing the wounded and such equipment as they could pack into half a dozen motor busses and retire — just where, I did not hear — in the direction of Ghent. As I entered the porte-cochère two poor wrecks of war were being led out by their nurses — more men burned in the powder explosion at Waelhem, their seared faces and hands covered with oil and cotton just as they had been lifted from bed.

PARADE OF THE WOUNDED

The phrase 'whistle of shells' had taken on a new reality since midnight. Now one was to learn something of the meaning of those equally familiar words, 'they succeeded in saving their wounded, although under heavy fire.'

None of the wounded could walk, none dress himself; most of them in ordinary times would have lain where they were for weeks. There were fractured legs not yet set, men with faces half shot away, men half out of their heads, and all these had to be dressed somehow, covered up, crowded into or on top of the busses and started off through a city under bombardment toward open country which might already be occupied by the enemy.

Bundles of uniforms, mud-stained, blood-stained, just as they had come from the trenches, were dumped out of the

storeroom and distributed, hit or miss.

British 'Tommies' went out as Belgians, Belgians in British khaki; the man whose broken leg I had lifted the day before we simply bundled in his bed blankets and set up in the corner of a bus. One healthy-looking Belgian boy, on whom I was trying to pull a pair of British trousers, seemed to have nothing at all the matter with him, until it presently appeared that he was speechless and paralyzed in both left arm and left leg. And while we were working, an English soldier shot through the jaw and throat sat on the edge of his bed, shaking with a hideous rattling cough.

The hospital was in a handsome stone building, in ordinary times a club, perhaps, or a school; a wide stone stairway led up the center, and above it was a glass skylight. This central well would have been a charming place for a shell to drop into, and one did drop not more than fifty feet or so away, in or close to the rear court. A few yards down the avenue another shell hit a cornice and sent a ton or so of masonry crashing down on the sidewalk. Under conditions like these the nurses kept running up and down that staircase during the endless hour or two in which the wounded were being dressed and carried on stretchers to the street. They stood by the busses making their men comfortable, and when the first busses were filled they sat in the open street on top of them, patiently waiting, as calm and smiling as circus queens on their gilt chariots. The behavior of the men in the trenches was cool enough, but they at least were fighting men and but taking the chance of war. These were civilian volunteers, they had not even trenches to shelter them, and it took a rather unforeseen and difficult sort of courage to leave that fairly safe masonry building and sit smiling and helpful on top of a motor bus during a wait of half an hour or so, any second of which might be one's last.

NO TEARS

There was an American nurse there, a tall, radiant girl, whom they called, and rightly, 'Morning Glory,' who had been introduced to me the day before because we both belonged to that curious foreign race of Americans. What her name was I have n't the least idea, and if we were to meet to-morrow, doubtless we should have to be carefully presented over again, but I remember calling out to her: 'Good-by, American girl!' as we passed in the hall during the last minute or two, and she said good-by, and suddenly reached out and put her hand on my shoulder and added, 'Good luck!' or 'God bless you!' or something like that. And these seemed at the moment quite the usual things to do and say. The doctor in charge and the general's wife apologized for running away, as they called it, and the last I saw of the latter was as she waved back to me from the top of a bus, with just that look of concern over the desperate ride they were beginning which a slightly preoccupied hostess casts over a dinner table about which are seated a number of oddly assorted guests.

The strange procession got away safely at last, and safely, too, so I was told later, across the river; but where they finally spent the night I never heard.

ANYTHING BUT CAPTURE

I hurried down the street and into the Rue Nerviens. It must have been about four o'clock by that time. The bright October morning had changed to a chill and dismal afternoon, and up the western sky in the direction of the river a vast curtain of greasy black smoke was rolling. The petrol tanks which stretched for half a mile or so along the Scheldt had been set afire. It looked at the moment as if the whole city might be going, but there was no time then to think of possibilities, and I slipped down the lee side of the street to the door with the Red Cross flag. The front of the hospital was shut tight. It took several pulls at the bell to bring any one, and inside I found a Belgian family who had left their own house for the thicker ceilings of the hospital, and the nuns back in the wards with their nervous men.

Their servants had left that morning, the three or four sisters in charge had had to do all the cooking and housework as well as look after their patients, and now they were keeping calm and smiling to subdue as best they could the fears of the Belgian wounded, who were ready to jump out of bed, whatever their condition, rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. Each one had no doubt that if he were not murdered outright he would be taken to Germany and forced to fight in the east against the Russians.

Several, who knew very well what was going on outside, had been found by the nurses that morning out of bed and all ready to take to the street.

YET THEY REMAIN

Lest they should hear that their comrades in the Boulevard Léopold had been moved, the lay sister — the English lady — and I withdrew to the operating room, closed the door, and in that curious retreat talked over the situation. No orders had come to leave; in fact, they had been told to stay. They did have a man now in the shape of the Belgian gentleman, and from the same source an able-bodied servant, but how long these would stay, where food was to be found in that desolate city, when the bombardment would cease, and what the Germans would do with them — well, it was not a pleasant situation for a handful of women. But it was not of themselves she was thinking, but of their wounded and of Belgium, and of what both had suffered already and of what might yet be in store. It was of that this frail little sister talked that hopeless afternoon, while the smoke in the west spread farther up the sky, and she would now and then pause in the middle of a syllable while a shell sang overhead, then take it up again.

Meanwhile the light was going, and before it became quite dark and my hotel deserted, perhaps, as the rest of Antwerp, it seemed best to be getting across town. I could not believe that the Germans could treat such a place and people with anything but consideration and told the little nurse so. She came to the edge of the glass-covered court, laughingly saying I had best run across it, and wondering where we, who had met twice now under such curious circumstances, would meet again. Then she turned back to the ward — to wait with that roomful of more or less panicky men for the tramp of German soldiers and the knock on the door which meant that they were prisoners.

FLIGHT OR THE GERMANS?

Hurrying across town, I passed, not far from the Hotel St. Antoine, a blazing four-story building, nearly burned out now, and, like the other Antwerp fires, not spreading beyond its four walls. The cathedral was not touched, and indeed, in spite of the noise and terror, the material damage was comparatively slight. Soldiers were clearing the quay and setting a guard directly in front of our hotel — one of the few places in Antwerp that night where one could get so much as a crust of bread — and behind drawn curtains as usual we made what cheer we could. There were two American photographers and a correspondent who had spent the night before in the cellar of a house, the upper story of which had been wrecked by a shell; a British intelligence officer, with the most bewildering way of hopping back and forth between a brown civilian suit and a spick-and-span new uniform, and several Belgian families hoping to get a boat downstream in the morning.

We sat round the great fire in the hall, above which the architect, building for happier times, had had the bad grace to place a skylight, and discussed the time and means of getting away. The intelligence officer, not wishing to be made a prisoner, was for getting a boat of some sort at the first crack of dawn, and the photographers, who had had the roof blown off over their heads, heartily agreed with him. I did not like to leave without at least a glimpse of those spiked helmets nor to desert my friends in the Rue Nerviens, and yet there was the likelihood, if one remained, of being marooned indefinitely in the midst of the conquering army.

EVEN THE BRITISH

Meanwhile the flight of shells continued, a dozen or more fires could be seen from the upper windows of the hotel, and billows of red flame from the burning petrol tanks rolled up the southern sky. It had been what might be called a rather full day, and the wail of approaching projectiles began to get a bit on one's nerves. One started at the slamming of a door, took every dull thump for a distant explosion, and when we finally turned in, I carried the mattress from my room, which faced the south, over to the other side of the building and laid it on the floor beside another man's bed. Before a shell could reach me it would have to traverse at least three partitions and possibly him as well.

After midnight the bombardment quieted, but shells continued to visit us from time to time all night. All night the Belgians were retreating across the pontoon bridge, and once — it must have been about two or three o'clock — I heard a

sound which meant that all was over. It was the crisp tramp — different from the Belgian shuffle — of British soldiers, and up from the street came an English voice: 'Best foot forward, boys!' and a little farther on: 'Look alive, men; they've just picked up our range!'

I went to the window and watched them tramp by — the same men we had seen that morning. The petrol fire was still flaming across the south, a steamer of some sort was burning at her wharf beside the bridge — Napoleon's veterans retreating from Moscow could scarcely have left behind a more complete picture of war than did those young recruits.

THE FRENZY OF RETREAT

Morning came dragging up out of that dreadful night, smoky, damp, and chill. It was almost a London fog that lay over the abandoned town. I had just packed up and was walking through one of the upper halls when there was a crash that shook the whole building, the sound of falling glass, and out in the river a geyser of water shot up, timbers and boards flew from the bridge, and there were dozens of smaller splashes as if from a shower of shot. I thought that the hotel was hit at last and that the Germans, having let civilians escape over the bridge, were turning everything loose, determined to make an end of the business. It was, as a matter of fact, the Belgians blowing up the bridge to cover their retreat. In any case it seemed useless to stay longer, and within an hour, on a tug jammed with the last refugees, we were starting downstream.

Behind us, up the river, a vast curtain of lead-colored smoke from the petrol tanks had climbed up the sky and spread out mushroom-wise, as smoke and ashes sometimes spread out from a volcano. This smoke, merging with the fog and the smoke from the Antwerp fires, seemed to cover the whole sky. And under that sullen mantle the dark flames of the petrol still glowed; to the left was the blazing skeleton of the ship, and on the right Antwerp itself, the rich, old, beautiful, comfortable city, all but hidden, and now and then sending forth the boom of an exploding shell like a groan.

A large empty German steamer, the *Gneisenau,* marooned here since the war, came swinging slowly out into the river, pushed by two or three nervous little tugs — to be sunk there, apparently, in midstream. From the pontoon bridge, which stubbornly refused to yield, came explosion after explosion, and up and down the river fires sprang up, and there were other explosions, as the crushed Belgians, in a sort of rage of devastation, became their own destroyers.

WHAT TO THINK OF

By following the adventures of one individual I have endeavored to suggest what the bombardment of a modern city was like — what you might expect if an invading army came to-morrow to New York or Chicago or San Francisco. I have only coasted along the edges of Belgium's tragedy, and the rest of the story, of which we were a part for the next two days — the flight of those hundreds of thousands of homeless people — is something that can scarcely be told — you must follow it out in imagination into its countless uprooted, disorganized lives. You must imagine old people struggling along over miles and miles of country roads; young girls, under burdens a man might not care to bear, tramping until they had to carry their shoes in their hands and go barefoot to rest their unaccustomed feet. You must imagine the pathetic efforts of hundreds of people to keep clean by washing in wayside streams or ditches; imagine babies going without milk because there was no milk to be had; families shivering in damp hedgerows or against haystacks where darkness overtook them; and you must imagine this not on one road, but on every road, for mile after mile over a whole countryside. What was to become of these people when their little supply of food was exhausted? Where could they go? Even if back to their homes, it would be but to lift their hats to their conquerors, never to know but that the next week or month would sweep the tide of war back over them again.

Never in modern times, not in our generation at least, has the world seen anything like that flight — nothing so strange, so overwhelming, so pitiful. And when I say pitiful, you must not think of hysterical women, desperate, trampling men, tears and screams. In all those miles one saw neither complaining nor protestation — at times one might almost have thought it was some vast eccentric picnic. No, it was their orderliness, their thrift and kind-

ness, their unmistakable usefulness, which made the waste and irony of it all so colossal and hideous. Each family had its big round loaves of bread and its pile of hay for the horses, the bags of pears and potatoes; the children had their little dolls, and you would see some tired mother with her big bundle under one arm and some fluffy little puppy in the other. You could not associate them with forty-centimeter shells or burned churches and libraries or anything but quiet homes and peaceable, helpful lives. You could not be swept along by that endless stream of exiles and retain at the end of the day any particular enthusiasm for the red glory of war. And when we crossed the Dutch border that afternoon and came on a village street full of Belgian soldiers, cut off and forced to cross the line, to be interned here, presumably until the war was over, one could not mourn very deeply their lost chances of martial glory as they unslung their rifles and turned them over to the good-natured Dutch guard. They had held back that avalanche long enough, these Belgians, and one felt as one would to see lost children get home again or some one dragged from under the wheels.

IX

THE 'LOST BATTALION'

WILBUR FORREST

[*New York Tribune*, March 2, 1919. By permission.]

After seven days and nights of continuous fighting in the wild tangled underbrush of the Argonne Forest — a type of fighting that compared with the struggles of American forefathers against the Redskins except for modern weapons which made it more terrible — the 77th Division on the early morning of October 2 ran flush against a system of German defense, feverishly built of wire and trenches, studded with machine guns and flanked by artillery. Here the enemy made a desperate fight and the division halted in its advance for breath. This halt for breath, however, was not for long, because at 12:50 o'clock that same afternoon another American attack was launched in liaison with French forces on the left.

In the forefront of the attack was the force commanded by Major Charles S. Whittlesey, under orders to break through and hold at any cost. The force composed elements of two battalions of the 308th Infantry, accompanied by sections from Companies C and D of the 306th Machine Gun Battalion. They forged ahead through the underbrush behind a powerful artillery barrage smashing into and through the German wire defense, suffering about ninety casualties themselves and capturing two officers and twenty-eight men and three machine guns. Sending the prisoners to the rear and continuing ahead, Whittlesey's men encountered the ravine destined for their heroic defense and quickly filtered into it. This was their objective previously planned and they settled down to hold it until elements behind could come up. That night Company K of the 307th Regiment succeeded in joining Whittelsey, but they were all, for elements on the right and left of the Whittlesey force had not advanced so far as Whittlesey in the general attack, and the Germans were able to refilter in behind Whittlesey, joining up their line where he had broken it and cutting him off from the rear.

Imagine a small ditch such as a plow might make, with broken, irregular sides and at the bottom a trickling, muddy stream, and then magnify that in the imagination perhaps a million times, with scraggly but thick brushwood on the slopes, and you have some idea of the ravine of death where the 'Lost Battalion' experienced its six-day nightmare. The ravine proper was perhaps 500 yards long, plugged at the upper end by another slope which made it actually not a ravine at all but a sort of gigantic V-shaped blind alley, the lower end of which sloped out into a flat stretch of marshy ground, interrupted quite some distance beyond by another wooded hill.

On the northern slope of the V-shaped blind ravine a wagon road leads into the rocky soil, leaving a steep slope upward from the trickling stream, fed by a spring somewhere in the hills, to the road. Then upward from the road again is almost a perpendicular rocky wall to the crest some twenty feet above.

It was on the northern slope and into the sides of the rocky wall along the road — the Viergette-Binarville road it is called — that most of Whittlesey's men dug their foxholes for the night.

Machine guns were posted to sweep the valley and protect the flanks, and, though no man had carried either blanket, pack or overcoat, all were fairly comfortable and unmolested by the enemy.

Each man had carried but one day's rations and at daybreak the following morning, October 3, small bodies of men were sent toward the rear for food. Two companies of the battalion, possibly at reduced strength, numbering 250 men, had dug in on the opposite side of the ravine for the night. Consequently one company in command of Lieutenant Wilhelm was sent back to attack toward the rear, thus aiding the other two companies to advance.

Patrols were sent out in other directions with the mission of ascertaining the strength and position of the enemy. They returned, one by one, with reports of Germans everywhere. No liaison was possible.

Later Lieutenant Lenke returned with eighteen men from the company that had been ordered to attack toward the rear with the report that the company had been surrounded by the Germans. A little later Lieutenant Wilhelm returned with a few men making the same report.

Shells had now been falling in the ravine position for some time but doing small damage. The men were well protected in their foxholes on the slope. The two companies across the ravine had joined the main body when a German trench mortar opened fire at close range.

A number of men were sent out to locate and destroy the trench mortar, but they returned to report that heavy machine gun fire balked their mission. They, however, brought back a prisoner who verified for the first time that the enemy in strength had taken up positions between Whittlesey's battalion and the rear. This meant that the men sent back for food would not return. Further information told that the liaison posts — small groups of men dropped from time to time by any advancing troops to carry out communication with the rear — had been broken up.

It was as plain as day that the battalion was surrounded.

It was then that a hollow square was formed, a fringe of men on all four sides of this boxed-in ravine to ward off attack from all directions. A carrier pigeon was loosed to report the situation to regimental headquarters. This bird was the 'Lost Battalion's' only liaison — the only hope for what proved during the next five days to be an island of heroic grit, completely surrounded by savage enemies.

As darkness settled down that night enemy voices were heard. Dark forms were seen flitting through the undergrowth around the sides of the hollow square. It was evident that the enemy was binding his hold on the position by bringing up reinforcements, and men in our ranks who understood German ascertained from the gutturals that the enemy was preparing to attack.

It was from the crest above the La Viergette-Binarville roadway that much of the talking came through the darkness. From this point it appeared that action was coming. And it came after two or three guttural commands in the form of scores of hand grenades thrown from above into the foxholes on the slope below. The fusillade continued for some time. The Americans under orders passed down the line, remained steady, but each man was ready, with his rifle loaded and finger on the trigger. Many had been wounded and some killed in the hand grenade attack, but the former as effectively as the latter stilled their tongues.

Emboldened by the inactivity on the American side, the Germans began to prepare for another attack. This time they came out of their cover, their forms silhouetting hazily over the top of the ridge. Suddenly an order was given on the American side, and every rifle cracked. Howls of anguish were heard from above, and it was evident that the enemy's boldness had been the undoing of at least several of his number.

The stabs of light from the American rifles was a signal awaited by enemy machine gunners on the opposite side of the ravine. They cut loose viciously, attempting to sweep clean every yard of ground from which the flashes came. Nine men of two relief parties that left battalion headquarters at the head of the ravine fell before they reached the scene of action. But eventually the machine gunners ceased fire, except for occasional bursts, and the night passed without further startling incident for the beleaguered men.

Daylight, October 4, brought realization to all that the situation was desperate.

Famine began to stalk within the ranks. It was too plain that starvation stared all in the face. Patrols sent from time to time into the German lines had all failed to pass through. The total strength of the American force, 679 at the beginning, had dwindled to 520.

Heavy German trench mortar shells fell into the ravine at intervals. Bursts of machine gun fire continued. The Germans resorted to tricks. English speaking Germans sent a fake message into the American line that a general retirement had been ordered. One man actually arose from his foxhole and started to retire. An officer stopped him. His move had been the move that German 'cleverness' had dictated for the entire American force. A German plan, once laid in the methodic German mind, cannot fail. Therefore the move made by the credulous soldier was the move which the Germans expected every man to make, and when sufficient time had elapsed for all the Americans to be standing, hell broke loose.

Over the cliff in front hand grenades rained, as on previous occasions, and from the two sides, and rear machine guns opened up as if by a given signal. But for the steadiness of officers and men, who saw through the fake retirement order, many would have been standing erect. easy targets for that simultaneous fusillade of lead and high explosives.

Later a false gas mask order was shouted from the left. It was so obviously of German pronunciation that the nearest doughboy fired and, judging from a howl that came back through the brushwood, he got his man.

Throughout that night sniping and grenade throwing was the general order. Machine guns occasionally burst forth in answer to the flash of an American soldier's rifle. It was the same hollow square of Americans, but a rapidly thinning square, fighting, surrounded, without much hope against a horde of Teutonic savages who sought by every means to destroy them. A rustle in the underbrush was answered by the 'ping' of an American rifle. This brought down fire from all directions on the American, who crouched lower in his foxhole.

Jeers in broken English reached the ears of the officers and men. They yelled back their answers in plainer English — an expressive English or, more typically American, an English that seldom appears in print.

Daylight came and went. Chilly rain fell. We lost all track of time. Many a foxhole sheltered a dead man. Others lay sprawling in grotesque attitudes on the hillside, literally blown from their shelters by the big trench mortar shells which the enemy threw into the position at intervals night and day. Those who lived, lived in agony. Of food there was none. Water existed but it trickled fiendishly and tantalizingly in that swampy little creek at the bed of the ravine, and to reach it meant death by day. At night the enemy sprayed this creek and the water-filled shellholes below with machine gun fire, and to get water at night meant death in the majority of cases.

Many of the brave youths crept from their foxholes after darkness and wormed their way slowly down the ravine side. Some returned with their canteens full which they shared with their nearest comrades, but others paid with their lives, and daylight saw them down there stark and stiff in death on the edge of that devilish stream.

Throughout those last few days the officers and men suffered all the tortures of hell and worse. Chilled through and without any sort of covering, weakened physically from lack of food and water, subjected to bursts of hateful fire which seemed to rake every yard of ground they occupied, all suffered torture. The man killed outright by a bullet or shell fragment was envied by his comrade who was struck and lived. Bandages were exhausted early, and it was necessary for the two remaining members of the medical detachment to search the dead for their emergency dressings. They did this, heroically crawling from corpse to corpse until they found sufficient material, then back to the wounded to dress their hurts, sometimes gaping shell wounds which they knew it was useless to touch.

On October 5, an American airplane circled high over the ravine. White panels had been placed on the ground near Major Whittlesey's shelter, but through the trees it seemed improbable that the aviator might see them. Some time later, however, American artillery fire from guns miles away began to crash on the ridge of the hill to the south, and creeping slowly down the slope the barrage plainly

caught a mass of the enemy gathered there presumably for an attack. Their bodies and pieces thereof were hurled into the air and wild screams sounded in the din of the explosives. It was a cheering but equally anxious moment for the survivors of the 'Lost Battalion' huddled there on the opposite slope.

The barrage which played stationary for some time in the enemy position moved forward down toward the bottom of the ravine, and it appeared that it would mount the opposite slope into the American foxholes. But something intervened at that moment. The barrage lifted as if guided by an unseen hand, and 'hopping' the northern slope completely came down again with a multitude of crashes on the crest of the northern slope. Here again it caught the enemy — the jeering grenade throwers atop the cliff — and it scattered them as it crept northward. Their howls were heard for some time afterward in the American line, and these were the howls of agony and death.

Even now it is still unknown to survivors of the 'Lost Battalion' here whether that American airplane saw and reported their exact position, or whether it was just plain Providence which directed that marvelous barrage.

On the previous night a faint ray of hope sprang into the breasts of the beleaguered men as they distinguished the faint 'tat-tat-tat' of Chauchats — the light machine gun adopted from the French — somewhere to the south. The Chauchat has a distinctive sound, a different 'crack' from other machine guns, and these sounds seemed to tell that a relieving force might be on its way. But by daylight the crack of Chauchats died away and no reinforcements came.

Following their experience in the American barrage, the Germans moved scores of additional machine guns to the southern ridge and started a barrage of bullets across the ravine into the American position which seemed intent on wiping out all life. Showers of leaden pellets chewed up the rocky soil, searching almost every foot, penetrating the shelters, killing and wounding many.

That night weakened men, further weakened by wounds, filled the darkness with uncanny moans — they could n't help it. Things seemed to be nearing the end. Ammunition, like food, was practically exhausted. Men were beginning to take desperate chances for food. One crawled into the enemy line and came back with a morsel of black bread he had taken from an enemy corpse. Another found a strip of bacon rind in his pocket which he had carried to soften some scratches on his hand. He divided it with a companion and they ate their first bite in several days. Others dug roots from the hard soil and tried to get nourishment from them.

October 6 dawned with an overcast sky and eventually rain. It was Sunday. No one knew it was Sunday, but it was a day of near despair, when it took strong men to believe that anything remained but death. From information I have gathered here in Château Villain, however, I am convinced that not one man thought of surrender.

The firing from the south seemed a trifle nearer that day, but there were many things to indicate that reinforcements could never arrive in time. American airplanes loomed over the ravine occasionally, dropping parcels of food, but never in the ravine itself. With terrible regularity these parcels fell in the enemy lines, and it was too plain that the aviators were mistaking the Germans' positions for American. They were feeding the Boche. Starving Americans were being denied American food!

Heavy trench mortar shells continued to fall in the ravine. German machine guns redoubled their firing. This firing deprived the 'Lost Battalion' of the last two officers of the machine gun detachment. Both were killed. It was discovered that but one of the nine American machine guns remained in action. Ammunition for this remaining gun was all but gone. Dead men lay unburied almost everywhere within the hollow square. The moans of the wounded had almost ceased. Most of them were dead. About 275 pitiful survivors existed from among nearly 700 who advanced into the ravine some days before. But the survivors, every man, realized why they advanced into the 'ravine of death' — to take and hold it, and they were doing just that.

On the morning of October 7, Monday, nine men had slipped out into the German lines in a desperate effort to collect one of the food parcels dropped by the airplanes. They had encountered a German outpost and five were killed, the remainder

wounded or captured. During the afternoon a figure, dirty and bedraggled, carrying an unloaded rifle to which a white rag had been tied, was brought before Major Whittlesey. The battalion commander was conferring with Captain McMurtry and Captain Holderman at the time. The man was a survivor of the food patrol and he bore a message from the German commander:

'To the commanding officer, —— Infantry, 77th American Division.

'Sir: The bearer of this present, Private ————, has been taken prisoner by us. He refused to give the German intelligence officer any answer to his questions and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

'He has been charged against his will, believing that he is doing wrong to his country, to carry forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the battalion of the 77th Division with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more, in view of the present conditions.

'The suffering of your wounded men can be heard over here in the German lines and we are appealing to your humane sentiments to stop. A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat Private ———— as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

'THE GERMAN COMMANDING OFFICER.'

Whittlesey read the note and passed it to McMurtry. The latter read and passed it to Holderman. No one spoke. Whittlesey passed out of the dugout and picked up some white panels placed on the ground to attract American aeroplanes. White flags were repulsive. He reëntered the dugout. Still no one spoke. Clearly the appeal to 'humane sentiments' had n't penetrated.

Contrary to many reports, Whittlesey did not write a note and send it back saying 'Go to hell!' He sent no note. But a 'go to hell' sentiment was that which spread over the hillside as the news of the German message was whispered from foxhole to foxhole. Weakened voices yelled it into the German lines, and they yelled worse. What they yelled would n't set well in print, but it was the sentiment, the American sentiment.

Later in the day something that put more life into the heroic band of survivors than anything they had experienced was the growing sound of machine gun and rifle fire, unmistakably American, coming from the south. Men wept and set their jaws firmer together.

Evidently the Germans heard these sounds, too. And they played their last card — liquid fire. This was the height of 'humane sentiment' against men they knew had fought a heroic battle and were brave enough to fight it out until none remained, if need be.

Jets of liquid flame, accompanied by steady streams of machine gun, rifle bullets and grenades, struck at the American left flank. With oaths too terrible and weird to repeat, the survivors rushed to the defense of the menaced side of the hollow square and fought like supermen. The remaining machine gun poured its leaden streams into the fire bearers at pointblank range. Rifles worked as fast as cartridges could be pumped into the chambers. The attack failed. The enemy withdrew, but in almost every case the flame throwers remained dead upon the ground, with their 'humane' weapons shooting flame, weaker and weaker, harmlessly into the brush, into the air.

An officer later that night reported to Major Whittlesey. He was a strange officer, unknown to the battalion. He was of the 307th Infantry Regiment, which had fought its way first to the relief of the 'Lost Battalion.' His men were lying in the woods on the right flank. A brief time afterward elements of the 308th Regiment came through from the south. They carried food and ammunition. An effort was made by Major Whittlesey to keep the full news of the relief from all his men. The Germans still occupied the northern cliff. But the news spread, and by morning the relief was complete, without further opposition from the enemy, who now, placed on a more equal basis, had skulked off through the wood to the north.

The following morning 252 men, some sick or wounded, filed down toward the south for proper care and rest. They were the survivors of the 'Beleaguered Battalion.' No one here in the 77th Division today will admit of the expression 'Lost Battalion.' They say it was 'beleaguered,' but never 'lost.'

X

THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN

HENRY MORGENTHAU

[*World's Work*, September, 1918. Republished in *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story* (Doubleday Page & Co.). By permission.]

We lunched at headquarters, where we were joined by Admiral Usedom, General Mertens, and General Pomiankowsky, the Austrian Military Attaché at Constantinople. The chief note in the conversation was one of absolute confidence in the future. Whatever the diplomats and politicians in Constantinople may have thought, these men, Turks and Germans, had no expectation — at least, their conversation betrayed none — that the Allied fleets would pass their defenses. What they seemed to hope for above everything was that their enemies would make another attack.

'If we could only get a chance at the *Queen Elizabeth!*' said one eager German, referring to the greatest ship in the British Navy, then lying off the entrance. As the Rhine wine began to disappear, their eagerness for the combat increased. 'If the damn fools would only make a landing!' exclaimed one — I quote his precise words.

The Turkish and German officers, indeed, seemed to vie with each other in expressing their readiness for the fray. Probably a good deal of this was bravado, intended for my consumption — indeed, I had private information that their real estimate of the situation was much less reassuring. Now, however, they declared that the war had presented no real opportunity for the German and English navies to measure swords, and for this reason the Germans at the Dardanelles welcomed this chance to try the issue.

Having visited all the important places on the Anatolian side, we took a launch and sailed over to the Gallipoli peninsula. We almost had a disastrous experience on this trip. As we approached the Gallipoli shore, our helmsman was asked if he knew the location of the mine field and if he could steer through the channel. He said 'yes,' and then steered directly for the mines! Fortunately the other men noticed the mistake in time, and so we arrived safely at Kilid-ul-Bahr. The batteries here were of about the same character as those on the other side; they formed one of the main defenses of the Straits. Here everything, so far as a layman could judge, was in excellent condition, barring the fact that the artillery pieces were of old design and the ammunition not at all plentiful.

The batteries showed signs of heavy bombardment. None had been destroyed, but shell holes surrounded the fortification. My Turkish and German friends looked at these evidences of destruction rather seriously, and they were outspoken in their admiration for the accuracy of the Allied fire.

'How do they ever get the range?' This was the question they were asking each other. What made the shooting so remarkable was the fact that it came, not from Allied ships in the Straits, but from ships stationed in the Ægean Sea, on the other side of the Gallipoli peninsula. The gunners had never seen their target, but had had to fire at a distance of nearly ten miles, over high hills, and yet many of their shells had barely missed the batteries at Kilid-ul-Bahr.

When I was there, however, the place was quiet, for no fighting was going on that day. For my particular benefit the officers put one of their gun crews through a drill, so that I could obtain a perfect picture of the behavior of the Turks in action. In their minds' eyes these artillerists now saw the English ships advancing within range, all their guns pointed to destroy the followers of the Prophet. The bugleman blew his horn, and the whole company rushed to their appointed places. Some were bringing shells, others were opening the breeches, others were taking the ranges, others were straining at pulleys, and others were putting the charges into place. Everything was quickness and alertness; evidently the Germans had been excellent instructors, but there was more to it than German military precision, for the men's faces lighted up with all that fanaticism which supplies the morale of Turkish soldiers. These gunners momentarily imagined that they were shooting once more at the infidel English, and the exercise was a congenial one. Above the shouts of all I could hear the sing-song chant of the leader, intoning the prayer with which the Moslem has rushed to battle for thirteen centuries:

'Allah is great, there is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!'

When I looked upon these frenzied men, and saw so plainly written in their faces their uncontrollable hatred of the unbelievers, I called to mind what the Germans had said in the morning about the wisdom of not putting Turkish and German soldiers together. I am quite sure that, had this been done, here at least the 'Holy War' would have proved a success, and that the Turks would have vented their hatred of Christians on those who happened to be nearest at hand, for the moment overlooking the fact that they were allies.

I returned to Constantinople that evening, and two days afterward, on March 18th, the Allied fleet made its greatest attack. As all the world knows, that attack proved disastrous to the Allies. The outcome was the sinking of the *Bouvet,* the *Ocean,* and the *Irresistible,* and the serious crippling of four other vessels. Of the sixteen ships engaged in this battle of the 18th, seven were thus put temporarily or permanently out of action. Naturally the Germans and Turks rejoiced over this victory. The police went around, and ordered householders each to display a prescribed number of flags in honor of the event. The Turkish people have so little spontaneous patriotism or enthusiasm of any kind that they would never decorate their establishments without such definite orders! As a matter of fact, neither Germans nor Turks regarded this celebration too seriously, for they were not yet persuaded that they had really won a victory. Most still believed that the Allied fleets would succeed in forcing their way through. The only question, they said, was whether the Entente was ready to sacrifice the necessary number of ships. Neither Wangenheim nor Pallavicini believed that the disastrous experience of the 18th would end the naval attack, and for days they anxiously waited for the fleet to return. This was the general expectation, for no one believed that the Allies, after making this great demonstration, would accept defeat after the loss of only three ships. The high tension lasted for days and weeks after the repulse of the 18th. We were still momentarily expecting the renewal of the attack. But the great armada never returned.

Should it have come back? Could the Allied ships really have captured Constantinople? I am constantly asked this question. As a layman, my own opinion can have little value, but I have quoted the opinions of the German generals and admirals, and of the Turks — practically all of whom excepting Enver, believed that the enterprise would succeed, and I am half-inclined to believe that Enver's attitude was merely a case of graveyard whistling. In what I now have to say on this point, therefore, I wish it understood that I am not giving my own views, but merely those of the officials then in Turkey who were best qualified to judge.

Enver had told me, in our talk on the deck of the *Yuruk,* that he had 'plenty of guns — plenty of ammunition.' But this statement was not true. A glimpse at the map will show why Turkey was not receiving munitions from Germany or Austria at that time. The fact was that Turkey was just as completely isolated from her allies then as was Russia. There were two railroad lines leading from Constantinople to Germany. One went by way of Bulgaria and Serbia. Bulgaria was then not an ally; even though she had winked at the passage of guns and shells, this line could not have been used, since Serbia, which controlled the vital link extending from Nish to Belgrade, was still intact. The other railroad line went through Rumania, by way of Bucharest. This route was independent of Serbia, and, had the Rumanian Government consented, it would have formed a clear route from the Krupps to the Dardanelles. The fact that munitions could be sent off with the connivance of the Rumanian Government perhaps accounts for the suspicion that guns and shells were going by that route. Day after day the French and British ministers protested at Bucharest against this alleged violation of neutrality, only to be met with angry denials that the Germans were using this line. There is no doubt now that the Rumanian Government was perfectly honorable in making these denials. It is not unlikely that the Germans themselves started all these stories, merely to fool the Allied fleet into the belief that their supplies were inexhaustible.

Let us suppose that the Allies had returned, say on the morning of the nineteenth, what would have happened? The one overwhelming fact is that the fortifications were very short of ammunition.

They had almost reached the limit of their resisting powers when the British fleet passed out on the afternoon of the 18th. I had secured permission for Mr. George A. Schreiner, the well-known American correspondent of the Associated Press, to visit the Dardanelles on this occasion. On the night of the 18th, this correspondent discussed the situation with General Mertens, who was the chief technical officer at the Straits. General Mertens admitted that the outlook was very discouraging.

'We expect that the British will come back early tomorrow morning,' he said, 'and if they do we may be able to hold out for a few hours.'

General Mertens did not declare in so many words that the ammunition was practically exhausted, but Mr. Schreiner discovered that such was the case. The fact was that Fort Hamidié the most powerful defense on the Asiatic side, had just seventeen armor-piercing shells left, while at Kilid-ul-Bahr, which was the main defense on the European side, there were precisely ten.

'I should advise you to get up at six o'clock tomorrow morning,' said General Mertens, 'and take to the Anatolian Hills. That 's what we are going to do.'

The troops at all the fortifications had their orders to man the guns until the last shell had been fired, and then to abandon the forts.

Once these defenses became helpless, the problem of the Allied fleet would have been a simple one. The only bar to their progress would have been the mine-field, which stretched from a point about two miles north of Erenkeui to Kilid-ul-Bahr. But the Allied fleet had plenty of minesweepers, which could have made a channel in a few hours. North of Tchanak, as I have already explained, there were a few guns, but they were of the 1878 model, and could not discharge projectiles that could pierce modern armor plate. North of Point Nagara there were only two batteries, and both dated from 1835! Thus, once having silenced the outer Straits, there was nothing to bar the passage to Constantinople except the German and Turkish warships. The *Goeben* was the only first-class fighting ship in either fleet, and it would not have lasted long against the *Queen Elizabeth*. The disproportion in the strength of the opposing fleets, indeed, was so enormous that it is doubtful whether there would ever have been an engagement.

Thus the Allied fleet would have appeared before Constantinople on the morning of the 20th. What would have happened then? We have heard much discussion as to whether this purely naval attack was justified. Enver, in his conversation with me, had laid much stress on the absurdity of sending a fleet to Constantinople, supported by no adequate landing force, and much of the criticism passed upon the Dardanelles expedition since has centered on that point. Yet it is my opinion that this purely naval attack was justified. I base this judgment purely upon the political situation which then existed in Turkey. Under ordinary circumstances such an enterprise would probably have been a foolish one, but the political conditions in Constantinople then were not ordinary. There was no solidly established government in Turkey at that time. A political committee, not exceeding forty members, headed by Talaat, Enver, and Djemal, controlled the central government, but their authority throughout the empire was exceedingly tenuous. As a matter of fact the whole Ottoman state, on that eighteenth of March, 1915, when the Allied fleet abandoned the attack, was on the brink of dissolution. All over Turkey ambitious chieftains had arisen, who were momentarily expecting the fall, and who were looking for the opportunity to seize their parts of the inheritance. As previously described, Djemal had already organized practically an independent government in Syria. In Smyrna Rahmi Bey, the Governor-General, had often disregarded the authorities in the capital. In Adrianople Hadji Adil, one of the most courageous Turks of the time, was making his plans to set up an independent government. Arabia was already practically an independent nation. Among the subject races the spirit of revolt was rapidly spreading. The Greeks and the Armenians would also have welcomed an opportunity to strengthen the hands of the Allies. The existing financial and industrial conditions seemed to make revolution inevitable. Many farmers went on strike; they had no seeds, and would not accept them as a free gift from the Government because, they said, as soon as their crops should be garnered

the armies would immediately requisition them. As for Constantinople, the populace there and the best elements among the Turks, far from opposing the arrival of the Allied fleet, would have welcomed it with joy. The Turks themselves were praying that the British and French would take their city, for this would relieve them of the controlling gang, and emancipate them from the hated Germans, bring about peace, and end their miseries.

No one understood this better than Talaat. He was taking no chances on making an expeditious retreat, in case the Allied fleet appeared before the city. For several months the Turkish leaders had been casting envious glances at a Minerva automobile that had been reposing in the Belgian Legation ever since Turkey's declaration of war. Talaat finally obtained possession of the coveted prize. He had obtained somewhere another automobile, which he had loaded with extra tires, gasoline, and all the other essentials of a protracted journey. This was evidently intended to accompany the more pretentious machine as a kind of 'mother ship.' Talaat stationed these automobiles on the Asiatic side of the city with chauffeurs constantly at hand. Everything was prepared to leave for the interior of Asia at a moment's notice.

But the great Allied armada never returned to the attack.

About a week after this momentous defeat, I happened to drop in at the German Embassy. Wangenheim had a distinguished visitor whom he had asked me to meet. I went into his private office, and there was von der Goltz Pasha, recently returned from Belgium, where he had served as governor. I must admit that, meeting Goltz thus informally, I had difficulty in reconciling his personality with all the stories that were then coming out of Belgium. That morning this mild-mannered, spectacled gentleman seemed sufficiently quiet and harmless. Nor did he look his age — he was then about seventy-four; his hair was only streaked with gray, and his face was almost unwrinkled; I should not have taken him for more than sixty-five. The austerity and brusqueness and ponderous dignity which are assumed by most highly placed Germans were not apparent. His voice was deep, musical, and pleasing, and his manners were altogether friendly and ingratiating. The only evidence of pomp in his bearing was his uniform; he was dressed as a field-marshal, his body blazing with decorations and gold braid. Von der Goltz explained and half-apologized for his regalia by saying that he just returned from an audience with the Sultan. He had come to Constantinople to present his majesty a medal from the Kaiser, and was taking back to Berlin a similar mark of consideration from the Sultan to the Kaiser, besides an imperial present of 10,000 cigarettes.

The three of us sat there for some time, drinking coffee, eating German cakes, and smoking German cigars. I did not do much of the talking, but the conversation of von der Goltz and Wangenheim seemed to me to shed much light upon the German mind, and especially on the trustworthiness of German military reports. The aspect of the Dardanelles fight that interested them most at that time was England's complete frankness in publishing her losses. That the British Government should issue an official statement, saying that three ships had been sunk and that four others had been badly damaged, struck them as most remarkable. In this announcement I merely saw a manifestation of the usual British desire to make public the worst — the policy which we Americans also believe to be the best in war times. But no such obvious explanation could satisfy these wise and solemn Teutons. No, England had some deep purpose in telling the truth so unblushingly; what could it be?

'*Es ist ausserordentlich!*' (It is extraordinary) said von der Goltz, referring to England's public acknowledgment of defeat.

'*Es ist unerhört!*' It is unheard of) declared the equally astonished Wangenheim.

These master diplomatists canvassed one explanation after another, and finally reached a conclusion that satisfied the higher strategy. England, they agreed, really had had no enthusiasm for this attack, because, in the event of success, she would have had to hand Constantinople over to Russia — something which England really did not intend to do. By publishing the losses, England showed Russia the enormous difficulties of the task; she had demonstrated, indeed, that the enterprise was impossible. After such losses,

England intended Russia to understand that she had made a sincere attempt to gain this great prize of war and expected her not to insist on further sacrifices.

The sequel to this great episode in the war came in the winter of 1915–16. By this time Bulgaria had taken sides with the Entente, Serbia had been overwhelmed, and the Germans had obtained a complete unobstructed railroad line from Constantinople to Austria and Germany. Huge Krupp guns now began to come over this line — all destined for the Dardanelles. Sixteen great batteries, of the latest model, were emplaced near the entrance, completely controlling Sedd-ul-Bahr. The Germans lent the Turks 500,000,000 marks, much of which was spent defending this indispensable highway. The thinly fortified Straits through which I passed in March, 1915, are now as impregnably fortified as Heligoland. It is doubtful if all the fleets in the world could force the Dardanelles today.

XI

THE MEDITERRANEAN, THE LAST STAND OF THE SUBMARINE

HERMAN WHITAKER

[*Century Magazine*, November, 1918. By permission. Republished in *Hunting the German Shark*, N. Y., 1918, Century Co.]

With a slow, lazy roll, our boat laid her slim cheek against a warm wave, then lifted it, all wet and glistening, into the last rich rays of the sun. Far off, fully eighty miles to port, a Spanish mountain raised its golden head from behind the curve of the sea. To starboard the African coast loomed in a dusky heat haze. On our beam the convoy of twenty ships steamed in double line across a violet sea, their oil smoke streaming in black velvet pennons across the smoldering sky. While the great crimson ball of the sun hung poised on the horizon, a patrol-boat sailed across its face at the exact distance required to bring out the hull, spars, masts, and ropes in black silhouette, as if stamped by a die on a medal of fire. It was wonderfully beautiful. Its quiet loveliness laid a spell of silence even on the sailor lads who were skylarking astern. Over the ship fell a hush that was broken only by the heart-beat of the screw.

'Yachting in the Mediterranean.' The officer on the bridge broke the long silence. 'This is what your millionaire pays his good money for.'

In our case it was literally true; for our boat, a converted yacht in the Mediterranean fleet of the United States, was said before the war to be the finest yacht in the world. Then she was a sailor's dream of polished wood, brass, and copper, her decks snow-white from a daily bleach of squeezed lemons. It spoiled a million dollars a year to keep her in commission and entertain the princes, presidents, and kings who used her for a playground.

Generally she lay at Kiel, and one of her officers possesses an engraved card of invitation to the great annual ball after the Kiel Regatta, signed by his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser. Another American officer occupies the beautiful stateroom in which the Kaiser often slept, and the steward who used to wait upon him was still on board when the yacht was taken into government service. He told many an interesting story of the days when the Kaiser and King Edward sat at opposite ends of the ward-room table now used — the irony of events! — by American officers busily engaged in hunting down his Imperial Majesty's U-boats. He said that the Kaiser appeared to be very fond of his uncle — which affords a revealing glimpse of his character; for we know that even in those days he was plotting to enslave the world and bind England with German-forged chains.

While we stood on the bridge talking, some of his Imperial Majesty's latest work went floating by in the shape of torpedoed wreckage; and as the sky glow passed through every shade of crimson and rose to deepest saffron, and the sea's violet deepened to indigo, my companion laid before me the problem of the Mediterranean.

'Conditions here are ideal for U-boat operations. The Mediterranean is a bottle two thousand miles in length, with a neck at each end, and squeezed thin in the middle between Sicily and the African coast. Through the bottle neck at Gibraltar at one end, the Suez Canal at the other, passes a large trade. To understand its volume, just draw a line from Canada to Gibraltar; another from Cape Horn. Into that great triangle pours not

only the trade of the Americas and the Panama Canal, but into it, also, comes the West African trade from the south; the British, French, and Scandinavian from the north; all of the world's trade for the far East and those dozen nations that have sea borders along the Mediterranean. After passing in at Gibraltar, this stream of ships cannot diverge very widely; for, though, as you know, we are a day's sail from Gib, Africa and Spain are both in sight. And the stream must concentrate again between Sicily and Africa. This makes good hunting for U-boats. They have two fat chances, coming and going, at every ship.

'The neutrality of Spain, again, favors the U-boats — though not to the extent one might suppose. It is true they can, and no doubt do, obtain fresh food supplies from Spanish fishermen. The length of a U-boat's cruise, however, is not determined by fuel or food. Of these she carries sufficient for the longest cruise. But when her torpedoes and ammunition are exhausted, she must return to her base at Pola or Cattaro in the Adriatic. Spain's chief use to the U-boat is as a city or refuge to which it can fly from immediate pursuit, or intern if badly damaged.

'Lastly, when Germany threw a strangler's cord of U-boats around the British Isles in a desperate attempt to throttle her commerce, it took every sailor and ship England could muster to keep her own ports open and Germany's closed. After we came into the war, it became still more necessary to guard the American transport lines. Accordingly, the fastest and best ships were naturally used for that service, leaving less important areas to be guarded by slower boats.'

I had already seen our fleet — perhaps the most remarkable that was ever swept together by a strenuous emergency. Add to a score of converted yachts half a dozen Coast Guard vessels; a few old destroyers; a couple of ice-breakers drawn from service in Northern harbors; a gunboat built especially for use on Chinese rivers, with cigarette funnels almost as tall as her masts; a vessel that fired the first gun in the Spanish-American war; mix well, and throw in a seasoning of 'chasers' and submarines, and you have our Mediterranean fleet.

Of the destroyers, one had lain at the bottom of the ocean for six months, and would have been there yet if the dire need for ships had not caused her resurrection. Most of the others had served for years in the Philippines, under orders never, never, *never* to venture beyond swimming distance from the land. It is said, indeed, that a machinist's mate was tried by general court-martial for inadvertently dropping a monkey-wrench through one ship's bottom; but, though this, perhaps, ought to be taken as a figure of speech, it conveys a fair idea of their condition when the war came along and knocked the doctrine of safety first into a cocked hat.

Half way round the world, through the China and Indian seas, they had come by way of Suez, meeting some savage weather on the way. From a few stray observations, I gathered that the trip must have been quite Homeric. But, when cross-examined, all their commander could remember was that he had 'bought the finest lace you ever saw at Malta.' However, such as they are, here they are, setting the pace for the Coast Guard.

Between the latter service and the Navy, by the way, exists an ancient rivalry, which is expressed in a saying: 'When the Navy runs for port, the Coast Guard puts to sea!' The feeling undoubtedly bases in pride of ancestry: for your true blue Coast Guardsman proudly traces his lineage back to Noah, who ran the Ark on the first patrol around the peak of Ararat. His service, he asserts, was quite mildewed with age before the 'upstart Navy' put to sea in the first basket coracle calked with clay. The Navy, on the other hand, holds the Coast Guard in tolerance as a sort of hybrid, half animal, half fish — a composite between a lighthouse-keeper and a revenue shark. Nevertheless, here Coast Guard and Navy have fused so completely that it is impossible to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

Working in perfect harmony, they are getting results; for not a boat of them — ice-breakers, ramshackle destroyers, China steamers, yachts — is averaging less than four thousand steaming miles a month. The yacht under my feet had done her fifty-six hundred in the last thirty days — twice the distance between Liverpool and New York.

Blow high, blow low, they ran their convoys last winter through black night rains, bitter frosts, dreaded fogs, half the

length of the Mediterranean, and from the Strait of Gibraltar fourteen hundred miles northward to British and French ports: for the stream of ships, the Allies' arterial blood, must be kept in circulation.

A radio exchange between one yacht and her consort during a Biscay storm eloquently explains that hard winter's work:

'I am in sinking condition. Please stand by to help.'

To which the other replied:

'Am sinking myself.'

Both were awash below, about due to founder, when a sudden break in the storm saved them.

The record of lives lost last winter also tells the tale of hardship and danger — of American lives paid to insure the delivery of Allied supplies. The converted yacht *Alcedo*, torpedoed in French waters; the destroyer *Jacob Jones*, sunk by the U-53 in the English Channel; the *Chauncey*, with a loss of life of over one hundred, were part of the price. From other ships twenty-two men were washed overboard and drowned; and many others have had marvelous escapes.

One lad, washed overboard in a black night storm, was thought to be hopelessly lost till a voice hailed the watch from under the stern. He had caught the log-line, which trails a couple of hundred feet behind, and hauled himself along it.

Another escape was still more marvelous. Washed overboard at night from a destroyer, this particular lad was heaved by a wave on to the deck of another vessel half a mile astern. When restored to his own ship at the end of the voyage, his captain thus addressed him:

'Young man, you have used up all the luck you will have in all your life. The Navy is no safe place for you. Take my advice — get out of it as soon as Uncle Sam will let you.'

There is nothing like a night watch on the bridge to produce stories. The quiet and darkness, broken only by the heart-beat of the screw timing the lap of the waves under the bows, provides the ideal atmosphere. One has only to listen to have the whole underseas war unroll like a cinema on the night's warm curtain. My companion had spent an evening before we left port with the commander of the British E-boat that sank the German 'super-submarine' off Cape St. Vincent, and now he told it to me just as it had been given to him:

'It was n't really a super-submarine, though the reports all gave it as that. It was really a bigger sub of the *Deutschland* type. In fact, the "undersea cruiser" the Hun has talked so much about has not yet appeared. Nevertheless, it was some bag, and the "Limey" skipper deserves all the credit he got, for he trailed the critter seventeen hours.

'He ran into the Hun's wake at daybreak. It was a fine, clean wake, so he knew the U-boat could n't be far ahead; but it was late afternoon before he got his first sight. After that he manœuvered four hours more for position and smoked fifty cigarettes before, at dusk, he got the Hun between him and the sunset, so close that she bulked like a dark island against the smoldering sky.

'She was dead ahead, and so near that he could see men walking up and down her deck, enjoying the cool of the evening. As he said: "She was mine. God himself could n't have taken her from me." He watched her for a full minute. Then — he gave her one fish in the bows, another astern. She heaved up like a stricken whale, and sank in a cloud of smoke.'

It was a vivid picture he had drawn — the long, dark hulk against the sunset sky; a tremendous explosion; the dark waves closing over the place where she had been. 'He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword,' the Scriptures tell us. The retribution that overtakes these Hun commanders is swifter than the lightning when it strikes. 'He gave her one fish in the bows, another astern. She sank in a cloud of smoke.'

The executive officer had joined us while we were talking. Now he put in:

'Did you hear of the two U-boats that were sunk coming through the Straits? It was the more important because it settles beyond doubt the question as to whether their base at Zeebrügge was really plugged. They had been cruising in the Bay of Biscay, and received wireless orders not to attempt to return to Zeebrügge, but to proceed to the Mediterranean and base at Pola. Just how the British found it out, I don't know. Moreover, it is none of our business. The point is — they knew just when to expect those subs. One midnight they were de-

3877f

tected coming through the Straits, were followed, and two out of three sunk. There has n't been so much rejoicing at the base since they sank old "Spartel Jack."'

Every base has some Hun commander who has achieved notoriety — usually by differing from the bloody practices of his fellows. In Irish waters it has been 'Kelly,' the one man who fought like a gentleman. In French waters, 'Penmarsh Pete' was the celebrated local character — though his reputation was due to an oyster-like clinging to the rock after which he was named, and his industry in sowing a devil's spawn of mines between dusk and dark in the French ship-channels. Now I heard of 'Spartel Jack,' who held the limelight in the Mediterranean.

Like 'Kelly,' 'Spartel' was a fair fighter, and always warned his ships before sinking them; and, if it was not practicable to tow the boats to land himself, he would wireless their position in to the base. His boat was finally crippled so badly by a depth-bomb that he had to intern at a Spanish port; whereupon a number of 'Limeys' donned civilian clothes and went up to see her. Lo and behold! who should they recognize in 'Jack' but an old acquaintance, a tugboat captain who had served twelve years at the base before the war. He greeted them nicely, but 'grouched' a bit about his internment. He had never liked Spanish cooking! And when the news spread, and more old friends came up to see him, 'Jack' was gone. He had provided the world with another Hun scandal by breaking internment.

Thereafter the old pirate carried on with his sinkings until, not long ago, a depth-mine sent his boat to the bottom. But he did not go with her; for, just as she sank, the hatch flew up and two men leaped out. One was 'Jack' — so badly injured, however, by the explosion that he died a few days later in the base hospital — greatly to the regret of the British, who love a game enemy.

His passing, however, was attended by one of those tragedies that cross-cut all underseas stories. Three English captains, whom 'Jack' was just about ready to take back to Germany, are said to have gone down with his boat.

Genuine human feeling, the despised 'human interest' of the high-brow critic, crops up in many stories. Man that is born of woman must have something to love, and, in lieu of their wives, sisters, and sweethearts, sailors' affections usually center on some dumb animal — preferably a dog.

A boat of castaways, picked up by our yacht, had with them a fine hound bitch that had just given birth to two pups when the ship was torpedoed. One pup was killed by the explosion; but the sailors wrapped the mother and surviving pup in a pea-jacket, and placed them in the boat. But when, hours later, the coat was opened, instead of one, four wiggly puppies raised their heads for a first blink at their mother's world. She, poor creature, died. Whereupon the crew adopted the orphans and brought them up on a bottle. They can still hardly toddle, but their hundred and seven foster-fathers are ready to bet a year's pay as to their ability to whip their weight in kittens.

While the tales were in course, a brilliant tropic moon had sailed up from behind Africa, and now laid a silver finger upon a mass of floating wreckage: the second reminder that evening of the danger that dogs the heels of the fleet. Thoughts of the torpedo that might come crashing at any moment through the side accompanied me down to my stateroom. When the *Alcedo* was torpedoed, at night, her wireless operator was blown out of his bunk through the deck — and, with great presence of mind, ran straight to his post and began to tick off an S. O. S. I remembered it, and fell asleep with a death grip on the sides of my bed, intending the deck and ceiling beams to be well out of my way before I rose.

I gained the deck next morning, however, in the customary manner, to find the convoy steaming through golden sunlight across a bright blue sea. A dirigible that had just come over from Africa soared above, all silver iridescence. It guarded us the greater part of the day, and when it left, a hydroplane came booming like a great insect out from the land, to circle and re-circle the convoy. Others appeared during the remaining three days of our voyage along those pleasant seas; nor left us long alone till we dropped anchor in the harbor of an African port.

With its mosques and minarets, narrow streets which meandered at will under frequent arches into all sorts of blind alleys,

guts, and pockets, it was about as queer a corner of the world as any into which the war has pitched our sailor-boys. Through narrow, barred windows one caught the dark flash of Oriental eyes. Veiled women shuffled past in twos and threes. Within recessed doorways, wonderfully nailed in strange patterns, old Arabs in flowing white burnouses smoked and drank in stately calm that took no heed of the war or civilization's frets.

Sitting, that evening, with the ship's doctor under the portals of a café, I watched the white sailor caps of our boys go bobbing down a polyglot human stream in which the horizon-blue tunics and crimson breeches of the French, English brass and khaki, red and yellow of negroid troops, and various uniforms of Italians and Serbians formed a brilliant setting around the white background of Arab garments. Their bright, clean American faces shone still brighter and cleaner by comparison with the muddy brown visages around them. Cheerful, good-natured, they floated along the human stream, or sat in groups sipping the warm native beer.

To us, sitting there, came one of our ensigns with three 'Limey' officers in tow, commanders of patrol-boats serving with our squadron, than whom the war has produced no braver or hardier set of men. And while that stream of humanity flowed like liquid fire under our eyes, fluxing and flowing in new color combinations, they talked ship talk that was at once both history and romance.

One had served in the North Sea at the beginning of the war, and he told, with a queer little grin, of his experiences:

'At first we had nothing but a three-pound pop-gun to chase Fritz off the waters — and him carrying three-inch guns. On his part, Fritz was n't gunning for small game like us; so, without any *pour-parlers* or conversations, we arrived at a mutual understanding to keep out of each other's way. He did n't bother us unless we interfered with a sinking; then he 'd chase us.

'After we got real guns, of course, we went after him — war to the knife. If he saw us first, that ended it — for us. If it was the other way, up he 'd go in spray and smoke — unless your gunner got rattled, like ours did one day. Fritz had come up less than five hundred yards away — close enough for a woman to hit him with a potato; and we were already beginning to count the prize money, when *bang!* went our first gun.

'That shell is going yet. The next plumped into the water half way. The third did n't miss by more than half a mile. And no doubt, if Fritz had been so obliging as to stand still, we might have got him during the day. But about that time he got busy and threw a torpedo into our stern.

'Up went our depth-mines, of course. The stern gun was blown fully two hundred feet up in the air. I can see it now, sailing like a bird, carriage and all, and looking so darned funny that I laughed out loud. It was really what you writer chaps call a tragic situation, for we were all due to die, and I would n't have believed anything funny could come out of it. But when I saw the skipper shaking his fist in the face of that fool gunner, I had to laugh again.

'"You son-of-a-gun!" he yelled. "Is this why the British government paid two hundred pounds for your education — to shoot up the firmament and plug holes in the sea? If you were n't due to drown in five minutes, I 'd brain you myself. But drown you will, damn you, along with the rest of us."

'He said it! Just then a second torpedo took us in the bows, and sent him, the gun and gunner, up in the air together. The ship just melted; and when things quit raining down, I found myself with the ship's boy clinging to a piece of a deckhouse. About a dozen of the crew were floating among the wreckage, and we had scarcely got the water out of our eyes before the U-boat came shooting down through us, so close that we could see the commander's eyes as he leaned down from the conning-tower.

'"How 's the water?" he called in good English.

'"Cold," the man nearest him answered. "Are n't you going to pick us up?"

'He shook his head. "No. The devil 's been waiting for you chaps a damned long time. You 'll be warm enough pretty soon. You will all be in hell for breakfast."

'He sailed past, then circled and came tearing back, trying to drown us with his wash. Time and again he did it, and

churned up somebody with his screws. The boy and I had drifted out to the edge, and were hanging as low as possible in the water; for already I had sighted smoke on the horizon, and was sure if the Hun saw it he'd machine-gun us right there in the water. But he didn't think it worth his while. The last time he charged through, he swung his thumb over his shoulder.

'"Friend of mine out yonder. I'll have to go. Sorry I can't stay and see your finish. But it won't be long. You'll all be drowned before that chap gets up."

'Most of us were; for during the two hours it took the patrol-boat to come up, the men chilled in that frozen North Sea water, and let go, till none were left but me and the boy. He had stuck it out like a little brick; but now he tried to give in.

'"We're going to drown anyway," he said, "so what's the use of suffering? I'm going to let go and get it over with."

'I could n't have stopped him, for I was all in myself; but I put up a good bluff: "Just try it, you little devil! I'll swim around and tie you there, and skin you raw with a rope's end after I get you on board." And it worked, for he hung on till we were picked up.'

This was one of a dozen similar stories that passed around the table: all dramatic, all on the raw edge of life, where shams and illusions are stripped away and nothing left but fundamentals. While they talked I learned more of the underseas war than one could pick up in a couple of years of actual service; for they were experts, wise in the way of the U-boats. It was they who divided the seafarers for me into two great classes — merchant sailors, the hunted; the U-boats, the hunters; the one just as much the prey of the other as is the deer of the tiger. And the more I heard of the hunters, the more I wondered at the quiet heroism of the hunted.

'Dipped' is their careless slang for being torpedoed. At the base I had met men who had been 'dipped' two, three, four times. One holds the record with nine torpedoings, and emerges each time like a hard-shell Baptist, confirmed in his faith. Though profane, his profession is nevertheless founded on the highest order of patriotism:

'To hell with the U-boats! They can't keep me off the sea.'

Another thing I learned. Just as the air service has its stars, so the underseas war has developed crack commanders on both sides who are known to each other. To 'get' one of the big fellows lifts a green commander at once into the ranks of the stars, and the desire to do it has caused many a daring hazard.

One German commander — a real Hun, for he was a Prussian baron — sent a challenge by the crew of a ship he had torpedoed to an English E-boat man. As in duty bound, the Englishman submitted the letter to his admiral, who promptly refused permission. It is said, however, that the commander received orders, next day, that would take his vessel across the position stated in the Prussian's letter at the hour named. Also, rumor has it that the admiral sat in the radio room till he received the following message:

'While proceeding according to orders, encountered a German U-boat. Sank him.'

The details of this desperate duel would be mighty interesting; but it is doubtful whether they will ever be heard beyond the confines of the place where real naval history is taught — the bars where sailormen congregate.

We sat so late that night, we were already at sea when I came on deck next morning, with a new convoy zigzagging on our beam. The return voyage was quite uneventful. The few submarines mentioned in the 'Allos' were far away. Seamen are great believers in luck, and, because I had been present at the capture of the first German submarine by our flotilla in Irish waters, the entire ship's company had banked on me to produce another. Accordingly, as I sat with the ship's doctor on the deck the last morning at sea, an ensign asked in passing:

'Well, where's our submarine?'

Now, it chanced that for the last hour we had been watching a smooth waterline that paralleled our course. We answered in concert: 'There — at the end of that wake.'

The ensign looked and laughed. 'That's only a tide-slick.'

We, however, remained unconvinced. Twice that day we thought we detected a yellowish oil gleam when our zigzags crossed its course. Nor were we mistaken; for a few hours later in came a radio from a merchantman about twenty miles ahead;

'Submarine chasing me. Send help.'

We replied telling him to hold out till we came up, and received a reply half an hour later:

'Submarine shelling me from six thousand yards. Am replying to his fire.'

Fine old merchantman! We radioed further encouragement while stoking our fires — on fire ourselves at the chance of getting that submarine. But it was not for us. Just as the sun sank, in a cloud glory of amber and gold, came the last message:

'Have landed three shells on submarine at three thousand yards. It sank in cloud of smoke.'

So Fritz does not have it all his own way, for many U-boats are sunk by fighting merchantmen. Neither do all the torpedoed ships reported by U-boat commanders go to the bottom. Many limp into port with severe injuries. One I saw in an African harbor had a hole in her side forty-two feet wide and twenty-seven high, broad and high enough to drive four trains through abreast. Holes twenty feet square are quite common, and many ships are either beached after being torpedoed, or go down in water so shallow that they are easily salvaged.

From January, 1915, to December, 1917, two hundred and sixty-seven ships were salvaged by the British in their home waters. But this year, owing to improved methods, one hundred and forty-seven ships were salvaged in five months. The French Minister of Marine told us recently that Allied tonnage restored to the sea by repaired ships has exceeded five hundred thousand tons weekly. In one week Great Britain repaired five hundred and ninety-eight thousand tons, while France restored two hundred and sixty thousand tons in one month. Some of these ships were brought up from depths of ninety feet; and the service, which is constantly becoming more efficient, is now being extended to foreign waters.

Neither do the omens in the Mediterranean portend good for Fritz. During my month there, three U-boats were sunk by the British alone, and a fourth was so badly crippled that it had to intern at a Spanish port; and, day by day, newer and swifter boats are being added to the Allied fleets.

Now that Zeebrügge is closed, indeed, Pola and Cattaro alone remain to be dealt with. Tactically, the problem is quite simple. At its mouth the Adriatic is only forty-five miles wide, and a chain of patrol-boats with guns, listening apparatus, and depth-mines is now stretched across it. Henceforth Fritz is going to find it very difficult to get out to his hunting-grounds; in fact, one of him was sunk trying it just the other day. Judging from the exclamation of a commander of ours who has still to get his 'sub,' Fritz's days in the Mediterranean are numbered.

'If we don't get a "sub" this month — *good night!* They'll soon be scarce as orchids in Greenland.'

In the meantime, he and his crew are carrying on with grim determination to 'get' that 'sub' before the season closes. Never have I seen men keener, with a finer-tempered edge for the work. When half a dozen were left at an African port because of a hurry call that sent their ship after a submarine, they begged the commander of a French dirigible station to fly them out and drop them in the water near their ship.

There can be nothing more wearing to the spirit than persistent watching and waiting for an unseen attack. Yet it has not affected their morale. They go at the gun drills with a will. At almost any hour of the day a couple of lads may be seen with eyes glued to the telescopic sights, taking a little private practice.

Of course they grow weary. One evening I heard two of them reflecting invidiously on the Mediterranean ports. 'Dirty holes,' one said. 'I'm scared to open my mouth in any of them, for fear of swallowing forty million germs.'

'You bet!' the other answered. 'The good old U. S. for me. It's the one clean spot on earth. When I once get back there — I'll stay put.'

He meant it. Yet, when the tragic turmoil of this war passes, and he and his comrades look down the lengthening perspectives of time on the hot, fetid life of these African ports, when they see the long panorama of golden Spanish mountains and foothill towns unrolling again in memory, and recall the 'Allos' and S. O. S., the wrecks, sinkings, U-boat duels, the splendid sunrises and settings over violet seas, the tropic moons sailing from dusky horizons to brilliant meridians, the loud tattoo of torrential rains on the deck, the sheet-lightnings that lift a ghost convoy

out of an inky sea — when they look back on all this from the peace of prairie farms or mountain homesteads, they will see that to which their eyes are now blind: the angel of romance flying before them with roseate wings.

When occasion throws two of them together in the years to come, they will agree, with wise wags of the head: 'Those were the good old days!'

XII

TORPEDOED

ALBERT KINROSS

[*Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1917. By permission.]

The first torpedo struck us at a few minutes past ten o'clock in the morning. I was down below in the saloon with E——. We had both kept a boatwatch during the night and were the last officers to come to breakfast.

The saloon was a fine, large place, with lots of glass and tables and white-jacketed stewards. Above, on the decks, the men and most of the officers had fallen in at dawn and were to remain alert during our passage through the danger zone. A couple of Japanese destroyers, one to port and one to starboard, formed our escort. Our course was a series of zigzags at fourteen knots per hour by day and rather more at night.

E—— and I ate our bacon and eggs and drank our coffee. The steward waiting on us was a clean-shaven little fellow who looked much like a low comedian. When the torpedo struck, there was no mistaking it for anything else. E—— and I laughed, as much as to say: 'Here she is!' Then I put on my cork belt, asked myself whether any part of me had suffered in the explosion and received a confident answer, and next I leaped up the three flights of stairs that led to the liner's deck and my own boat-station.

E—— raced with me. I have never seen him since. He had a lovable habit of mothering people. I dare say it cost him his life. There is something specially tragical about this officer's disappearance. He was the last of three brothers. Two had died gallantly in France, and so that one of her boys might be spared to the bereaved mother, E—— had been taken out of the trenches and given a "safe" job at the base. Yet even so the Fates had followed him!

The stewards and cooks raced with us too. There was something theatrical and cinema-ish about that picture — so many white jackets and blue uniform trousers and white overalls.

All this time — it might have been a couple of minutes — the greater part of me was so active that I have no recollection of any instant devoted to fear. Crude and horrible as it may sound, there was a large portion of my consciousness which was most vividly and delightedly enjoying itself. I will try to explain why.

Firstly, the torpedo had come, and with it an end to our suspense. A weight seemed lifted. I have crossed the Channel five times, the Mediterranean twice and a fraction — I call the last effort a fraction — during this war; and much of these twenty-three nights and seventeen days one was waiting. The Channel crossing is nothing. You turn in, go to sleep, and wake in safe waters. But from Saloniki, you are at the mercy of your digestion, your nerves, and, especially in my own case, an incorrigible imagination. I am a writer, and therefore have not spared that faculty. Well, the torpedo had come at last, and now farewell to fond imaginings.

Secondly and chiefly, *the whole thing was so terrible as to be quite unreal.* In that way it defeated itself. I, for one, simply could not believe in it. 'Such things are done at the "pictures" or at Drury Lane; they are not done in real life.' I was arguing like that, very swiftly no doubt, very subconsciously. I am not aware that I argued, but I do know that at the outset the whole thing seemed like an exciting, wonderful adventure, and withal quite unreal.

Just picture us, on a great liner, cozy as a grand hotel. Everything was remote from war and death, as I have seen them so constantly on land these last three years. No mud, no dirt, no continuity. And we were all at ease and leading civilian lives, with bathrooms, linen sheets, and even an American bar! I don't know why, but I had imagined it all quite differently.

As one rushed upstairs one thought of things one had valued yesterday,— two brand-new pairs of boots, one's field-

glasses, some money,— they seemed now so utterly of no account. Providence must have been with me, for, arrived on deck, I stood flush before my boat, Number 13. I stood there and took charge. To left of me the right people were busy with our sixty-six sisters. These ladies were part of the staff of a new hospital unit. Safely they were put into their boats, safely lowered, and safely rowed away from us. We cheered them as they left, and they cheered back. Then Tommy, lined on deck, struck up a song. He always does in moments of emotion.

I had filled my boat as full as it would go. All was ready. I stepped on board and gave the signal. Then slowly we descended. Above our heads one of the ship's officers was seeing to it that we went down all right. Immediately below us was another boat. It pushed off at last, and now we were free to hit the water. Before we pushed off I took on five of the crew who had helped to lower us. They swarmed down the ropes and reached us safely. Then I refused to take anybody else and we got the oars out and rowed away. Only then did I notice that the ship had stopped dead. She looked perfectly steady, like a ship anchored.

On leaving her I had thought of the two other officers who should have been with me, and of the long rows of men I had seen drawn up on the decks. A moment I had hesitated, feeling very like a rat, but it was my duty to leave them and I had no choice. Three more boats were waiting to follow mine. I pointed this out to the men I had to leave behind. And still I felt rather like a rat. Now, with a fuller knowledge, I am glad I went.

I was the only officer in our boat. All my fifty companions were 'other ranks' or else members of the crew. Straightway I took command. It seemed a relief to the men, and it was certainly a relief to me. I heard shouts of 'Listen to the officer,' and all those fifty pair of eyes I knew would judge me, and, if I were worthy, trust me. I had no cap, but I had my tunic and its rank badges for all to see.

Within me I knew that I was an absolute novice, as green as the green waters on which we now moved and had our being. 'Row away from the ship,' was my first order. Six or eight boats and numerous rafts were already floating on the water. They had put a safe distance between themselves and the ship, and I thought it right to do the same. One had heard stories about 'suction': how a sinking vessel draws down other craft with it. So away we rowed, very crowded and jammed together. When we had gone a couple of hundred yards, I turned to our professional sailors. Two were young negroes; the other three were white; but all five seemed to know little more than I. They were probably stokers or kitchen hands. In any case, I speedily realized that they could help me very little and that I must rely on my own judgment.

So we floated, one of many little units, on those waters; and for a long time we were kept passionately interested by what we saw. Speaking for myself, I have never lived through moments so tense, so big, so charged with all extremes and textures of emotion.

The big ship — she was near to 15,000 tons — stood like an island, and as if she could stand forever. While one of our destroyers went away on an unknown quest, the other drew alongside. We saw the little khaki figures swarm into her, and to be frank, we envied them. Then the destroyer manœuvered, and there was a flash and an explosion. A second torpedo had struck and the Japanese commander had just dodged it. We now saw that his mast was broken and his wireless installation was sagging. But still the great ship stood there like an island. 'She's beached!' shouted some one; and for quite a while there were many of us who felt that this was likely.

Our next diversion came from the destroyer. Some one on board was signaling us to get out of the way, and some one else on board was firing the forward gun straight past us. We were in the line of fire and an obstruction. And so we rowed away from there, getting clear. Five or six shells were fired. We heard later that the target was a sailing boat which the submarine had used to screen her periscope.

I imagine that I must have been uncommonly busy. The sea was now nursing a little fleet of boats and rafts, and some of my own men wanted comforting. One flash of the Comic Spirit cheered us all. He was a fat, bald-headed soldier on a raft, probably a quartermaster-sergeant.

He sprawled at his ease, lying face to the sun, just like a man on a holiday. A pipe stuck in that calm and florid face would have perfected the picture. I hope his sublime coolness has been rewarded.

A similar raft, quite empty, floated by, and it is with a twinge of shame that I admit that I would gladly have swum to it. We were overcrowded, some of us had to be suppressed, and one or two of us were terrified. As an officer I was doing my duty, but as an individual I was not altogether happy! I envied the leisure, the spacious ease, the care-free dignity of that fat man with a whole raft to himself.

That moment passed, as did many another. I remember especially seeing another boat with only five men on board, four rowing gaily past us, the fifth bailing. It seemed to us a horrible injustice, and several of my men said so aloud. I negatived the proposition, however, that we should go alongside and in part transfer. We seemed all right, and it struck me as best to leave well enough alone.

There followed next the most dramatic period of that spectacle. So far the great ship had stood firm, as if anchored. We noticed now that she had a definite list to starboard. The angle grew steeper, and then suddenly her bow dropped, her stern lifted, and next she slid to the bottom like a liver. It was as though a living thing had disappeared beneath the waves. We watched her, open-mouthed, a tightness at our hearts. We missed the comfort of her presence, we felt the tragedy of her surrender. In her death and engulfment there was a something more than human. So might a city built by countless hands and quick with life pass suddenly away. From somewhere in the middle of her bled a great puff of smoke, and I noticed that her deck as she stood on end, one half of her submerged, was bare and naked. It might have been a ball-room floor. We said nothing, but it was evident that most of us felt and thought alike. We turned now a more searching eye upon the strange shores that lay some five miles distant, and upon the strange city whose central monuments fixed our attention. What kind of people lived there, and would they send us help? we seemed to ask. But already the latter question was answered. A small steamer, apparently a tug, was evidently the forerunner of rescue.

XIII

ALLIES' MARCH INTO GERMANY

PHILIP GIBBS

[*New York Times*, December 6, 1918. By permission.]

With the British Army in Germany, Dec. 3.—The British troops have been making a halt before continuing their march to Cologne, and while cavalry patrols are more than ten miles beyond Malmedy, the first German town on our route, the infantry are advancing in depth behind them and are still near the Belgian frontier, in and beyond Verviers. Last night this frontier town of Verviers gave itself up to festival after the entry of Belgian troops from this district, who were welcomed home as heroes by their townsfolk with flowers and flags. In the procession which joined them were many veterans of the war of 1870 and men wounded in this war, and prisoners of all the Allied nations, who had been streaming across the frontier.

Standing on a balcony in the Grande Place, an Italian opera singer, who has been a civil prisoner, made a hush fall upon the dense crowds when he sang the 'Marseillaise' with a passion which at first seemed too intense to people who had been singing this tune and are still singing it as a running melody through all their scenes of new-found liberty; but presently this Italian's emotion stirred theirs, set them on fire, caught them up in the flame which lighted the heart of Rouget de Lisle, and one saw again in Verviers how something in this song of liberty and revolution is like a drug, intoxicating the senses of a mob. All the evening the sound of it rose up to the high roofs of the town and to the hills above them as the crowds went singing it down the streets. But other songs were sung, too, the old Belgian folk-song of 'Ma Jeanette,' which, after last night, will always be haunted for me with the memory of the scene in which all our soldiers in Verviers mingled with the people and danced with them through the streets until midnight chimed from the tall tower at the corner of the market-place.

There were hours of merry-making when laughter rose from all these crowds,

which were like a great happy family made up of the townsfolk, among whom the mothers became as young as their daughters, and the old men stepped out to the dance like their youngest boys with English and Scottish soldiers, and English, French, Italian, and Russian prisoners, and the town band of Verviers. The town band was wonderful. There were twenty musicians, old and young, who wore chimney-pot hats and bowler hats, and frock coats and tail-coats, and blew brass instruments with indefatigable spirit. They were like twenty Pied Pipers, and wherever they went tens of thousands of people followed them dancing. They led us through the Place Verte to the Place du Marone, and in and out of this street and that, and round about and back again. Young Scots linked arms with bright-eyed Belgian girls and with young mothers and old grandmothers, while ex-prisoners of the Entente armies were seized by fathers of families and veterans of '70 and rich young ladies and little shop girls, so that the vast mob were all holding each other in a general embrace, dancing sixteen abreast or in 'ladies' chains' from one square to another. And while the band played and led the dance they skipped after it and sang the queer little old tune of 'Ma Jeanette.'

'En avant, en avant,
Ma Jeanette, ma Jeanette;
Pour le Roi et le drapeau,
Ma Jeanette, ma Jeanette, à l'assaut.'

The shops and the theaters and the town hall and the restaurants of this frontier town of Verviers were lit up by colored illuminations, which twinkled out of the darkness of the night, flinging a bright light on old roofs and churches and the tall, straight tower in the market-place, and putting a sparkle in the eyes of all these merrymakers, and flickering on their faces as they swirled about. 'This is better than Ypres,' said one of the Scots, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his face and neck. 'It does us a bit of good after all we've been through.' It was infectious. I found myself with both arms linked in the midst of the dancers, and singing 'Ma Jeanette' in the chorus of the crowds, and dancing like a giddy goat to the tune of the Pan pipes, as those Pied Pipers in chimney-pot hats went marching through the streets and squares.

As we danced up one street 10,000 people came dancing down another, and the dancers met like two rivers, and swirled through each other. Then fairy rings were made by family parties of many different armies and peoples, and our soldiers chose their partners and entered into the fun of it all like children round a Christmas tree. It was better than Ypres. It was better than the dance of death on the old battlefields. It was humanity again instead of the desolation of No Man's Land.

That was last night in Verviers. This morning I went across the frontier again into Germany, where there is no more dancing and no cheering and no flutter of flags, but the sadness of a defeated people, whose country is being occupied by foreign troops. The contrast of this joy on one side of an invisible line, and this sadness on the other side, is as sharp as the edge of the executioner's axe, which was turned when the condemned man passed to the scaffold. The German people are silent when our troops pass. They look down upon them from their windows, and there is no waving of hands. After passing through cheering crowds it is strange and chilling to pass now through crowds who only stand and stare. Leaving our own lines for a little way I went this morning into Aix-la-Chapelle — Aachen, as it is called in German — and saw the entry of the Belgian army of occupation. They came with bugles playing, and the officers rode with drawn swords, and the men marched through at a quick pace, with their colors flying. One German boy failed to take off his hat to the colors, and a Belgian soldier plucked it off and said, 'Salutez le drapeau Belge.'

On the walls are posters which have turned the tables on the Germans, point by point, as they had ruled in Belgian towns. All hats are to be taken off when Belgian officers pass. All people are to remain indoors from seven in the evening until five in the morning. All theaters and cafés are to be closed until further order. Any man found with arms is liable to be shot at once. The people of Aachen knew the meaning of defeat when they saw the Belgians enter their city. They know that these men are their masters, who

will order their way of life and have them at their mercy. I think they were afraid. But they lined up in the streets to watch the passing of the troops and were calm and put a good face upon this tragedy of theirs. I saw one girl close to me weeping. One by one the tears welled into her eyes and fell as she stared quite motionless. But I saw no other tears. Some of these German women found it in their hearts to smile, and others had proud faces which did not show any emotion of hostility or sorrow.

Outwardly in Aix-la-Chapelle there is no sign of a defeated Empire or of war's tragedy. The shops are full of beautiful things in porcelain and leather work and fancy goods. There are fine bookshops, with new volumes published since the war. In the Kaiserhof Hotel I had a good lunch of soup, eggs, steak, Rhine wine, and coffee, and paid fifteen marks for it, which was not dear for a country long besieged. Here, as in other towns on our side of the frontier, food may be had if one can pay the price. It is hard for those who cannot, and many go hungry or half-hungry. But I saw no look of starvation on the faces of the people. and the children seemed well nourished for the most part, though I noticed some of them with faces pinched and wan.

I suppose we shall get used to moving about among German people, but so far it is so strange that it seems like a fantastic dream, and to sit down to table surrounded by German men and women, with a party of German officers in full uniform in an adjoining room, as happened to me today, gives one a sense of unreality. For until a few weeks ago these men were the people we killed if we could and were those who desired our death, and between us and them there was a barrier which no man could pass except as a captive. But today, in a German bookshop, I bought 'Andersen's Fairy Tales' from a girl who was very polite, and I was saluted in the streets by Germans in uniform, and German schoolboys — one of whom produced a box of matches to light my cigarette — and Charlemagne's throne was shown me by a German guide, who made no reference to a war which had interrupted his flow of English visitors.

The Belgian bugles blew through the streets of Aachen, and afterward the people went about their business as though nothing new had befallen them.

I went to the old Cathedral and found many people praying there under the arches and between the pillars which were built one thousand and one hundred years ago by Charlemagne, whose body lay there, and whose throne, looking down upon the high altar, is still there, as when the Emperor of the Franks sat there and plucked his flaxen beard and saw the Spirit of God somehow above all the welter of barbaric people who had been subdued through his sword. The German people were praying, I think, for peace today and their heads were bowed.

It is all astonishing, and one's brain, scarred by four and a half years of war at the front, cannot jump quickly to this new phase of history, and one goes about trying to adapt oneself to this experience.

XIV

THE BIRTH OF SINN FEIN

SEUMAS MacMANUS.

[*New York Times*, February 2, 1919. By permission.]

The first meeting of those terrible Irish Bolsheviki, who, a little later took to themselves the title of Sinn Fein, and — just think of it! — actually asked for freedom for their country, took place about sixteen years ago. And — tell it not in Gath! — a prime instigator of that first meeting of those deplorable persons was George Moore!

That was shortly after the time when George made the world gasp by the alarming announcement that he was shaking from his shoes the dirt of London and carrying his glory over to bequeath it upon Ireland — which should henceforth be the center of the universe.

I turn from my narrative, for a moment, to record, for the benefit of the future historian, the amazing fact that, on the great morning on which the repatriate, enwrapt in his radiance, stepped from his ship upon the land that was now to be immortal, the cocks crew at the usual hour, on their usual note, and the keenest observer (to wit, the New Arrival) could not detect the faintest ripple disturbing

the provokingly placid current of Irish life.

But to our Sinn Fein.

It was shortly after the foregoing singular happening that I, in my Donegal mountain cottage, one Saturday morning received a telegram, which read:

'Want you without fail to be at my house 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Meet Moore, Griffith, and others, for very important conference. MAUDE GONNE.'

At that time either a King or a Queen of England (I forget which) had threatened a visit upon Ireland — and there was a well-founded rumor abroad that the Government was making with poor Redmond another of those slick deals by which they were regularly getting use of him, without his ever getting the promised *quid pro quo*.

Though the Irish Parliamentary Party machine was then going in perfect order, and Mr. Redmond had three-fourths of all Nationalist Ireland (among which I was not) believing he was fighting for Irish independence, there was some grumbling among many, even of the most faithful, in that he did not allay harmful rumors by an announcement that the threatened visitor was to receive just exactly the same respect as any other well-conducted stranger touring our country. I very well suspected that Maud Gonne's conference was called to deal with this subject. And I was correct.

When I reached Miss Gonne's cottage (next door, by the way, to that of 'A. E.') in one of the pleasant suburbs of Dublin, she informed me they were much alarmed lest Irish national principle should be compromised by a misleader, for what seemed to him to be a little material advantage. With some merriment she remarked that George Moore, terribly in earnest in his brand-new Nationalism, was particularly upset lest any appreciable portion of the Irish people should be misled into giving a reception to the King of England (we 'll suppose it to be the King),— something which they had not even given to Mr. Moore — and he had suggested her having a conference of some of the bolder spirits (among whom he evidently reckoned himself) for formulating a plan to upset Mr. Redmond's deal.

In Miss Gonne's parlor, with walls wonderfully painted by the poet, 'A. E.,' with pictures of the strangely beautiful spirits which he saw and communed with, I found already assembled Edward Martyn (whom George Moore has immortalized in his books), Arthur Griffith, Henry Dixon, Alderman Tom Kelly, and George Russell. ('A. E.') Hamlet only was missing. After we had waited a reasonable time and had at length audaciously concluded to go ahead without the Prince of Denmark, we heard the knocker of the door resound — and Miss Gonne ushered in the redoubtable George Moore, spick and span, and exhibiting perfection in every slightest detail. (How could he ever affect to consort with Bohemians?)

He stuck to his hat and his cane, as if one held, and the other guarded, his reputation, while he was in this company of moral banditti. They could not be coaxed nor coerced from him. Neither could he be wheedled nor forced into a seat. He was as uneasy as a hen on a hot griddle. Having recklessly taken a header into Irish nationalism the day before, he now seemed suffering the remorse of a man who had given way to a shameful drunk and just got out of it.

Anyhow, the hopes with which George had slept last night were drunk. He explained to us that he had carefully thought things over — after all, he was a literary man, not a politician — this kind of thing was not for him to take active part in — he was sure we perfectly understood — he sympathized with us — and — and — good day! good day! good day, Miss Gonne and gentlemen! The faultlessly tailored and barbered Franco-Brito-Hibernian genius bowed himself out of the room, and out of national and international politics. Almost, that is. Which 'almost' I 'll explain later.

Miss Gonne was disgusted, Edward Martyn enraged, and the rest of the company heartily amused by George Moore's newest comedy.

When Martyn's ruffled feelings had been smoothed, we got to business. We were aware that, for the Tuesday night following, the faithful had been summoned to meet, to hear, to indorse, and — chiefly — to finance Mr. Redmond and his Parliamentary Party in the great hall of the Dublin Rotunda. The annual party collection was thus inaugurated by jamming the Dublin shopkeepers with wind

while the flakes were being artistically peeled from their pocketbooks. And the handsome start that the Dubliners gave to the party funds that night was, of course, to be followed, next day, by all Ireland. Therefore, we decided that the Rotunda stage, and Tuesday night, were the place and the time to compel from Mr. Redmond a commentary upon the King of England's coming.

Miss Maud Gonne, Edward Martyn, Henry Dixon, and Tom Kelly were agreed upon as an uninvited delegation that should walk upon the stage of the Rotunda in the middle of the proceedings and invite Mr. Redmond and the Parliamentary Party to suspend the proceedings until they had asked, and he answered, a question vital to Irish nationhood. We knew it would be a most provoking, disorderly proceeding — but some such action was needed to block the deal. To give the delegation some show of authority, we, one woman and six men, in a little cottage in Rathgar that afternoon, formed the Irish National Council — which was destined to make some Irish history.

On Tuesday evening I was walking down O'Connell Street with a friend — en route for a point of vantage in the gallery of the Rotunda — when I met Henry Dixon, hastening and breathless, who told me he had been searching for me; that the delegation was waiting for me outside the Rotunda; that they had, on Sunday afternoon, overlooked the fact that I (who, it seems, had suggested the delegates) had adroitly left myself off the honor roll, and insisted that I must join them, and take my chances of death or glory with the rest.

I had to agree. Until the meeting got under way we took seats on the floor, convenient to the door. When the proceedings started we went out and around into the anteroom, off the stage, there waiting until Mr. Redmond had well begun his speech of the evening. I think that Tim Harrington was Lord Mayor of Dublin at the time and was in the chair. All the rest of the party, about eighty-odd Members of Parliament, were banked in rows, like so many flourishing geraniums in a hot-house, behind Redmond and Harrington, upon the platform.

When Redmond's fine voice was reaching to every corner of the great and well-filled Rotunda, and every eye and ear was with him, a tall, elegant, beautiful woman and four hulking men made unexpected and resounding entrance upon the stage and marched like a picket-guard to the table in the center.

The audience gasped. The orator, in astonishment, ceased to orate. Tim Harrington jumped from his seat, seizing hold of the chair as the handiest resenter of a holdup, and eighty members of Parliament emitted eighty different notes of pain, amazement, resentment, and rage.

Then for some moments there befell a dead silence in the great Rotunda. Mr. Redmond's gentlemanly instincts asserted themselves through his dumfoundment, and, though he loved Miss Gonne as a rat loves a cat, he turned and politely tendered to that towering lady his own chair, which she, with queenly grace, refused, saying that we had come not to sit, but to transact a little business — to put to him an important question, and get from him an answer.

The eighty-odd members of Parliament jumped to their feet, and all spoke at one time, commanding that we should be thrown out. At least a thousand of the audience were on their feet, too, preferring the request that we be handed down to them. Mr. Redmond, with a wave of his hand, stilling the storm that was behind him, and the storm that was before, asked for the questioning to be deferred. We unanimously answered 'No!' An encouragingly large portion of the audience answered 'No,' too, in our support. But by far the larger portion roared an enraged 'Yes!'

Maude Gonne deliberately put her question, asking Mr. Redmond whether he would advise his followers to receive or to ignore the King of England on his forthcoming visit.

Mr. Redmond, striking the table a terrible blow, roared his refusal to yield his mind to the demand of brigands! We audaciously closed in on him, insisting that we would not yield our position until he gave definite answer.

Then bedlam broke loose! Eighty members of Parliament, seizing hold of their chairs, as being the only offensive items at hand, bore down upon us from the left. From the right, on the floor below, several hundreds — or thousands — of devoted-to-death disciples of Mr. Red-

mond were climbing over each other in a fierce effort to reach, and to teach, us. We occupied a most perilous position, on the edge of a very high platform — between the raging Parliamentary devil and the surging Dublin deep sea. Other several hundreds who revolted at Mr. Redmond's refusal to answer the pertinent question asked him, reached and stormed the further end of the platform with intention to succor and rescue us, though we had done a reckless thing (because the occasion demanded recklessness) and were, of course, prepared to take the certain consequences. Take and give.

On that memorable night the great annual public meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party, called for the starting of the Parliamentary Fund, was ended before it was well begun. There was no more meeting that night and no fund. The press of the three kingdoms next morning blazoned forth the exciting account of the first Redmondite revolt! From that night forward Mr. Redmond and his party, self-convicted of duplicity, never afterward faced an open meeting in Dublin. From that time Mr. Redmond and the party began shedding their following, began the slow disintegration which resulted last month in their final disappearance from Ireland's political map.

A week later — without Mr. Moore, who was in congenial retirement, and also without 'A. E.,' who dropped out — the infant National Council held a meeting, drew up a Constitution, provided for spreading branches here and there over Ireland, and called a convention of Irish Nationalists. Arthur Griffith, who for some years had been toiling up to this, and trying to educate the country up to it, formulated the Sinn Fein policy, a chief plank in which was abstention of our representatives from the English Parliament, a turning of our eyes from Westminster to Ireland, a determination to save our own national soul.

At either its second or third annual convention the National Council, now grown from six to six thousand, formally adopted the whole Sinn Fein policy of Arthur Griffith — who was the brains, and leader in, although not the President of, the National Council. By formal resolution we dropped the title of National Council and assumed that of Sinn Fein.

Our official organ, Arthur Griffith's paper, *The United Irishman*, soon also changed its name to *Sinn Fein*. The young men and women of the country, all the ardent ones, and all the thinkers, enthusiastically thronged into the movement, which, born in trouble and reared in trouble, existed and grew (unobtrusively) fat upon trouble through the succeeding years.

And that little party, hastily formed in a little cottage at Rathgar on a Sunday afternoon, about sixteen years ago, and almost absquatulated when only two days old, has now absquatulated and buried the great party which was rendered restless by the bantling impudent. Out of 1,250,000 voters in Ireland last month, it got the hearty support of more than 1,000,000. It is holding the attention of the world.

XV

ADRIFT IN A BLIZZARD

[F. F. VAN DE WATER]

[New York *Tribune*, March 29, 1919. By permission.]

Three big navy tugs, the *Wyossing*, *Aurora*, and *Seabright*, hurriedly slipped their moorings just before noon yesterday and went charging out to sea through the storm, full speed ahead.

The wireless at the Brooklyn Navy Yard had picked up a call from the Sandy Hook lightship. Over miles of wind-torn water came the sputter of the electric spark:

'Five barges with men, women, and children aboard passed here driving out to sea. Hurry.'

The tugs hurried, for a ninety-mile wind on which a blizzard was riding was pushing five chalk-laden barges with five men, five women, and fifteen children further away from land and hope of rescue each moment.

Late last evening they returned, buffeted and battered by the tremendous seas. Only four of the barges came back with them. The Atlantic had overwhelmed the fifth, but the five men, the five women, and the fifteen children were safe, thanks to the courage and seamanship of Lieutenant Harry Denyse, who commanded the rescuing tugs.

The wind that had been freshening all night became a gale at dawn yesterday. Three Pennsylvania barges, one New York Central, and one Jersey Central, had tugged at their anchors all night long off Stapleton, Staten Island. At 6 yesterday morning the wind tore them loose and, aided by the waves and tide, began to drive them out to sea.

By the time the barge captains and their families learned what had occurred the swirling snow clouds had cut them off from land. The blast of the wind swept away the feeble voices of their horns and bells.

Down through the Narrows the barges swept as though riding a millrace, and then land dropped away entirely, and they were driving out on to the Atlantic on the shoulders of the worst storm of the year.

There was nothing that they could do except fly pitiful signals of distress that the snow made invisible at a hundred yards. The barges, heavily laden, lurched and wallowed through the great waves and began to take in water. Twenty-four hours at most would be their life in such weather.

And then something that the barge-men and their wives and children swear was not just chance drove one of the five close to the lightship that stands sentinel in all weather at the harbor's gates.

Men of the lightship saw a dark clumsy shape go staggering past, half buried in foam, and caught the words that set the wireless operator hammering frantically on his key.

When they reached the open sea, the powerful tugs had rough weather of it, for the waves were growing larger almost momentarily and the search for the barges in the middle of the blinding snowstorm called for much turning and twisting, quartering the miles of heaving sea like hunting dogs.

At last, to the bellowing of their sirens, there came a thin shout in answer, and four of the barges loomed out of the storm, splintered and leaking, but still riding the waves. To these the *Wyossing* and *Seabright* passed lines and headed back for the harbor, and the *Aurora* went on alone through the darkening world of water and snow on the trail of the missing Jersey Central barge, on which a man, his wife and four children were drifting out into the gathering night.

Dusk was falling and the *Aurora's* crew had almost given up hope, when they finally found the missing barge, twenty miles off the lightship and leaking badly. The tug passed her a hawser and turned her own bow toward shore. Her engines strained desperately, but with the waterlogged weight at her stern she could make no headway in the face of the storm.

No small boat could have lived in the turmoil of wind and wave. There was only one thing to do— run the *Aurora* as close as possible to the foundering barge and let the barge captain and his family jump for it.

Accordingly the little group, the captain, his wife, and four small children, scrambled to the bow of their sinking craft and stood there while the *Aurora* watched for a quiet moment when she might run in close and give them a chance.

This came at last. For a moment the tug's and the barge's decks hung on a level and the man caught up his wife and threw her into the arms of the bluejacket at the tug's bow. Four times he threw children to safety. Then he jumped.

The *Aurora* turned her head into the storm once more, and the sinking barge dropped behind as the tug came plowing her way home, while in her cabin a man, his wife, and four children cried, and then laughed, then cried again.

C. INTERVIEWS AND PERSONAL SKETCHES

The interview generally deals with a particular moment rather than with a succession of events — a personality rather than a life history. For the particular individuality concerned, it aims at showing 'the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' The two interviews from the *New York Times*, that with Henry James and that with Sir J. M. Barrie, are both masterpieces of craftsmanship in their presentation of those subtle and delicate differences which distinguish the speech and gesture of the exceptional man from the hosts of his fellows; Mr. James's intellectual finesse is caught and rendered as skilfully as Sir J. M. Barrie's elusive whimsicality. Indeed it has been suggested of the latter interview that none but Barrie himself could have written it.

The personal sketch often relies more on narration than description, enabling the reader to grasp what the man is from what he has done. Within the limited compass of a newspaper or magazine article, it is no easy task to select those incidents in a man's life which will give the most vivid realization of his characteristics. Many readers have no doubt some acquaintance with the distinguished Americans here portrayed, and will be able to judge for themselves how far the writer has succeeded in producing a lifelike picture. The methods employed are various, and some of the examples were chosen precisely because they leave the beaten track to arrive at their end by ways not generally recognized. Mr. Harold Begbie's *Lloyd George* and M. Jean Richepin's *Joffre* are conspicuous instances of the possibilities of a mode of treatment out of the ordinary.

I

HENRY JAMES'S FIRST INTERVIEW

PRESTON LOCKWOOD

[*New York Times*, March 21, 1915. By permission.]

One of the compensations of the war, which we ought to take advantage of, is the chance given the general public to approach on the personal side some of the distinguished men who have not hitherto lived much in the glare of the footlights. Henry James has probably done this as little as any one; he has enjoyed for upward of forty years a reputation not confined to his own country, has published a long succession of novels, tales, and critical papers, and yet has apparently so delighted in reticence as well as in expression that he has passed his seventieth year without having responsibly 'talked' for publication or figured for it otherwise than pen in hand.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war Mr. James found himself, to his professed great surprise, Chairman of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, now at work in France, and today, at the end of three months of bringing himself to the point, has granted me, as a representative of the *New York Times*, an interview. What this departure from the habit of a lifetime means to him he expressed at the outset.

'I can't put,' Mr. James said, speaking with much consideration and asking that his punctuation as well as his words should be noted, 'my devotion and sympathy for the cause of our corps more strongly than in permitting it thus to overcome my dread of the assault of the interviewer, whom I have deprecated, all these years, with all the force of my preference for saying myself and without superfluous aid, without interference in the guise of encouragement and cheer, anything I may think worth my saying. Nothing is worth my saying that I cannot help myself out with better, I hold, than even the most suggestive young gentleman with a notebook can help me. It may be fatuous of me, but, believing myself possessed of some means of expression, I feel as if I were sadly giving it

away when, with the use of it urgent, I don't gratefully employ it, but appeal instead to the art of somebody else.'

It was impossible to be that 'somebody else,' or, in other words, the person privileged to talk with Mr. James, to sit in presence of his fine courtesy and earnestness, without understanding the sacrifice he was making, and making only because he had finally consented to believe that it would help the noble work of relief which a group of young Americans, mostly graduates of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, are carrying on along their stretch of the fighting line in northern France.

Mr. James frankly desired his remarks to bear only on the merits of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps. It enjoys today the fullest measure of his appreciation and attention; it appeals deeply to his benevolent instincts, and he gives it sympathy and support as one who has long believed, and believes more than ever, in spite of everything, at this international crisis, in the possible development of 'closer communities and finer intimacies' between America and Great Britain, between the country of his birth and the country, as he puts it, of his 'shameless frequentation.'

There are many people who are eloquent about the war, who are authorities on the part played in it by the motor ambulance and who take an interest in the good relations of Great Britain and the United States; but there is nobody who can tell us, as Mr. James can, about style and the structure of sentences, and all that appertains to the aspect and value of words. Now and then in what here follows he speaks familiarly of these things for the first time in his life, not by any means because he jumped at the chance, but because his native kindness, whether consciously or unconsciously, seemed so ready to humor the insisting inquirer.

'It is very difficult,' he said, seeking to diminish the tension so often felt by a journalist, even at the moment of a highly appreciated occasion, 'to break into graceful license after so long a life of decorum; therefore you must excuse me if my egotism does n't run very free or my complacency find quite the right turns.'

He had received me in the offices of the corps, businesslike rooms, modern for London, low-ceiled and sparsely furnished. It was not by any means the sort of setting in which as a reader of Henry James I had expected to run to earth the author of *The Golden Bowl,* but the place is, nevertheless, today, in the tension of war time, one of the few approaches to a social resort outside his Chelsea home where he can be counted on. Even that delightful Old World retreat, Lamb House, Rye, now claims little of his time.

The interviewer spoke of the waterside Chelsea and Mr. James's long knowledge of it, but, sitting not overmuch at his ease and laying a friendly hand on the shoulder of his tormentor, he spoke, instead, of motor ambulances, making the point, in the interest of clearness, that the American Ambulance Corps of Neuilly, though an organization with which Richard Norton's corps is in the fullest sympathy, does not come within the scope of his remarks.

'I find myself chairman of our corps committee for no great reason that I can discover save my being the oldest American resident here interested in its work; at the same time that if I render a scrap of help by putting on record my joy even in the rather ineffectual connection so far as "doing" anything is concerned, I need n't say how welcome you are to my testimony. What I mainly seem to grasp, I should say, is that in regard to testifying at all unlimitedly by the aid of the newspapers, I have to reckon with a certain awkwardness in our position. Here comes up, you see, the question of our reconciling a rather indispensable degree of reserve as to the detail of our activity with the general American demand for publicity at any price. There are ways in which the close presence of war challenges the whole claim for publicity; and I need hardly say that this general claim has been challenged, practically, by the present horrific complexity of things at the front, as neither the Allies themselves nor watching neutrals have ever seen it challenged before. The American public is, of course, little used to not being able to hear, and hear as an absolute right, about anything that the press may suggest that it ought to hear about; so that nothing may be said ever to happen anywhere that it does n't count on having reported to it, hot and hot, as the phrase is, several times a day. We were the first American ambulance corps in the field, and we have

a record of more than four months' continuous service with one of the French armies, but the rigor of the objection to our taking the world into our intimate confidence is not only shown by our still unbroken inability to report in lively instalments, but receives also a sidelight from the fact that numerous like private corps maintained by donations on this side of the sea are working at the front without the least commemoration of their deeds — that is, without a word of journalistic notice.

'I hope that by the time these possibly too futile remarks of mine come to such light as may await them Mr. Norton's report of our general case may have been published, and nothing would give the committee greater pleasure than that some such controlled statement on our behalf, best proceeding from the scene of action itself, should occasionally appear. The ideal would, of course, be that exactly the right man, at exactly the right moment, should report exactly the right facts, in exactly the right manner, and when that happy consummation becomes possible we shall doubtless revel in funds.'

Mr. James had expressed himself with such deliberation and hesitation that I was reminded of what I had heard of all the verbal alterations made by him in novels and tales long since published; to the point, we are perhaps incorrectly told, of replacing a 'she answered' by a 'she indefinitely responded.'

I should, indeed, mention that on my venturing to put to Mr. James a question or two about his theory of such changes he replied that no theory could be stated, at any rate in the off-hand manner that I seemed to invite, without childish injustice to the various considerations by which a writer is moved. These determinant reasons differ with the context and the relations of parts to parts and to the total sense in a way of which no *a priori* account can be given.

'I dare say I strike you,' he went on, 'as rather bewilderedly weighing my words; but I may perhaps explain my so doing very much as I the other day heard a more interesting fact explained. A distinguished English naval expert happened to say to me that the comparative non-production of airships in this country indicated, in addition to other causes, a possible limitation of the British genius in that direction, and then on my asking him why that class of craft should n't be within the compass of the greatest makers of sea-ships, replied, after brief reflection: "Because the airship is essentially a bad ship, and we English can't make a bad ship well enough." Can you pardon,' Mr. James asked, 'my making an application of this to the question of one's amenability or plasticity to the interview? The airship of the interview is for me a bad ship, and I can't make a bad ship well enough.'

Catching Mr. James's words as they came was not very difficult; but there was that in the manner of his speech that cannot be put on paper, the delicate difference between the word recalled and the word allowed to stand, the earnestness of the massive face and alert eye, tempered by the genial 'comment of the body,' as R. L. Stevenson has it.

Henry James does not look his seventy years. He has a finely shaped head, and a face, at once strong and serene, which the painter and the sculptor may well have liked to interpret. Indeed, in fine appreciation they have so wrought. Derwent Wood's admirable bust, purchased from last year's Royal Academy, shown by the Chantrey Fund, will be permanently placed in the Tate Gallery, and those who fortunately know Sargent's fine portrait, to be exhibited in the Sargent Room at the San Francisco Exhibition, will recall its having been slashed into last year by the militant suffragettes, though now happily restored to such effect that no trace of the outrage remains.

Mr. James has a mobile mouth, a straight nose, a forehead which has thrust back the hair from the top of his commanding head, although it is thick at the sides over the ears, and repeats in its soft gray the color of his kindly eyes. Before taking in these physical facts one receives an impression of benignity and amenity not often conveyed, even by the most distinguished. And, taking advantage of this amiability, I asked if certain words just used should be followed by a dash, and even boldly added: 'Are you not famous, Mr. James, for the use of dashes?'

'Dash my fame!' he impatiently replied. 'And remember, please, that dogmatizing about punctuation is exactly as foolish as dogmatizing about any other

form of communication with the reader. All such forms depend on the kind of thing one is doing and the kind of effect one intends to produce. Dashes, it seems almost platitudinous to say, have their particular representative virtue, their quickening force, and, to put it roughly, strike both the familiar and the emphatic note, when those are the notes required, with a felicity beyond either the comma or the semicolon; though indeed a fine sense for the semicolon, like any sort of sense at all for the pluperfect tense and the subjunctive mood, on which the whole perspective in a sentence may depend, seems anything but common. Does nobody ever notice the calculated use by French writers of a short series of suggestive points in the current of their prose? I confess to a certain shame for my not employing frankly that shade of indication, a finer shade still than the dash. . . . But what on earth are we talking about?' And the Chairman of the Corps Committee pulled himself up in deprecation of our frivolity, which I recognized by acknowledging that we might indeed hear more about the work done and doing at the front by Richard Norton and his energetic and devoted co-workers. Then I plunged recklessly to draw my victim.

'May not a large part of the spirit which animates these young men be a healthy love of adventure?' I asked.

The question seemed to open up such depths that Mr. James considered a moment and began:

'I, of course, don't personally know many of our active associates, who naturally waste very little time in London. But, since you ask me, I prefer to think of them as moved, first and foremost, not by the idea of the fun or the sport they may have, or of the good things they may make of the job for themselves, but by that of the altogether exceptional chance opened to them of acting blessedly and savingly for others, though indeed if we come to that there is no such sport in the world as so acting when anything in the nature of risk or exposure is attached. The horrors, the miseries, the monstrosities they are in presence of are so great surely as not to leave much of any other attitude over when intelligent sympathy has done its best.

'Personally I feel so strongly on everything that the war has brought into question for the Anglo-Saxon peoples that humorous detachment or any other thinness or tepidity of mind on the subject affects me as vulgar impiety, not to say as rank blasphemy; our whole race tension became for me a sublimely conscious thing from the moment Germany flung at us all her explanation of her pounce upon Belgium for massacre and ravage in the form of the most insolent, "Because I choose to, damn you all," recorded in history.

'The pretension to smashing world rule by a single people, in virtue of a monopoly of every title, every gift, and every right, ought perhaps to confound us more by its grotesqueness than to alarm us by its energy; but never do cherished possessions, whether of the hand or of the spirit, become so dear to us as when overshadowed by vociferous aggression. How can one help seeing that such aggression, if hideously successful in Europe, would, with as little loss of time as possible, proceed to apply itself to the American side of the world, and how can one, therefore, not feel that the Allies are fighting to the death for the soul and the purpose and the future that are in *us*, for the defense of every ideal that has most guided our growth and that most assures our unity?

'Of course, since you ask me, my many years of exhibited attachment to the conditions of French and of English life, with whatever fond play of reflection and reaction may have been involved in it, make it inevitable that these countries should peculiarly appeal to me at the hour of their peril, their need and their heroism, and I am glad to declare that, though I had supposed I knew what that attachment was, I find I have any number of things more to learn about it. English life, wound up to the heroic pitch, is at present most immediately before me, and I can scarcely tell you what a privilege I feel it to share the inspiration and see further revealed the character of this decent and dauntless people.

'However, I am indeed as far as you may suppose from assuming that what you speak to me of as the "political" bias is the only ground on which the work of our corps for the Allies should appeal to the American public. Political, I confess, has become for me in all this a loose and question-begging term, but if we must resign ourselves to it as explaining some

people's indifference, let us use a much better one for inviting their confidence. It will do beautifully well if givers and workers and helpers are moved by intelligent human pity, and they are with us abundantly enough if they feel themselves simply roused by, and respond to, the most awful exhibition of physical and moral anguish the world has ever faced, and which it is the strange fate of our actual generations to see unrolled before them. We welcome any lapse of logic that may connect inward vagueness with outward zeal, if it be the zeal of subscribers, presenters or drivers of cars, or both at once, stretcher-bearers, lifters, healers, consolers, handy Anglo-French interpreters (these extremely precious), smoothers of the way; in short, after whatever fashion. We ask of nobody any waste of moral or of theoretic energy, nor any conviction of any sort, but that the job is inspiring and the honest, educated man a match for it.

'If I seem to cast doubt on any very driving intelligence of the great issue as a source of sympathy with us, I think this is because I have been struck, whenever I have returned to my native land, by the indifference of Americans at large to the concerns and preoccupations of Europe. This indifference has again and again seemed to me quite beyond measure or description, though it may be in a degree suggested by the absence throughout the many-paged American newspaper of the least mention of a European circumstance unless some not-to-be-blinked war or revolution, or earthquake, or other cataclysm has happened to apply the lash to curiosity. The most comprehensive journalistic formula that I have found myself, under that observation, reading into the general case, is the principle that the first duty of the truly appealing sheet in a given community is to teach every individual reached by it — every man, woman and child — to count on appearing there, in their habit as they live, if they will only wait for their turn.

'However,' he continued, 'my point is simply my plea for patience with our enterprise even at the times when we can't send home sensational figures. "They also serve who only stand and wait," and the essence of our utility, as of that of any ambulance corps, is just to be there, on any and every contingency, including the blessed contingency of a temporary drop in the supply of the wounded turned out and taken on — since such comparative intermissions occur. Ask our friends, I beg you, to rid themselves of the image of our working on schedule time or on guarantee of a maximum delivery; we are dependent on the humors of battle, on incalculable rushes and lapses, on violent outbreaks of energy which rage and pass and are expressly designed to bewilder. It is not for the poor wounded to oblige us by making us showy, but for us to let them count on our open arms and open lap as troubled children count on those of their mother. It is now to be said, moreover, that our opportunity of service threatens inordinately to grow; such things may any day begin to occur at the front as will make what we have up to now been able to do mere child's play, though some of our help has been rendered when casualties were occurring at the rate, say, of 5000 in twenty minutes, which ought, on the whole, to satisfy us. In face of such enormous facts of destruction —'

Here Mr. James broke off as if these facts were, in their horror, too many and too much for him. But after another moment he explained his pause.

'One finds it in the midst of all this as hard to apply one's words as to endure one's thoughts. The war has used up words; they have weakened, they have deteriorated like motor car tires; they have, like millions of other things, been more overstrained and knocked about and voided of the happy semblance during the last six months than in all the long ages before, and we are now confronted with a depreciation of all our terms, or, otherwise speaking, with a loss of expression through increase of limpness, that may well make us wonder what ghosts will be left to walk.'

This sounded rather desperate, yet the incorrigible interviewer, conscious of the wane of his only chance, ventured to glance at the possibility of a word or two on the subject of Mr. James's present literary intentions. But the kindly hand here again was raised, and the mild voice became impatient.

'Pardon my not touching on any such irrelevance. All I want is to invite the public, as unblushingly as possible, to take all the interest in us it can; which may be

helped by knowing that our bankers are Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., 9 Wall Street, New York City, and that checks should be made payable to the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps.'

II

BARRIE AT BAY: WHICH WAS BROWN?

[*New York Times*, October 1, 1914. By permission.]

As our reporter entered Sir James Barrie's hotel room by one door, the next door softly closed. I was alone (writes our reporter). I sprang into the corridor and had just time to see him fling himself down the elevator. Then I understood what he had meant when he said on the telephone that he would be ready for me at 10.30.

I returned thoughtfully to the room, where I found myself no longer alone. Sir James Barrie's 'man' was there; a stolid Londoner, name of Brown, who told me he was visiting America for the first time.

'Sir James is very sorry, but has been called away,' he assured me without moving a muscle. Then he added: 'But this is the pipe,' and he placed a pipe of the largest size on the table.

'The pipe he smokes?' I asked.

Brown is evidently a very truthful man, for he hesitated. 'That is the interview pipe,' he explained. 'When we decided to come to America Sir James said he would have to be interviewed, and that it would be wise to bring something with us for the interviewers to take notice of. So he told me to buy the biggest pipe I could find, and he practised holding it in his mouth in his cabin on the way across. He is very pleased with the way the gentlemen of the press have taken notice of it.'

'So that is not the pipe he really smokes?' I said, perceiving I was on the verge of a grand discovery. 'I suppose he actually smokes an ordinary small pipe.'

Again Brown hesitated, but again truth prevailed.

'He does not smoke any pipe,' he said, 'nor cigars, nor cigarettes; he never smokes at all; he puts that one in his mouth to help the interviewers.'

'It has the appearance of having been smoked,' I pointed out.

'I blackened it for him,' the faithful fellow replied.

'But he has written a book in praise of My Lady Nicotine.'

'So I have heard,' Brown said guardedly. 'I think that was when he was hard up and had to write what people wanted; but he never could abide smoking himself. Years after he wrote the book he read it; he had quite forgotten it, and he was so attracted by what it said about the delights of tobacco that he tried a cigarette. But it was no good; the mere smell disgusted him.'

'Odd, that he should forget his own book,' I said.

'He forgets them all,' said Brown. 'There is this *Peter Pan* foolishness, for instance. I have heard people talking to him about that play and mentioning parts in it they liked, and he tried to edge them off the subject; they think it is his shyness, but I know it is because he has forgotten the bits they are speaking about. Before strangers call on him I have seen him reading one of his own books hurriedly, so as to be able to talk about it if that is their wish. But he gets mixed up, and thinks that the little minister was married to Wendy.'

'Almost looks as if he had n't written his own works,' I said.

'Almost,' Brown admitted uncomfortably.

I asked a leading question. 'You don't suppose,' I said, 'that any one writes them for him? Such things have been. You don't write them for him by any chance, just as you blackened the pipe, you know?'

Brown assured me stolidly that he did not. Suddenly, whether to get away from a troublesome subject I cannot say, he vouchsafed me a startling piece of information. 'The German Kaiser was on our boat coming across,' he said.

'Sure?' I asked, wetting my pencil.

He told me he had Sir James's word for it. There was on board, it seems, a very small, shrunken gentleman with a pronounced waist and tiny, turned-up mustache, who strutted along the deck trying to look fierce and got in the other passengers' way to their annoyance until Sir James discovered that he was the Kaiser Reduced to Life Size. After that

Sir James liked to sit with him and talk to him.

Sir James is a great admirer of the Kaiser, though he has not, like Mr. Carnegie, had the pleasure of meeting him in society. When he read in the papers on arriving here that the Kaiser had wept over the destruction of Louvain, he told Brown a story. It was of a friend who had gone to an oculist to be cured of some disease in one eye. Years afterward he heard that the oculist's son had been killed in some Indian war, and he called on the oculist to commiserate with him.

'You cured my eye,' he said to him, 'and when I read of your loss I wept for you, sir; I wept for you with that eye.'

'Sir James,' Brown explained, 'is of a very sympathetic nature, and he wondered which eye it was that the Kaiser wept with.'

I asked Brown what his own views were about the war, and before replying he pulled a paper from his pocket and scanned it. 'We are strictly neutral,' he then replied.

'Is that what is written on the paper?' I asked. He admitted that Sir James had written out for him the correct replies to possible questions. 'Why was he neutral?' I asked, and he again found the reply on the piece of paper: 'Because it is the President's wish.'

So anxious, I discovered, is Sir James to follow the President's bidding that he has enjoined Brown to be neutral on all other subjects besides the war; to express no preference on matters of food, for instance, and always to eat oysters and clams alternately, so that there can be no ill-feeling. Also to walk in the middle of the streets lest he should seem to be favoring either sidewalk, and to be very cautious about admitting that one building in New York is higher than another. I assured him that the Woolworth Building was the highest, but he replied politely, 'that he was sure the President would prefer him to remain neutral.' I naturally asked if Sir James had given him any further instructions as to proper behavior in America, and it seems that he had done so. They amount, I gather, to this, that Americans have a sense of humor which they employ, when they can, to the visitor's undoing.

'When we reach New York,' Sir James seems to have told Brown in effect, 'we shall be met by reporters who will pretend that America is eager to be instructed by us as to the causes and progress of the war; then, if we are fools enough to think that America cannot make up its mind for itself, we shall fall into the trap and preach to them, and all the time they are taking down our observations they will be saying to themselves, "Pompous asses."

'It is a sort of game between us and the reporters. Our aim is to make them think we are bigger than we are, and theirs is to make us smaller than we are; and any chance we have of succeeding is to hold our tongues, while they will probably succeed if they make us jabber. Above all, oh, Brown, if you write to the papers giving your views of why we are at war — and if you don't you will be the only person who has n't — don't be lured into slinging vulgar abuse at our opponents, lest America takes you for another university professor.'

There is, I learned, only one person in America about whom it is impossible, even in Sir James's opinion, to preserve a neutral attitude. This is the German Ambassador, whose splendid work for England day by day and in every paper and to all reporters cannot, Sir James thinks, be too cordially recognized. Brown has been told to look upon the German Ambassador as England's greatest asset in America just now, and to hope heartily that he will be long spared to carry on his admirable work.

Lastly, it was pleasant to find that Brown has not a spark of sympathy with those who say that, because Germany has destroyed art treasures in Belgium and France, the Allies should retaliate with similar rudeness if they reach Berlin. He holds that if for any reason best known to themselves (such as the wish for a sunnier location) the Hohenzollerns should by and by vacate their present residence, a nice villa should be provided for them, and that all the ancestral statues in the Sieges-Allee should be conveyed to it intact, and perhaps put up in the back garden. There the Junkers could drop in of an evening, on the way home from their offices, and chat pleasantly of old times. Brown thinks they should be allowed to retain all their iron crosses, and even given some more, with which, after smart use of their pocket combs, they would cut no end of a dash among the nursemaids.

As for the pipe, I was informed that it had now done its work, and I could take it away as a keepsake. I took it, but wondered afterward at Brown's thinking he had the right to give it me.

A disquieting feeling has since come over me that perhaps it was Sir James I had been interviewing all the time, and Brown who had escaped down the elevator.

III

JOSEPH PULITZER: REMINISCENCES OF A SECRETARY

ALLEYNE IRELAND

[Reprinted by courtesy of the *Metropolitan*.]

Before I had time to examine my surroundings Mr. Pulitzer entered the room on the arm of the majordomo. My first swift impression was of a man very tall and thin, with a noble head, a roughly pointed reddish beard streaked with gray, jet black hair, swept back from the forehead and lightly touched here and there with silvery white. One eye was dull and half-closed, the other was of a deep, brilliant blue, which, so far from suggesting blindness, created the instant effect of a searching, eaglelike glance. The outstretched hand was large, strong, nervous, full of character, ending in well-shaped and immaculately kept nails.

A high-pitched voice, clear, penetrating, and vibrant, gave out the strange challenge: 'Well, here you see before you the miserable wreck who is to be your host; you must make the best you can of him. Give me your arm in to dinner.'

I may complete here a description of Mr. Pulitzer's appearance, founded upon months of close personal association with him. The head was splendidly modeled, the forehead high, the brows prominent and arched; the ears were large, the nose was long and hooked; the mouth, almost concealed by the mustache, was firm and thin-lipped; the length of the face was much emphasized by the flowing beard and by the way in which the hair was brushed back from the forehead. The skin was of a clear, healthy pink, like a young girl's; but in moments of intense excitement the color would deepen to a dark, ruddy flush, and after a succession of sleepless nights, or under the strain of continued worry, it would turn a dull, lifeless gray.

I have never seen a face which varied so much in expression. Not only was there a marked difference at all times between one side and the other, due partly to the contrast between the two eyes and partly to a loss of flexibility in the muscles of the right side, but almost from moment to moment the general appearance of the face moved between a lively, genial animation, a cruel and wolflike scowl, and a heavy and hopeless dejection. No face was capable of showing greater tenderness; none could assume a more forbidding expression of anger and contempt.

The well-known Sargent portrait is a remarkable revelation of the complex nature of its subject. It discloses the deep affection, the keen intelligence, the wide sympathy, the tireless energy, the delicate sensitiveness, the tearing impatience, the cold tyranny, and the flaming scorn by which his character was so erratically dominated. It is a noble and pathetic monument to the suffering which had been imposed for a quarter of a century upon the intense and arbitrary spirit of this extraordinary man.

The account which I am to give of Mr. Pulitzer's daily life during the months immediately preceding his death would be unintelligible to all but the very few who knew him in recent years if it were not prefaced by a brief biographical note.

Joseph Pulitzer was born in the village of Mako, near Buda Pesth, in Hungary, on April 10, 1847. His father was a Jew, his mother a Christian. At the age of sixteen he emigrated to the United States. He landed without friends, without money, unable to speak a word of English. He enlisted immediately in the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry Regiment, a regiment chiefly composed of Germans and in which German was the prevailing tongue.

Within a year the Civil War ended, and Pulitzer found himself, in common with hundreds of thousands of others, out of employment at a time when employment was most difficult to secure. At this time he was so poor that he was turned away from French's Hotel in New York for the lack of fifty cents with which to pay for his bed. Twenty years later he bought

French's Hotel, pulled it down, and erected in its place the Pulitzer Building, at that time one of the largest business buildings in New York, where he housed the *World*.

What lay between these two events may be summed up in a few words. At the close of the Civil War Mr. Pulitzer went to St. Louis, and in 1868, after being in various occupations, he became a reporter on the *Westliche Post*. In less than ten years he was editor and part proprietor. His amazing energy, his passionate interest in politics, his rare gift of terse and forcible expression, and his striking personality carried him over or through all obstacles.

After he had purchased the St. Louis *Dispatch*, amalgamated it with the *Post*, and made the *Post-Dispatch* a profitable business enterprise and a power to be reckoned with in national and state politics, he felt the need of a wider field in which to manœuver the forces of his character and his intellect.

He came to New York in 1883 and purchased the *World* from Jay Gould. At that time the *World* had a circulation of less than twelve thousand copies a day and was practically bankrupt. From this time forward Mr. Pulitzer concentrated his every faculty on building up the paper. He was scoffed at, ridiculed, and abused by the most powerful editors of the old school. They were to learn, not without bitterness and wounds, that opposition was the one fuel of all others which best fed the triple flame of his courage, his tenacity, and his resourcefulness.

Four years of unremitting toil produced two results. The *World* reached a circulation of 200,000 copies a day and took its place in the front rank of the American press as a journal of force and ability, and Joseph Pulitzer left New York, a complete nervous wreck, to face in solitude the knowledge that he would never read print again and that within a few years he would be totally blind.

Joseph Pulitzer as I knew him, twenty-four years after he had been driven from active life by the sudden and final collapse of his health, was a man who could be judged by no common standards. His feelings, his temper, his point of view had been warped by years of suffering. His health and his comfort were at the mercy of a thousand contingencies.

Had his spirit been broken by his trials, had his intellectual power weakened under the load of his affliction, had his burning interest in affairs cooled to a point where he could have been content to turn his back upon life's conflict, he might have found some happiness, or at least some measure of repose akin to that with which age consoles us for the loss of youth. But his greatest misfortune was that all the active forces of his personality survived to the last in their full vigor, inflicting upon him the curse of an impatience which nothing could appease, of a discontent which knew no amelioration.

. . . . . .

This somewhat cynical outburst [as to the accuracy of the New York papers] brought down upon me an overwhelming torrent of protest from Mr. Pulitzer.

'My God!' he cried. 'I would not have believed it possible that any one could show such a complete ignorance of American character, of the high sense of duty which in the main animates American journalism, of the foundations of integrity on which almost every successful paper in the United States has been founded. You do not know what it costs me to try and keep the *World* up to a high standard of accuracy — the money, the time, the thought, the praise, the blame, the constant watchfulness. I do not say that the *World* never makes a mistake in its news columns. I wish I could say it.

'What I say is that there are not half a dozen papers in the United States which tamper with the news, which publish what they know to be false. But if I thought that I had done no better than that I would be ashamed to own a paper. It is not enough to refrain from publishing fake news, it is not enough to take ordinary care to avoid the mistakes which arise from the ignorance, the carelessness, the stupidity of one or more of the many men who handle the news before it gets into print; you have got to do much more than that; you have got to make every one connected with the paper — your editors, your reporters, your correspondents, your rewrite men, your proofreaders — believe that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman.

'When you go to New York ask any of the men in the dome to show you my instructions to them, my letters written from day to day, my cables; and you will

see that accuracy, accuracy, accuracy, is the first, the most urgent, the most constant demand I have made on them.

'I do not say that the *World* is the only paper which takes extraordinary pains to be accurate; on the contrary, I think that almost every paper in America tries to be accurate. I will go further than that. There is not a paper of any importance published in French, German, or English, whether it is printed in Europe or in America, which I have not studied for weeks or months, and some of them I have read steadily for a quarter of a century; and I tell you this, Mr. Ireland, after years of experience, after having comparisons made by the hundred, from time to time, of different versions of the same event, that the press of America as a whole has a higher standard of accuracy than the European press as a whole. I will go further than that. I will say that, line for line, the American newspapers actually *attain* a higher standard of news accuracy than the European newspapers; and I will go further than that and say that although there are in Europe a few newspapers, and they are chiefly English, which are as accurate as the best newspapers in America, there are *no* newspapers in America which are so habitually, so criminally stuffed with fake news as the worst of the European papers.'

Mr. Pulitzer paused and asked me if there was a glass of water on the table — we were seated in his library — and after I had handed it to him, and he had drained it nearly to the bottom at one gulp, he resumed his lecture. I give it in considerable detail, because it was the longest speech he ever addressed to me, because he subsequently made me write it out from memory and then read it to him, and because it was one of the few occasions during my intercourse with him on which I was persuaded beyond a doubt that he spoke with perfect frankness, without allowing his words to be influenced by any outside considerations.

'As a matter of fact,' he continued, 'the criticisms you hear about the American press are founded on a dislike for our headlines and for the prominence we give to crime, to corruption in office, and to sensational topics generally; the charge of inaccuracy is just thrown in to make it look worse. I do not believe that one person in a thousand who attacks the American press for being inaccurate has ever taken the trouble to investigate the facts.

'Now about this matter of sensationalism: a newspaper should be scrupulously accurate; it should be clean; it should avoid everything salacious or suggestive, everything that could offend good taste or lower the moral tone of its readers; but within these limits it is the duty of a newspaper to print the news. When I speak of good taste and of good moral tone I do not mean the kind of good taste which is offended by every reference to the unpleasant things of life; I do not mean the kind of morality which refuses to recognize the existence of immorality — that type of moral hypocrite has done more to check the moral progress of humanity than all the immoral people put together. What I mean is the kind of good taste which demands that frankness should be linked with decency; the kind of moral tone which is braced and not relaxed when it is brought face to face with vice.

'Some people try and make you believe that a newspaper should not devote its space to long and dramatic accounts of murders, railroad wrecks, fires, lynchings, political corruption, embezzlements, frauds, graft, divorces, what you will. I tell you they are wrong, and I believe that if they thought the thing out they would see that they are wrong.

'We are a democracy, and there is only one way to get a democracy on its feet in the matter of its individual, its social, its municipal, its state, its national conduct, and that is by keeping the public informed about what is going on. There is not a crime, there is not a dodge, there is not a trick, there is not a swindle, there is not a vice, which does not live by secrecy. Get these things out in the open, describe them, attack them, ridicule them in the press, and sooner or later public opinion will sweep them away.

'Publicity may not be the only thing that is needed, but it is the one thing without which all other agencies will fail. If a newspaper is to be of real service to the public, it must have a big circulation: first because its news and its comment must reach the largest possible number of people; second, because circulation means advertising, and advertising means money, and money means independence. If I caught any man on the *World* suppressing

news because one of our advertisers objected to having it printed, I would dismiss him immediately; I would n't care who he was.

'What a newspaper needs in its news, in its headlines, and on its editorial page is terseness, humor, descriptive power, satire, originality, good literary style, clever condensation, and accuracy, accuracy, accuracy.'

Mr. Pulitzer made this confession of faith with the warmth generated by an unshakable faith. He spoke, as he always spoke when he was excited, with vigor, emphasis, and ample gesture. When he came to an end and asked for another glass of water I found nothing to say. It would have been as impertinent of me to agree with him as to differ from him.

After all, I had to remember that he had taken over the *World* when its circulation was less than 15,000 copies a day; that he had been for thirty years and still was its dominating spirit and the final authority on every matter concerning its policy, its style, and its contents; that he had seen its morning circulation go up to well over 350,000 copies a day; that at times he had taken his stand boldly against popular clamor, as when he kept up for months a bitter attack against the American action in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, and at times had incurred the hostility of powerful moneyed interests, as when he forced the Cleveland administration to sell to the public on competitive bids a bond issue which it had arranged to sell privately, at considerably below market value, to a great banking house.

Before leaving the subject of newspapers I may describe the method by which Mr. Pulitzer kept in touch with the news and put himself in the position to maintain a critical supervision over the *World*.

An elaborate organization was employed for this purpose. I will explain it as it worked when we were on the yacht, but the system was maintained at all times, whether we were cruising or were at Cap Martin, at Bar Harbor, at Wiesbaden, or elsewhere, merely a few minor details being changed to meet local conditions.

In the Pulitzer Building, Park Row, New York, there were collected each day several copies of each of the morning papers, including the *World*, and some of the evening papers. These were mailed daily to Mr. Pulitzer according to cabled instructions as to our whereabouts. In addition to this a gentleman connected with the *World*, who had long experience of Mr. Pulitzer's requirements, cut from all the New York papers, and from a number of other papers from every part of the United States, every article that he considered Mr. Pulitzer ought to see, whether because of its subject, its tenor, or its style. These clippings were mailed by the hundred on almost every fast steamer sailing for Europe. In order that there might be the greatest economy of time in reading them, the essential matter in each clipping was marked.

So far as the *World* was concerned, a copy of each issue was sent, with the names of the writers written across each editorial, big news story, or special article.

As we went from port to port we got the principal French, German, Austrian, and Italian papers, and the *World* bureau in London kept us supplied with the English dailies and weeklies.

Whenever we picked up a batch of American papers, each of the secretaries got a set and immediately began to read it. My own method of reading was adopted after much advice from Mr. Pulitzer and after consultation with the more experienced members of the staff, and I do not suppose it differed materially from that followed by the others.

I read the *World* first, going over the 'big' stories carefully and with enough concentration to give me a very fair idea of the facts. Then I read the articles in the other papers covering the same ground, noting any important differences in the various accounts. This task resolved itself in practice into mastering in considerable detail about half a dozen articles — a political situation, a murder, a railroad wreck, a fire, a strike, an important address by a college president, for example — and getting a clear impression of the treatment of each item in each paper.

With this done, and with a few notes scribbled on a card to help my memory, I turned to the editorial pages, reading each editorial with the closest attention and making more notes.

The final reading of the news served to give me from ten to twenty small topics

of what Mr. Pulitzer called 'human interest,' to be used as subjects of conversation as occasion demanded. As a rule I cut these items out of the paper and put them in the left-hand pocket of my coat, for when we walked together J. P. always took my right arm, and my left hand was, therefore, free to dip into my reservoir of cuttings whenever conversation flagged and I needed a new subject.

The cuttings covered every imaginable topic — small cases in the magistrates' courts, eccentric entertainments at Newport, the deaths of centenarians, dinners to visiting authors in New York, accounts of performing animals, infant prodigies, new inventions, additions to the Metropolitan Museum, announcements of new plays, anecdotes about prominent men and women, instances of foolish extravagance among the rich, and so on.

. . . . . .

On rare occasions he talked of his early days, telling us in a charmingly simple and unaffected manner of the tragic and humorous episodes with which his youth had been crowded. Of the former I recall a striking description of a period during which he filled two positions in St. Louis, one involving eight hours' work during the day, the other eight hours during the night. Four of the remaining eight were devoted to studying English.

His first connection with journalism arose out of an experience which he related with a wealth of detail which showed how deeply it had been burned into his memory.

When he first arrived in St. Louis he soon found himself at the end of his resources and was faced with the absolute impossibility of securing work in that city. In company with forty other men he applied at the office of a general agent who had advertised for hands to go down the Mississippi and take up well-paid posts on a Louisiana sugar plantation. The agent demanded a fee of five dollars from each applicant, and by pooling their resources the members of this wretched band managed to meet the charge. The same night they were taken on board a steamer which immediately started down river. At three o'clock in the morning they were landed on the river bank about forty miles below St. Louis, at a spot where there was neither house, road, nor clearing. Before the marooned party had time to realize its plight the steamer had disappeared.

A council of war was held, and it was decided that they should tramp back to St. Louis and put a summary termination to the agent's career by storming his office and murdering him. Whether or not this reckless program would have been carried out it is impossible to say, for when, three days later, the ragged army arrived in the city. worn out with fatigue and half-dead from hunger, the agent was found to have decamped.

A reporter happened to pick up the story, and by mere chance met Pulitzer and induced him to write out in German the tale of his experiences. This account created such an impression on the mind of the editor through whose hands it passed that Pulitzer was offered, and accepted with the greatest misgivings, as he solemnly assured us, a position as reporter on the *Westliche Post*.

The event proved that there had been no grounds for J. P.'s modest doubts. After he had been some time on the paper things went so badly that two reporters had to be got rid of. The editor kept Pulitzer on the staff, because he felt that if any one was destined to force him out of the editorial chair it was not a young, uneducated foreigner, who could hardly mumble half a dozen words of English. The editor was mistaken. Within a few years J. P. not only supplanted him, but became half proprietor of the paper.

. . . . . .

It was not only in regard to mental accomplishments, however, that J. P. pursued his plan of educating everybody around him. He insisted, among other things, that I should learn to ride, not because there was any lack of people who could ride with him, but because by means of application I could add a new item to the list of things I could do. After a dozen lessons from a groom I progressed so far that, having acquired the ability to stay more or less in the saddle while the horse trotted, Mr. Pulitzer frequently took me riding with him.

We always rode three abreast, a groom on J. P.'s right and myself on his left, and conversation had to be kept up the whole time. This presented no peculiar difficulties when the horses were walking, but when they trotted I found it no easy task to keep my seat, to preserve the precise distance from J. P. which saved me from

touching his stirrup and yet allowed me to speak without raising my voice, and to leave enough of my mind unoccupied to remember my material and to present it without betraying the discomfort of my position.

During these rides, and especially when we were walking our horses along a quiet, shady stretch of road, J. P. sometimes became reminiscent. On one of these occasions he told me the story of how he lost his sight. As I wrote it down as soon as we got back to the house, I can tell it almost in his own words.

We had been discussing the possibility of his writing an autobiography, and he said, throwing his head back and smiling reflectively:

'Well, I sometimes wish it could be done. It would make an interesting book; but I do not think I shall ever do it. My God! I work from morning to night as it is. When would I get the time?'

Then, suddenly changing his mood: 'It won't do any harm for you to make a few notes now and then, and some day, perhaps, we might go through them and see if there is anything worth preserving. Has any one ever told you how I lost my sight? No? Well, it was in November, 1887. The *World* had been conducting a vigorous campaign against municipal corruption — a campaign which ended in the arrest of a financier who had bought the votes of aldermen in order to get a street railroad franchise.'

At this point he paused. His jaws set, and his expression became stern, almost fierce, as he added: 'The man died in jail of a broken heart, and I — and I —' He took a deep breath and continued as though he were reciting an experience which he had heard related of some stranger.

'I was, of course, violently attacked, and it was a period of terrible strain for me. What with anxiety and overwork I began to suffer from insomnia, and that soon produced a bad condition of my nerves. One morning I went down to the *World* and called for the editorials which were ready for me to go over. I always read every line of editorial copy. When I picked up the sheets I was astonished to find that I could hardly see the writing, let alone read it. I thought it was probably due to indigestion or to some other temporary cause and said nothing about it. The next morning on my way downtown I called in at an oculist's. He examined my eyes and then ordered me to go home and remain in bed in a darkened room for six weeks. At the end of that time he examined me again, told me that I had ruptured a blood vessel in one of my eyes, and ordered me to stop work entirely and to take six months' rest in California.

'That was the beginning of the end. Whatever my trouble had been at first, it developed into separation of the retina in both eyes. From the day on which I first consulted the oculist up to the present time, about twenty-four years, I have only been three times in the *World* building. Most people think I 'm dead, or living in Europe in complete retirement. Now go on and give me the morning's news. I 've had practically nothing, so you can just run over it briefly, item by item.'

. . . . . .

On October 25, 1911, we put in to the harbor of Charleston, S. C. There was the usual business of receiving mail, newspapers, and so on, for J. P., after five days at sea, was eager to pick up the thread of current happenings.

On the following day Mr. Lathan, editor of the Charleston *Courier*, lunched on the yacht. He and Mr. Pulitzer had an animated discussion about the possibilities of a Democratic victory in 1912. I had never seen J. P. in a more genial mood or in higher spirits.

Whether it was due to the excitement of receiving a visitor whose conversation was so stimulating I do not know, but on Friday, October 27, J. P. was feeling so much out of sorts that he did not appear on deck. On Saturday he remained below only because Brocklebank, who always kept the closest watch over his health, persuaded him to have a good rest before resuming the ordinary routine. J. P. was anxious to take up some business matters with Henderson, but Brocklebank induced him to give up the idea.

At three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, October 29, Brocklebank came to my cabin and, without making any explanation, said:

'Mr. Pulitzer wishes you to come and read to him.'

I put on a dressing gown, gathered up half a dozen books, and in five minutes I was sitting by Mr. Pulitzer's bedside. He was evidently suffering a good deal of

pain, for he turned from side to side and once or twice got out of bed and sat in an easy chair.

I tried several books, but finally settled down to read Macaulay's essay on Hallam. I read steadily until about five o'clock, and J. P. listened attentively, interrupting me from time to time with a direction to go back and read over a passage.

About half-past five he began to suffer severely, and he sent for the yacht's doctor, who did what was possible for him. At a few minutes after six J. P. said: 'Now, Mr. Ireland, you 'd better go and get some sleep; we will finish that this afternoon. Good-by, I 'm much obliged to you. Ask Mr. Schmidt to come to me. Go, now, and have a good rest, and forget all about me.'

I slept till noon. When I came on deck I found that everything was going on much as usual. One of the secretaries was with J. P.; the others were at work over the day's papers.

At lunch we spoke of J. P. One man said that he seemed a little worse than usual; another that he had seen him much worse a score of times.

Suddenly the massive door at the forward end of the saloon opened. I turned in my seat and saw the towering figure of the head butler framed in the doorway. I faced his impassive glance and received the full shock of his calm but incredible announcement: 'Mr. Pulitzer is dead.'

IV

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

LYMAN ABBOTT

[*Outlook*, January 15, 1919. By permission.]

Mr. Roosevelt was to me a wise counselor, a courageous comrade, an inspiring personality, and always a loyal and considerate friend. Writing on the day of his death and under the shadow of a great sorrow, I will not trust myself to give any expression to my personal feeling about him, who was the foremost statesman of his time, and, because of his sterling virtues, was at once the best beloved and the most bitterly execrated of America's public men. But I may perhaps do something to interpret to *Outlook* readers the inspiration of his power and the secret of his extraordinary career.

All good government is government of the worser elements by the best. How to secure this is still the unsolved problem of society. Absolutism assumed that the king was 'the Lord's anointed,' chosen by Jehovah to rule his people, and therefore possessed of a divine right. Aristocracy assumed that a long course of hereditary breeding would create a noble class fitted to govern the common people. The Puritans assumed that the religious men should rule the world, and therefore vested political power in the church members. Jeremy Bentham and his followers assumed that the people, if left to themselves, would select wise rulers whose interest it would be to govern well that they might be reëlected. All these forms of government agreed that the few must govern and the many must be governed, though they differed widely upon the question of how these rulers should be selected.

Modern democracy denies the assumption that the few must govern and the many must be governed; and to Aristotle's three forms of government — government by the one, by the few, by the many — it is gradually adding a fourth: self-government. For in lieu of government by the best class in the community over the rest it is substituting government by the best in every man over the worser elements in every man.

In my judgment, no man in the history of America, not even Abraham Lincoln, did so much as Theodore Roosevelt to expedite the era of self-government.

Entering politics at twenty-two resolved to make it his profession, Mr. Roosevelt assumed from the outset that politics is the science and practice of government, and that to succeed in the science and practice of government would require the best that was in him. He was ambitious, not to govern, but to lead. He brought to his earliest campaign a frankness and a courage which were novelties in American politics. He had a keen sense of moral values and a dominating faith in moral forces. With an inspired instinct which men call genius, he perceived that virtue and intelligence are characteristic of the American people, and to that virtue and that intelligence he habitually appealed — never to their

prejudices or their passions, though he never lacked the courage to rebuke those prejudices and confront those passions. His methods of appeal were sometimes ingenious, but they were always courageous, and his aim was always the same. When he was Civil Service Commissioner and Congress attempted to thwart Civil Service reform by cutting down appropriations, he appealed to the people by abandoning examinations in those districts whose representatives had voted for reducing appropriations and continuing examinations in those districts whose representatives had supported Civil Service reform. When he was Police Commissioner, by his fairness he won the loyal support of every honest policeman, and by the result proved that the rascals who had brought disrepute upon the Police administration were in a minority. When he was elected Governor of the State of New York, he announced his intention to consult with both Mr. Low and Mr. Platt, and faced the hostility both of the Old Guard and of the radical reformers because he did not wish to govern the Republican party, but to lead it. When he became President, he was equally ready to confer with a cowboy or a college president, a labor leader or a millionaire. His tests of character were not conventional; they were not learning, or culture, or social position, or political influence, or wealth. They were the common virtues — courage, frankness, political honesty, personal purity. His messages to Congress were messages to the American people; and it has been well said of them that they were 'quite as often treatises on the moral principles of government as they were recommendations for specific legislation or administrative policies.' 'I am accused of preaching,' he once said to a group of his friends; 'but I have got such a bully pulpit.'

This habit of appeal to the best in every man kept Mr. Roosevelt in what his critics sometimes called the 'middle of the road.' He denounced corruptionists, whatever their position or political party. He attacked, often in the same speech, 'malefactors of great wealth' and 'undesirable citizens.' He urged on the Senate a general arbitration treaty more radical than it was willing to adopt, and at the same time insisted that until an International Supreme Court is firmly established the Nation must have an army and navy adequate to protect the rights of its citizens; and when such a Court is established the nations must be prepared to maintain its decrees against any recalcitrant nation. The last-published letter he wrote illustrated the judicial poise of a nature always controlled by a passion for even-handed justice. 'We should insist,' he said, 'that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with every one else.' At that time he also said: 'There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also — he is not an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag.'

This appeal of Mr. Roosevelt to the American people for justice, equal rights, and a fair opportunity for all gives symmetry and cohesion to his varied administrations as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, Governor of New York, and President of the United States. It made him as bitter enemies in influential quarters as any public man in American politics has ever known; but it also made him the most widely admired and best-loved American of his time.

And it did more. It went far toward converting American politics from a trade to a profession; it inspired his colleagues and his party associates; it summoned into political activity followers in both parties and in all sections of the country. Men had thought of politics as a traffic which no man could enter without dishonor. His life proved to them that the highest success is possible to honor, courage, and purity if mated to ability. It raised the ideals and the standards of public life for the entire American people. Its influence in creating the genuine and self-sacrificing patriotism which called the Nation into this world war with a voice which love of ease and dread of war could not resist cannot be estimated. And it has done more than any other one influence, if not more than all other influences combined, to inspire the citizens of this country with a real faith in the intelligence and virtue of their fellowmen, and so in the practicability of that self-government

which is the foundation of a true democracy because of a true brotherhood of man.

V

THE ROOSEVELT SPIRIT IS NOT DEAD

JULIAN STREET

[*Collier's*, February 1, 1919. By author's permission.]

He is a great man who is what he is from Nature, and who never reminds us of others.— EMERSON.

We, whom Theodore Roosevelt used proudly and affectionately to call his 'fellow Americans,' have always listened with great relish to characteristic stories of him. His qualities, physical and spiritual, were so utterly his own, his individuality so intense and overmastering, that he seemed somehow to be projected among us, to be intimately known even to those of us who had never touched his hand or even seen him. It was this curious feeling as of personal acquaintance with him that caused us so to delight in the flavor of a typical Roosevelt story.

'Is n't that just like him!' we would say, as we might of a story hitting off familiar traits of our own father.

But whereas, on the night of January 5, 1919, a Roosevelt story might by many of us have been regarded merely as something entertaining, the next morning witnessed a great change. The wand of Death touching him gently as he slept, releasing him to further high adventure, to great, final explorations, transformed not him alone, but the environment and the legend of him. To every possession of his, from the wife and children he loved to such small objects as that ink-stand, made from an elephant's foot, which stood upon his desk at Sagamore Hill, or the very pens and pencils there, thenceforth attached a quite new sacredness. And so, for us, his fellow Americans, new sacredness attaches now to the rich legacy of wisdom he has left us, to every thought of his that we can learn, to every belief he held, and consequently to every authentic story that can in any way contribute to our knowledge of him.

In the vast amount of matter that has been printed of the Colonel I do not recall having seen any reference to a certain theory that he had (and, having it, of course he put it into practice) in connection with the bringing up of children. It was a characteristic theory, and now it, like all else, takes on a new significance.

As long since as when he was Governor of New York it was his practice to go every Saturday afternoon for a tramp in the country with Mrs. Roosevelt and the children. And it was understood between them that in the course of all such tramps he would lead them to some physical obstacle which must be overcome. Sometimes it would be merely the obstacle of long distance over a difficult terrain, calling for sustained effort in face of great fatigue; sometimes it would be a wide brook to be crossed at a difficult place; sometimes a deep ravine full of tangled underbrush to be traversed; and on one memorable occasion, less than a fortnight before the Colonel was nominated for Vice-President — that nomination designed by political enemies within his own party to terminate his political career — there was a steep cliff of crumbling slate to be ascended and descended.

The idea that Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt attempted to fasten in the children's minds was that life frequently presents obstacles comparable with those encountered on these walks, and that it is the part of good manhood and good womanhood squarely to meet and surmount them, going through or over, but never around. Thus early the Roosevelt children, whose later record has been so worthy of their father and their mother, had begun to learn primary lessons in resourcefulness, perseverance, courage, stoicism, and disregard for danger — for sometimes, as in the Adventure of the Slate Cliff, there was danger.

The bank, soft and almost perpendicular, at first appeared insurmountable, but after an hour and a half all but one of that day's walking party had managed to climb up and down again. The exception was Alice Roosevelt, then a girl of sixteen, who, having reached the top, found herself unable to descend.

On this day Elon Hooker, an old friend of the Roosevelts, was with them. Walking along the base of the cliff, this young man found a stout tree growing up beside it. Climbing the tree, he leaned out and, seizing with one hand a hummock of slate

at the crest of the little precipice, offered his arm as a bridge over which Alice could step into the tree, whence it would be no very difficult matter to climb down to earth.

The hummock was less secure than it appeared. As she stepped upon his arm the slate to which he was holding broke away and his arm fell beneath her. She had, however, managed to grasp with one hand a branch, and to this she clung until he succeeded in catching her and drawing her safely into the tree.

In reaching the ground they discovered that the fallen mass of slate had struck the Colonel fairly on the head, laying open his scalp from the forehead to a corresponding point at the back of the skull. Though the wound bled freely, they were immediately reassured by his smile. Finding a brook, they washed the gash as best they could; later a surgeon took a dozen stitches in the Colonel's scalp; and when, some ten days after, he attended the Republican National Convention he was none the worse for the accident. Few persons, indeed, knew of it at all, for it was characteristic of him to avoid any mention of his injuries or ailments, and if forced to mention them he would invariably pass them off as being of no consequence.

Thus, for example, when it became known a twelve-month or so ago that he had been for many years stone blind in the left eye, as the result of a blow received in boxing, the news came as a surprise to numerous friends who knew him well. Yet he had been blind in that eye when he shot lions in Africa. He was not in the least sensitive about his blindness, nor do I think he tried particularly to conceal it. It was simply that he had an aversion, resembling that of the aboriginal American, for the discussion of bodily ills; a contempt for the inconvenience or suffering resulting from them. And still, when others suffered physically or spiritually, he was the most solicitous, the gentlest, the tenderest of men.

It was like him, too, that throughout the afternoon on which he went to the hospital for a grave operation, a year ago, he continued to dictate letters to his secretary, and that while dictating he had a hemorrhage and fainted three times, only to revive and resume his dictation. And until the doctor forbade it, he even contemplated going that night to a dinner at which he had agreed to speak.

On his hunting trips, when traveling, and more lately when confined to his bed in the hospital, he utilized every moment of his time for work, study, and reflection; he would concentrate upon a book or a conversation while enduring pain to a degree that would have rendered it impossible for most men to think consecutively, let alone converse upon important topics with a succession of visitors.

He was afraid neither to live nor to die. And in the purely orthodox sense he had no cause to fear death, for his soul was as clean as that of a little child. The ultimate biographer of Roosevelt will not have so much as one single item to gloss over or conceal. And I am not sure that that is not the finest thing that may be said of any man.

Until a year ago I never heard him speak of death, but since then I have known him to speak of it more than once. I am wondering now if it merely happened so, or whether, as he lay there in the hospital a year ago, and again in the last months of the year just past, he may not have had a premonition that the end was perhaps nearer than those about him supposed. Certainly he knew a year ago, at the time of the operation for an abscess in the middle ear, which rapidly extended to the inner ear, that he was at death's door. Dr. Arthur B. Duel, his surgeon, told him so, and the Colonel promptly expressed a brave resignation.

I saw him in the hospital a few days after the operation. He was reading a book. After we had spoken a few words he said:

'Lying here, I have often thought how glad I would be to go now if by doing so I could only bring the boys back safe to Mrs. Roosevelt.'

One day at luncheon last April, when we all thought him as vigorous as ever, he spoke again of his boys, and there was in what he said as much apprehension for them as he ever allowed himself to show — or perhaps I should say as much apprehension of the blow that the loss of any one of them would be to the remainder of the family.

'Mrs. Roosevelt has been perfectly wonderful,' he said, 'about their going to fight. We both realize that we have a very full, interesting, satisfying life to

look back upon. Whatever may come now, we have had more than thirty years of happiness together, with all our children spared to us.'

And again, less than a month ago, as I write, when I called the hospital, Mrs. Roosevelt — who always stayed there with him — spoke in the same terms, though in the interim the blow had fallen. It was of Quentin, the eagle, that she spoke.

'We have been until now a singularly united family,' she said. 'This is the first loss from our immediate circle. Life has been kind to us. We have much to be thankful for.'

The story I have told of his walks with the children and the obstacles over which he led them was, until the morning of January 6, only a typical Roosevelt story. Since then it has become an allegory. For his feeling for us all was in a very fine sense paternal. He was the father; we the children. 'Face the obstacles,' he always urged us. 'Go through or over; never around.'

Or to quote his own words, uttered in that great speech twenty years ago:

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely, swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass by us and will win for themselves the domination of the world.

Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us not shrink from strife, moral or physical, within or without the Nation, provided we are certain the strife is justified; for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

That, I believe, was the essence of Roosevelt's personal and national philosophy. Simply he thought and spoke and lived and died. And that, without exception, has been true of all our greatest men. Like Lincoln and Franklin, he was one of us. When he spoke we understood him. He never juggled thoughts or words to baffle us, confuse us, stupefy us with the brilliancy of his performance. Nor did he ever speak or write to mask a purpose or a lack of purpose. He never thought, as he tried to set down his ideas: 'Now I am writing something that will live. Now I am making history.' He was impatient of such notions, just as he was impatient of the applause that interrupted him when he was making public speeches. Time and again I have seen him hold up his hand to stop applause. He wanted to go on. It was the thing to be accomplished that obsessed him.

Thinking of the ingratitude that we have sometimes shown him, and of the follies we have committed, on occasion, in face of his exhortation to be brave and prompt and ready, I once asked him how he had kept from becoming cynical about mankind.

'I am not cynical,' he said, 'because I have observed that just when our people seem to be becoming altogether hopeless they have a way of suddenly turning around and doing something perfectly magnificent.'

What a prophecy that was! — for he said it in the hour of our national shame, when we were crying gratefully: 'He kept us out of war!'

Well may we be thankful that Roosevelt lived to see his profound faith in us justified; to see us at last take up arms in answer to his repeated call; to see us quit 'the life of ease' for that of 'strenuous endeavor'; to see us spurn 'ignoble peace' and enter the 'hard contest where men must win at hazard of their lives.' That the poison of pacifism did not ruin the nation is due to the fact that we had Roosevelt as an antitoxin.

Thus his greatest single service to his country was performed, not while he was president, but in the last years of his life; not while he held the reins of government, but as a private citizen whose unofficial power lay solely in the nation's admiration for him; its faith in him and in his vision; its heed to what he said.

There will, of course, be a memorial to Roosevelt. It will be a noble thing of marble. But such a thing, however glori-

ous, will mean much more to us than it could mean to him. We shall erect it to give ourselves the mournful satisfaction of doing our dead hero honor. But let us not forget, meanwhile, that the one memorial he would have wished cannot be built of tangible materials, but must be made of thoughts and deeds.

He has taken his last tramp with his own children, and with us. He has guided them, and us, up to the last obstacle we were destined to meet and overcome under his leadership. And the one thing he would ask of us is this: That we go on without him. That we learn the simple lessons he has taught by precept and example. That we be foresighted, prompt, practical, honest, resolute, courageous.

So, in ourselves, we will make his spirit live.

VI

THE FOUR STAGES OF WOODROW WILSON

[*Christian Science Monitor*, January 27, 1919. By permission.]

As one turns back the pages which record the remarkable career of Woodrow Wilson, the fact that the chronicle may be divided into four distinct parts, and that each, considered as a stage in his progress, is natural and consistent with the whole, impresses itself upon the thought of the student. As the head of a university, as the Governor of a state, as President of the United States, and as a representative of the nation at the international Peace Conference, the man, in ideals and purpose, is the same. Each stage following that which found Woodrow Wilson an educator impelled by ideas new to the college faculties of the country, opposed because new, and eventually adopted because irresistible, is but the logical successor of the other. Essentially, Woodrow Wilson at Princeton, at Trenton, in the White House and at the Peace Conference is the same man, in outlook, in apprehension, in method, and in attitude toward human problems.

Nothing could be much farther from the mark than a once too-prevalent belief that when Woodrow Wilson emerged from the classic shades of learning into the limelight of political life, he was provided only with the equipment of a schoolmaster. As a matter of fact his entire training, had it been so designed, could not have been directed with nicer regard for the requirements of the increasingly responsible duties that awaited him. He had studied and taught jurisprudence and political economy. He had written books on statecraft. He had practised law. As president of Princeton he had made practical application of his theories of administration, government, and justice. He had delved into the fundamentals of democracy and investigated the sources of political action in the republic. In class lectures and in historical dissertations he had uncovered and analyzed conditions resulting from mass rule and representative government, and had fitted himself for the title of the scholar in politics without unfitting himself for a place in practical political activity. A patient delver and a thorough investigator, he had 'learned the game' that was played without the university walls long before he had received even an intimation that some day he might be invited to take a hand in it.

When, on the strength of his practical ability as well as his learning, he was chosen president of Princeton, the first layman to occupy the chair, and the first graduate in 34 years to be placed at the head of the institution, he entered upon his duties, in the words of one of his biographers, 'with emphatic convictions' about the obligations of his position and his personal responsibility. From the beginning, it was plain, there was to be nothing of the perfunctory in his administration. His thoughts and aspirations rose high above established usage and tradition. Princeton, like some other great American seats of learning, had been often and generously 'remembered' by philanthropists; like some other great American seats of learning, Princeton had been perhaps, unconsciously to a large degree, somewhat influenced by these gifts in the arrangement of its curriculum, in the viewpoint of its teachers, in its atmosphere. Those who 'furnished the funds' or the element from which proceeded the bequests, had come to look at Princeton as a school for the inculcation and preservation of conservative thought.

Fairly installed, President Wilson proceeded to uproot tradition and to smash

precedent. He reorganized the faculty, revised the curriculum, established a system of free electives, met with opposition in the board of trustees, overcame it, and in course of time won it over to agreement with him on some of the propositions deemed radical and objectionable at the beginning. One of the most important of the innovations which he succeeded in having confirmed by the trustees was the famous preceptorial system by which he realized one of his long-cherished ideals in education. Under its operation came the possibility of combining the advantages of the larger university with the acknowledged advantages of the smaller colleges.

His struggle with the trustees, representative of entrenched conservatism, did not escape notice abroad. New Jersey, the State in which Princeton University is situated, was looking on interestedly. More than this, it was listening to what Dr. Wilson was saying, reading what he was writing. His ideas on the relations of the governor with the governed, of the state with the citizen, of the nation with the individual, caught and held public attention, won widespread approval.

Here was an educator, a college president whose vision penetrated far beyond his environment, and the politicians soon saw what the people were first to see, that in this educator was a coming political leader. The politicians were not prepared to accept all of his teachings, but they were eager to take advantage of his popular strength. Once in Trenton, as they imagined, they would show him some things.

Once in Trenton, and launched upon the second stage of his career, he applied to the State of New Jersey the ideals in government he had applied to Princeton, and he surprised the politicians by showing them something. Instead of controlling him, they found themselves controlled. He carried out a vigorous campaign against the political 'machine' and the political 'ringster.' At first the 'bosses' sneered at his ideals; at the last while the country looked on and gratefully smiled, they had either to conform to his methods or retire from politics. Governor Wilson had not served half his term before he came to be recognized as the logical candidate of the Democratic Party for the presidency, and the second stage quickly merged into the third.

The politicians of his party did not want him, but the mass insisted. Finding it useless to attempt to check the tide, the 'bosses' and the reactionaries went with it. Having learned nothing from the past, they still entertained the hope that he could be reasoned with, and so they strove to commit him to policies with which they could agree. Nothing in the political history of the United States quite parallels the bold decisiveness of Governor Wilson in shaking himself free of professed friendships when he discovered that they were being used to shackle his political independence. In cutting loose from undesirable association and entanglement, he risked the charge of ingratitude, and, in fact, had to face it. At first the country gasped at the daring of the act, then approved and applauded.

Although in taking it he antagonized the Democratic 'machine' and aroused the violent anger of Wall Street, that step made Woodrow Wilson President. It did more than this; in discarding the support and in repudiating the dictation and domination of Wall Street, and, with Wall Street, all reactionary influences, it made him, first, the great character in national, and, second, the great character in international affairs, which he is today. It left him untrammeled as a man, untied as a candidate, unobligated as an executive; it enabled him, in the consciousness of his independence, to deal with every momentous national issue as he had dealt with important university and state questions, that is, with regard only for what he conceived to be the claims of justice and wisdom.

And now, in the fourth stage of his career, a free man, morally, intellectually, and politically, unconstrained and uninfluenced by aught save his sense of duty to righteousness and democracy, he takes a freeman's place in the greatest international conference of all times as an advocate of a square deal for all in a freer world.

VII

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT THE GUILDHALL

HAROLD BEGBIE

[*Daily Chronicle*, London, Eng., November 11, 1918. By permission.]

There was a flourish of trumpets from outside, a sudden feeling of final excitement in the crowded library, and then a burst of cheering reached us from people in the corridors and on the stairs which lead to this beautiful apartment.

The official at the far end, almost buried under a red and white sash, may or may not have announced 'The Right Honorable David Lloyd George, Member of Parliament, Prime Minister of England;' the second official, half-way up the library, wearing a red and white rosette the size of a good cabbage, may or may not have repeated this announcement with becoming unction; all we heard was the sound of cheers, and all we cared about was to look at this little gray man of destiny advancing up the excited room, not as if he were unaware of his triumph, but as if he were thinking of something else.

I never saw him look more grim. He came slowly up the room, his chin tucked into the gold-laced collar of his uniform, his head down, his brows drawn together, no wrinkles of laughter round his eyes, no gentleness of smile at his lips. His eyes looked deliberately to right and left of him, but without interest, without emotion. He seemed cold and gray, buried in thought.

One knew now that he had not come to be the bellman of victory. But why had he come? Why had he not invented an excuse and remained at his work? One began to feel that he had felt himself charged to come and give the world some message infinitely more solemn than a declaration of victory.

Before his advent the pageant of the library had held us fascinated, and amused, for nearly an hour. The coming of Venezelos had sent a wave of enthusiasm through the great room. Arthur Balfour, who has the secret of being able to exaggerate smile and bow without loss of dignity, had passed up to the Lord Mayor's dais like an operatic tenor at the height of his triumph. Eric Geddes, tumultuously cheered, and looking like a tug at full steam, had gone up between those huzzaing people as if he intended to give some guilty alderman a blow between the eyes. Winston Churchill and his handsome wife had passed up the room as if they were hurrying to a jolly supper after a delicious dance. M. Cambon, whose appearance brought down the house, advanced up the seething room with a stately and ambassadorial dignity which the new diplomacy will find it hard to improve upon.

And with these great and splendid-looking people, whose names were like the announcement of a victory, came unhappy nonentities, who hurried up the library in a freezing silence, horribly ashamed of their unknown names, one tucking in the base of his spine till he looked like a Derby dog; another glancing wildly to left and right as if the police were after him, all of them staggering up the dais in a state of partial collapse, and then hiding themselves in the palms at the side, which were so unkind as to disarrange their hair.

Comedy watched her opportunity in this pageant. The gentleman in the enormous red and white sash, whose pronunciation was like a stage nobleman's, would call out some historic name preceded by an unending string of titles, and immediately after would give us, in exactly the same grandiloquent tones, 'The Chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board,' or 'The Master of the Haberdashers' Company.' At one moment, in a roar of cheers, some gorgeous Ambassador, blazing with orders, would pass handsomely up to the Lord Mayor's dais; at the next, a little old paunchy alderman with a nice little matronly wife would come waddling along, talking energetically to each other for comfort, and comically bumping together because they were so horribly nervous.

At the end of all this came the Prime Minister, and his coming changed the whole atmosphere of the pageant. In some way his aspect seemed to convey to an expectant world that he had a greater thing to say to it than the word Victory, and that more hours of death and destruction must go by before mankind could draw its breath and say, 'The war is over.'

But what had he come to say?

When he rose to speak in the Guildhall the excitement was so tense that one was conscious almost of pain. The speakers preceding him had been too long with their words. The air was exhausted. Women who had looked fresh and beautiful an hour before were now pale and haggard. People had left the side tables and pressed into the center of the hall, crowding against the guests seated at the principal tables. Tobacco smoke hung heavily in the dense atmosphere. Old gentlemen were inclined to close their eyes and let their heads nod. Civic ladies had given up listening to speeches, and through lorgnettes were studying the wonderful pearls of the little slim Duchess of Marlborough. On all sides people had begun to growl rather ominously. It was ten minutes past ten.

The Prime Minister, standing under the oak canopy, with its mace and sword of maintenance, had for his immediate background helmeted policemen, flunkeys with soaped hair, firemen, jaded waiters, and one officer of the British Army leaning wearily on a brass-tipped wand of office — Major Corbett Smith, author of *The Retreat from Mons*. The presence of this single officer with the Mons ribbon seemed to make one feel that behind the words of the Prime Minister were the valor and glory and immortal honor of the British Armies. One began to know why he had come. He was here to remind the nation of the Past; not to speak of triumph, but of the pain and faith and sacrifice by which that triumph had been accomplished.

I heard the great 'ramshackle empire' speech at the Queen's Hall, a speech of unforgettable passion, in which every word burned with scorn and flamed with indignation; that speech was the utterance of a prophet, and it quivered with the lightnings of prophetic denunciation. But tonight another voice sounded from those same lips, another spirit inspired the speaker's words; all the agony and bloody sweat of four long years of calamitous war clothed him as with a garment; he was like Destiny lifting its head above the ruins of unrighteousness and gazing upward to the pale stars of God. He was very quiet, very composed, very solemn and reflective.

'Justice, divine Justice,' he cried, lifting his arm, 'must be satisfied.'

'This generation will have passed away ere the torture and suffering of this war will have ceased.' And then, 'The country that recklessly plunged the world into that agony must accept a stern reckoning.'

All through his speech one could hear that single voice, the voice of Justice.

He spoke of the debt we owe to our immortal dead, to our heroic wounded, and to our unconquerable hosts still in the field. He bade us solemnly think of what we owe to them, and then: 'Yea; also, what we owe to the mothers who bore them, to the wives who cherished them, and the fathers who have grown gray in anxiety for their gallant boys in deadly peril.' Justice, divine Justice, had mind of those things.

'It is a great hour,' he cried out, 'the greatest of all history; it is the hour of Justice.'

'I have waited,' he said, 'for this hour.'

When he uttered that last brief sentence, slowly, quietly, and quite unboastfully, one seemed to see the personal romance of this man's career, his part in the mysterious providence which works with and by and for humanity to ends of which the wisest can scarcely dare to dream. Think of what he was, and what he has become, this Prime Minister of England who has held the world together in the fierce hour of Armageddon.

His father was a village schoolmaster, who died and left wife and children to the mercies of chance. An uncle received that little homeless family under his roof, and to earn bread for them worked harder than ever at his cobbler's bench. David stood beside his toiling uncle learning the great organ music of the English Bible; the old man would pause in his work to read a passage, and the boy would repeat it after him. And behind the shop, David's mother, in the kitchen, was striving so to economize this and that that she might have a sixpence over at the end of the week. 'That was my mother's life,' he once told me; 'a never-ending anxiety to have sixpence of my uncle's money saved at the end of each week. It is the life of the Poor.'

And now tonight he announces the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns!

This little David, of the Welsh hills, more than any one man in the world, has

destroyed the Goliath of Prussianism. He stands in the Guildhall telling mankind that the Hohenzollerns have gone, that great and illustrious family whose pride had become immeasurable, and whose shining sword had seemed but four short months ago invincible. Facing him are the statues of Wellington and Nelson, all round those gray walls hang the gay banners of the Free Nations, and he is the voice of destiny in that ancient place of civic splendor and outworn pageantry, this cobbler's nephew, telling us that the Hohenzollerns are gone — gone for ever.

What a romance!

He speaks, almost with awe, of 'this solemn moment of triumph, one of the greatest moments in the history of the world . . . this great hour which rings in a new era . . . and which is going to lift humanity to a higher plane of existence for the ages of the future.' And as he speaks these words, this shepherd boy of democracy, one feels that more than any one man it is he who has brought the world to this solemn moment of triumph, he and none other. Is there any more dramatic romance in the history of men?

President Wilson is the Voice of the Free Nations. Lloyd George is the unconquerable Will of Democracy. History will give to President Wilson a just meed of praise, and for all time his place in the gratitude of the world will be one of great honor and noble dignity; but to the humble Prime Minister of these ancient islands, the mother of America, history must surely give the supreme place; for he will ever stand, not above the conflict, but in the very midst of the whirlwind, and he will live, not as a Voice, but as a passionate Will, not as an austere Virtue, but as a burning and a living Faith.

From the first hour until now he has been the soul of the world's struggle with the Powers of Darkness. His reward is certain. About his name storms will rage for a little time; mistakes will be brought up against him by small-minded enemies; his faults of temperament will be exaggerated; and unscrupulous politicians will seek by every means to cover and dissemble his triumph; but history will say that he inspired the democracies of the world with faith, that he saw the first truth when it was hidden from the wise and powerful, that in the darkest hour he never wavered, that when strong influences were brought against him to change his heart he remained unshakably steadfast, and that in order to overthrow the Hohenzollerns and storm the last stronghold of dynastic tyranny, this son of democracy first overthrew here in our islands political powers high in the public approval and military incompetence which the nation had been hysterically led to mistake for military strength.

His solemn speech at the Guildhall should bring home to the democracy of these islands, if they follow history from the dark spring of this year to its glorious autumn, that generations yet unborn will feel towards this statesman of freedom and justice a reverence touched with wonder that any man among his contemporaries was ungrateful for his service to the world.

VIII

JOFFRE

JEAN RICHEPIN

of the French Academy.

[Translated from *Le Figaro*, August 30, 1915.]

If I had the honor of counting among the intimate friends of General Joffre before August, 1914, I should find the undertaking of this portrait a task of insuperable difficulty. Indeed, I believe I should give it up at once, and that I should not venture on even the vaguest sketch, I should be so certain of not getting a real likness.

The fact is that General Joffre, such as he was able to reveal himself six months ago, had nothing in common with the man of the present hour. Nothing at all, whether he likes it or not, and whether those about him are or are not conscious of the fact. There existed in the middle of last year — General Joffre; let us say, if you insist on it,— Generalissimo Joffre. What exists in the year 1915 is simply, without title — Joffre.

Now the intimate friends of the former are evidently the least fitted to make us acquainted with the latter. What they know of the one hinders them from telling us about the other. They can hardly recognize their friend of yesterday in the

new figure of today. And this new figure is nevertheless the real figure, and the only figure to be a likeness for us, since it is under this figure Joffre takes his place in our presence and by our instrumentality, as a living person, not only in History, but also and already in Legend.

And that is why I do not hesitate to undertake this difficult portrait. My absolute ignorance of General Joffre is the source from which I draw all my courage in the face of Joffre. And if I do not despair of making a likeness, it is because I shall look at my sitter with the eyes of childhood which the poet keeps to his last look, with the heart of the people which is always open to receive the seeds which flower into Legend.

But, come to think of it, are there not eyes of childhood more childlike than those of the poet? Is there not a heart more entirely the heart of the people than mine? There are the eyes of children. There is the heart of the people. Instead of seeking in myself the lines, the accents, the strokes of color of this portrait, suppose I took them on the wing here in the street, there in the trenches; everywhere where in simpleness of heart among humble folk, soldiers, children, women, old men, there is talk of Joffre, our Joffre, as they say!

And I have taken them on the wing, here and there, scattered traits of a portrait which at the time I did not think of drawing. I gathered them without even paying attention to the unconscious work of my faithful handmaid, my memory, which registered and put away in drawers all these hasty impressions. And today at my first appeal the drawers are opened, the impressions are developed and offered to me pellmell, all together. I have only to run over the proofs, all printed and wonderfully impressive.

Two little apprentice girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, are admiring a large chromo in striking colors among others which transform a closed shop-front into a gallery of pictures, the dearest of which is five cents.

'As!' says one, 'does n't he look well, with his heavy eyebrows! He looks as if he had two mustaches.'

'Yes,' answers the younger one, 'but under the upper mustache, look at his eyes, how clever they are.'

'That 's so,' responds the first. 'Clever and kind. I had n't noticed it.'

'Is n't it so?' adds the little one. 'Little elephant's eyes.'

'Yes,' concludes the elder. 'An elephant which is also a poodle.'

In an ambulance a wounded man tells me about the battle of the Marne. He is still bewildered by having withdrawn day after day, convinced that it was necessary, and then having counterattacked, equally convinced that it was the right thing to do.

'Well, since he had seen it so, and wanted it so, it must be so. He knows his business, sure thing!'

Then there is this detail recounted by another soldier, a sergeant still at the front, who received it from an auto-driver, that day the chauffeur of a *liaison* officer. The order of the great leader to all the other great leaders of the army had been the same, and it said: —

'Attack! Never cease attacking!'

'But if my men give way?'

'Attack all the same.'

'And if there are none left?'

'Attack! Attack!'

This one is a veteran of '70, who has four sons at the front; he does not complain, for this reason: —

'I 'm not worried. They are led by some one who knows where he 's going. Ah! if we had had one like him at Metz in the old days!'

At the so-called rest camp, where they are to pass a few days before returning to the trenches, two poilus, busy taking off the scales of clay which ensheath their cloaks, amuse themselves with the idea that they have been moles.

'We must be fond of him to want to stay in that mud because he wants us to.'

'But he wants us to because he has to, you fool! As Napoleon said, the thing is to be the strongest at a chosen point, at a chosen time.'

'Chosen by whom?'

'Why, by him.'

This time, the scene is at the front, in a trench. Three days before there had bravely perished a graduate of the Ecole Normale and a clergyman, lieutenant and sergeant major of the same company. The men talked of their lost comrades,

whom they loved and respected for their valor and also for the charm of their talk. They remembered that the two young scholars called 'him' sometimes Turenne and sometimes Fabius Cunctator. One innocent asked if these were his Christian names. A scamp of a Parisian said 'yes,' and added seriously, after a moment's reflection:

'After all, he deserves them.'

I come back to my Paris impressions and find myself in a sculptor's studio where a poor old model out of work asks for help. We give him something and ask him about the man whose countryman he is proud to be.

'Yes, yes,' says he 'a Catalonian, like me. But mind you, a Catalonian of the North. Not a talker, but a doer, quiet, thickset, heavybuilt. They have patience and perseverance in our parts. The soil is heavy, red and thick. We plow with mules. But it produces a wine full of sunshine. Yes, it is a good country where he was born — and so was I — at Rivesaltes.'

Again on the Paris pavement, before another shop-front changed to a chromo gallery. It is an old grandmother who, not content to admire the leader's likeness, begins to bargain, and draws from the bottom of her pocket the ten cents which buys the very largest portrait; before rolling it up carefully to carry it off for the adornment of her garret, she gives him a smacking kiss as she says:

'We can really love him, you know! He does n't throw our boys' lives away!'

These impressions in their succession and combination are moving; the unanimity of their testimony is evident and significant. From them springs, finished, the legendary portrait.

Don't you see it rise, finished all at once, the legendary portrait? It is the portrait of a father at the head of an army which he loves and spares as if every soldier were his only son; and it is at the same time the portrait of a leader who knows and can say with authority to every one of them when the hour strikes:

'The time has come to sacrifice your life to save the honor of your mother.'

And that is why they all obey him with a formidable tenderness, with the assurance of victory, and with a smile.

IX

CLEMENCEAU

H. M. HYNDMAN

[*National Review*, London, Eng., June, 1918; *Living Age*, July 27, 1918.]

In 1860, a very clever young student of medicine came up from La Vendée to Paris to study for his doctor's degree. He was but nineteen years of age, brimful of all the vigor, life, capacity for enjoyment and cheery anticipation which have stood him in such good stead ever since. But Georges Benjamin Clemenceau had very solid qualities besides his full share of physical and mental activity. These he had inherited from his father, himself a doctor as well as a landowner, a materialist, a Republican, an extreme Radical, and a man of high artistic and scientific capacity. Deadly opposed to the petty Napoleonism of the hero of the *coup d'état*, this rural philosopher showed his son the way along the path of bitter political opposition, and soon thereafter was given the opportunity for reflecting upon the advantages and drawbacks of the brand new Empire under lock and key. The judgment of Clemenceau and father was naturally more unfavorable to 'Badinguet,' as Napoleon III was called by Republicans, after this interference with his personal liberty than before.

Clemenceau, the son, shared his father's opinions against interference with the rights of free speech and a free press. That was dangerous in Paris in those days. *La ville lumière* was obliged to hide its light under a bushel. The great Republicans of '48 were still in duress or in exile. Friends of democracy and Anti-Imperialists in Paris were compelled to adopt a style of suppressed irony not quite to the taste of the vivacious young Republican recruit from Mouilleron-en-Pareds. Then as now he spoke the truth that was in him, regardless of consequences, though he devoted the greater part of his time to work in the hospitals, to study in the libraries, and to investigation of the social maladies he saw all round him. But his industry was no make-weight to balance his radicalism in the eyes of a magistrate. Not possessing

the dexterity of a Prevost-Paradol, or the immunity of absence of Victor Hugo, he fell foul of the Imperial Police. That gave him the opportunity for months of intimate self-analysis in the prison of Mazas. No date dear to Republicans could then be toasted or written about without carrying a reflection upon the Empire; and as nearly all important events in French history, from July 14, onwards, are duly calendared, Clemenceau's crime in celebrating February 24 by speech and writing was obvious. There could be no defense.

It was the Paris of the early sixties, a very different city indeed from the Paris of today. Baron Haussmann had but just begun his period of Napoleonic Augusticizing of the French capital. From where the Place de l'Opéra now is to the Palais Royal was quite an expedition. You went upstairs and downstairs and through narrow, dirty streets until, after missing your way several times, you at last found yourself in the garden dear to the orators of the French Revolution, and since devoted to nursemaids and their babes. Much of Paris was in the same unregenerate state. The smells that arose from below, and the water of doubtful origin that might assail the unwary passer-by from above, suggested a lack of sanitary control which was more than confirmed by experience in other directions. Napoleon III was a man of no account. His entourage was even worse than that which surrounds Lloyd George. But he and his did clear out and clean up Paris. Whether the broad streets were built to help artillery and mitrailleuses to massacre the 'mob,' whether the architecture is imposing or monotonous, Clemenceau, the doctor, must be for once at variance with Clemenceau the man of politics and admit that his incarcerator of 1862 did some good to Paris during his reign of repression.

The early sixties saw the Empire at the height of its prestige and influence. Solferino and Magenta were still names of might. The Emperor posed as the arbiter of war and peace in Europe: his Empress dominated the world of fashion and was dominated by the world of priests. The miserable expedition to Mexico and the idiotic abandonment of Austria to Prussia had not yet shaken the stability of the Empire. Napoleon and his Rouher were still great statesmen. Friendly relations with England had replaced the old distrust. Business was good and the profiteers of France were doing well. The Napoleonic régime represented security for the bourgeoisie and a good time for the international financiers. Law and order were based upon prosperity for the well-to-do. Only the democrats and the intellectuals were discontented. Every January 1, the Emperor of France declared to a hushed Europe that he had surveyed the universe and all seemed good in his sight.

Such was the Paris, such the France of 1865, when Georges Clemenceau, the friend of Etienne Arago and the pupil of Professor Robin, published his essay on taking his doctor's degree. It at once gained for its author a considerable reputation as a capable exponent of material evolution under the title *De la Génération des Eléments anatomiques*. This has been throughout the scientific basis of Clemenceau's medical, social, political, and literary work. I got the book the other day from the London Library, and on the title page of this first edition I read in the author's own bold handwriting, 'à Monsieur J. Stuart Mill hommage respectueux de l'auteur, G. Clemenceau': a tribute which he followed up shortly afterwards by translating Mill's study of Auguste Comte and Positivism into French.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-six, the year of the Prusso-Italian war against Austria — the success of which was one of the causes, unnoted at the time, of Napoleon III's downfall — found Clemenceau in the United States, whence he sent some excellent studies of American social and industrial development to the *Temps*. That was quite what we might expect from a brilliant physician, physiologist, and sociological student of twenty-five. But what follows does not seem quite in accordance with his character and ambitions. Clemenceau became a professor of French literature in a Young Ladies' College at Stamford, not far from New York. One of his friends and admirers many years afterwards commented on a portion of his educational duties thus: 'An admirable horseman, the young Frenchman accompanied the young American misses on their rides. These were free and delicious little tours on horseback, charming excursions amid delight-

ful surroundings. Such years Clemenceau never forgot, years during which his temperament was strengthened and his intelligence refined. While he cultivated his mind with the Anglo-Saxon philosophy, he took his first lessons in the art of American flirtation.' This led up to his engagement and marriage with an American lady who had taken part in these equestrian rambles. And so, as M. Le Blond quaintly puts it, having completed his independent education and reached the last stage of his mental equipment, 'he was fit to play great parts.'

Clemenceau's political career began with the terrible year 1870–71. The present colossal struggle has naturally enough dwarfed the record of that stirring time. But the collapse of the French Empire was even more sudden and dramatic than its rise; and those who were then in Paris recall with delight the overwhelming unanimity with which the shout for abdication was raised directly news came of the crushing disaster of Sedan and the surrender of Napoleon III. The whole Imperial machinery fell with a crash. With the greatest difficulty the bigoted Catholic Empress, against whom the Parisians cherished a hatred scarcely less bitter than that of their ancestors for Marie-Antoinette, was got safely out of the city. Paris at once took control of her own destinies. Everywhere Republicans, Radicals, and Socialists, harried and proscribed the day before, rushed to the front and became masters of the city. Clemenceau, as one of the former, was chosen Mayor of Montmartre, a district in which he had practised as a doctor, taking no fees from the people, while keeping in touch with his Republican and revolutionary friends.

In his capacity as Mayor he exhibited marvelous energy in every department. Everything had to be organized at once. There was no time to respect the inevitable details of democratic authorization and delay. Clemenceau proved himself to be the very man for the post. He acted practically as municipal dictator in every department, including the raising, drilling, and arming of recruits for the new Republican army, and organizing and administering all the local services. But he took care to do so entirely in the interests of the people of Montmartre, who enthusiastically supported him against the reactionaries and religionists who then, as always, were his bitterest enemies. So successful was he in this work from September, 1870, onwards that he was sent as Deputy to the National Assembly at Bordeaux in February, 1871, with the exceedingly heavy poll of 96,000 votes.

As a member for Republican Paris, Clemenceau had no easy part to play at Bordeaux. His fellow members were for the most part thorough reactionaries. They were Royalists dug up from all parts of the country, who thought the time had come to revenge themselves, not only upon the Bonapartists who had governed France for twenty years, but upon Paris and the Parisians who, they well knew, would never consent to the restoration of either of the monarchical candidates. These representatives of a worn-out Legitimism or Orleanism were old men in a hurry to resuscitate the dead and galvanize the past into fresh life. Their very heads betrayed their antiquity. So much so that a favorite pastime for young ladies of pleasure in the galleries who had flocked to Bordeaux was what was irreverently called 'bald-headed loo.' This consisted in betting upon the number of flies that would settle within a given period on a devoted senator's hairless occiput. Unfortunately these ancient gentlemen found a leader who could scarcely be surpassed for dexterity and unscrupulousness in M. Thiers. Clemenceau soon saw how matters stood. He might thus early have developed his well-known skill in Parliamentary tactics to the disadvantages of the tough little champion of provincial bigotry and bourgeois greed, but he was recalled to Paris within a month by the revolutionary movement in the capital which led to the establishment of the Commune.

This is not the time or the place to discuss the ideals, the temporary success, or the final suppression of that remarkable uprising. Dublin, Petrograd, and Helsingfors have shown us, quite recently, how men with the highest conceptions of the future can utterly fail to apply common sense to the facts of the present. So it was with the heroes of the Commune. The more capable of its leaders, full of enthusiasm, not wanting in high executive ability — Paris was never better managed than during the Commune, and many important reforms then intro-

duced have been adopted ever since — and thoroughly justified in their resistance to attempted reaction, were nevertheless unable to grasp the truths of the situation either within or without. Fighting, as the old Communist sergeant of the guard nobly said, for '*la solidarité humaine*,' the men at the top fought one another within the walls of the beleaguered city with truly fraternal intolerance.

Victory was from the first impossible on the lines chosen. Even had the Versailles troops of M. Thiers been beaten — as they could have been in the early days of the struggle — the conquering German army still lay cantoned on the other side of Paris, ready to apply the most relentless methods of repression to the Communists if they had won. It was as hopeless an attempt to make twelve o'clock at eleven as has ever been seen on the planet. John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry was not less certainly doomed to failure than was the sudden revolt of the Paris Communists of 1871. But the Socialists of Europe, like the Abolitionists of America, celebrated the Commune and have deified its martyrs for many a long year. Such brave and unselfish champions of the proletariat as Delescluze and Courbet hold the same position in the minds of Socialists that John Brown held among the friends of the negro before the great Civil War.

Clemenceau had a personal experience of revolutionary democracy under the Commune which may have influenced his views about Socialism in practical affairs in later life. He was, when it began, the duly elected and popular Republican Mayor of Montmartre. He was the deputy sent to Bordeaux by a vast majority to sit on the extreme left, and his sympathies were at first entirely with the Federals. No more fervent admirer of the aspirations and idealism of the city of Paris ever lived. To him Paris is a personality, as the city of the violet crown was to the Athenian statesmen of old. All that went for nothing. The new committee wanted their own man at Montmartre, and Clemenceau was not that man.

So Mayor he ceased to be, but earnest democrat and devoted friend of the people he remained. Unfortunately for him, he could not believe that mere possession of the capital meant control of France by the Parisians, or the freeing of his country from German occupation. For once he advocated prudence and compromise. It was an unlucky experience. The Communists Pyat, Vermorel, and others so resented his moderate counsels that they issued an order for his arrest. Failing to get hold of Clemenceau himself, they captured a speaking likeness of the tribune of the Eighteenth Arrondissement in the person of a young Brazilian. Him they were about to shoot, with all due formality, when they discovered that their proposed victim was the wrong man.

It is highly creditable to Clemenceau that a few years later one of his greatest speeches, that on the Amnesty of the Communists (May, 1876), was given in favor of the liberation and recall from exile of the very same people who would have silenced him for good and all when they were in power. He escaped their well-meant intentions and went on a tour of Radical propaganda through the provinces. But this was quite as objectionable to Thiers and the reactionists as his previous conduct had been to Pyat and the extremists. On his return to Paris consequently he was nearly butchered by the conquering Versailles troops, just as he had been nearly perforated by the defeated Communists. Gallifet and Thiers, it is said, used far less ceremony in their wholesale slaughter of their Parisian countrymen than the Fédérés did in the removal of single 'suspects.' Men of ability and judgment are apt to be caught between two fires when passion takes control on both sides. It was, in fact, little short of a miracle that the Prime Minister of France today did not complete his services to his country in 1871 by dying in the ditch under the wall of Père Lachaise at the early age of thirty.

The Commune was crushed and the Republic of Reaction reigned in its stead. Peace was established in Paris under circumstances of almost incredible horror. '*La République, mon ami*,' said Clemenceau to me a few years afterwards, '*c'est l'Empire républicanisé*.' And so it was. Bourgeois domination of the narrowest and meanest kind would lead, so the reactionaries hoped, to the restoration of the monarchy. As we look back upon that period of pettifoggery the marvel is that the Royalists were not successful. If they had had a king worth

fighting for, they might have been. But during the whole of this time of political doubt and difficulty, when the atmosphere was full of reactionary intrigues, Clemenceau as member, secretary, and then President of the Municipal Council of repressed Paris, and from 1876 as Radical deputy in the National Assembly, steadily fought the good fight for democratic Republicanism and the freedom of all. Bitterly opposed alike to monarchy and priestcraft, an enthusiastic champion of the rights of the people as the best and safest outlet and remedy for discontent and the surest means of securing social change and thorough education for the benefit of the whole of France, he stood steadily to his guns.

It was a great part he then played. For fifteen years he was the leader of the Extreme Left against the policy of hesitating compromise and cowardly opportunism, which was upheld, even by those who practised it, from Léon Gambetta downwards, only as that which divided them the least. Such Government tactics roused no enthusiasm and solved no problem. Clemenceau always supported every official movement which gave evidence of a desire to meet the wishes of the advanced party, either in regard to the checking of ecclesiastical influence, the division of the State from the Church, the improvement of social conditions, or the genuine democratization of political forms. But he was absolutely relentless in his opposition to political trickery or trading with reaction in any shape. On these matters and on the necessity for complete freedom of speech for the Press he never wavered, nor at any moment failed to take the right side, however difficult it might have been for him and his party to do so. Thus it came about that, only the other day, when the Socialist Party unwisely attacked him as being reactionary in this direction, and grumbled because he made no reply: 'That point,' said Clemenceau, 'it is unnecessary for me to deal with; my record is a sufficient answer to such a charge.' In like manner, he remained ever steadfast in his opposition to colonization by conquest. There was not the slightest trace of capitalist Imperialism about him from start to finish. All the energy, all the strength, all the administrative ability, all the financial power were needed, not for wild-cat adventures abroad, but for the more complete and beneficial development of the country at home. Egypt, Tonkin, Cochin China, Madagascar, and Morocco were as nothing as compared with the welfare and growing prosperity of the people, the greatness, the glory, the dignity of the French Republic within the limits of France. So held Clemenceau.

Hence, year by year, Ministry after Ministry fell before the terrible attacks of Clemenceau, at the head of as powerful a Radical group as was ever seen in the National Assembly. And with each fresh victory he increased the exasperation of his enemies of all shades of opinion. The reactionists hated him because he made them look even smaller than they really were. The financiers abhorred him because he interfered with their financing and exposed their Colonial intrigues. The Socialists mistrusted him because, though he was playing their game politically, he refused to accept their views socially. A powerful combination against him, made up of the various elements, was, therefore, possible at any moment, and the trenchant articles by Camille Pelletan, Pichon, Millerand, and others in his journal *La Justice* helped to intensify the animosity and fear with which he was regarded by the factions of every shade of opinion. It was natural. For Clemenceau's enemies were striving for their own individual advantage. He and his followers were working for what they believed to be the good of the people.

Clemenceau at the period I am writing about was well over forty and still in the prime of a vigorous life. He looked what he was: active, alert, capable, and highly intelligent. His face was an index to his character. It gave an impression of almost barbarous energy which induced his Socialist detractors long afterwards to speak of him as 'the Kalmuck.' But this was merely caricature. Refinement, mental brilliancy, and high cultivation shone out from his animated features. A teetotaller, abstemious in his habits, and always in training, Clemenceau, with his rapidity of perception, quickness of retort, and mastery of incisive irony combined with trenchant wit, was a formidable opponent indeed. His rule in politics was based upon the soundest principle of all warfare. Never fail to attack in order to defend. The prescription of the American banker,

'David Harum,' might have been enunciated by Georges Clemenceau the French statesman: 'Do unto others as they would do unto you, and do it *first*.'

As an orator he was destitute of those telling gestures, modifications of tone, and carefully turned phrases which we associate with the highest class of French public speaking. His voice rarely rises above a conversational level; he is quiet and unemotional in his manner. But the directness of his assaults and the dynamitical force of his short periods gained rather than lost effect on that account. I heard his famous Parliamentary encounter with my friend and comrade, the late Jean Jaurès, and, though my sympathies were entirely with the great champion of Socialism, and I held then, as I believe now, that he had far the stronger case, I was bound to admit that, in the mere question of immediate political dialectics, Clemenceau had the better of the fray. In private conversation Clemenceau is the most brilliant yet unartificial talker to whom I ever listened. Another quality he possesses, which proved uncommonly useful to him at more than one stage of his career. Clemenceau was, and possibly is even today, the most dangerous duellist in France. A left-handed swordsman, and a perfect pistol-shot, no one who valued the integrity of his carcass was disposed to encounter the leader of the Extreme Left. Even the reactionary fire-eater, Paul de Cassagnac, who himself had killed three men, shrank from meeting his quietus from Clemenceau.

The rise and fall of Boulanger was a most dramatic incident in the career of the present French Premier. Boulanger was Clemenceau's cousin, and by his influence the General was appointed War Minister in one of the rapidly shifting Cabinets of those days. Clemenceau hoped that the new Minister, as a thorough-going Radical, would do something important to improve the position of the rank and file of the French soldiery, and to prevent the spread among them of Catholic and reactionary intrigues. The General carried out the first part of this program to a considerable extent and to the great advantage of the French conscripts. But instead of doing the second portion of this work for which he was put in office, he followed precisely the contrary policy. Boulanger turned right round upon himself and his principal supporter, became the mere tool of a reactionary clique and, but for his own weakness, would have proved the most dangerous enemy the Republic has ever had to face.

Curiously enough, Clemenceau himself, who, of course, bitterly attacked this traitor to democracy when he changed his tactics, greatly underrated the danger from his own protégé. When Boulanger was fighting his double candidature for the Nord and the Dordogne, Clemenceau thought that, win or lose, he would not be really formidable. Boulanger carried both seats by large majorities. Then came the bitter contest for the representation of Paris. To a mere looker-on his victory seemed certain. Said Clemenceau to me, and his opinion was supported by my old friend the Socialist Dr. Paul Brousse, then President of the Paris Municipal Council, '*Je crois bien qu'il se perd.*' [I believe he will lose.] He did not. But, having triumphantly won Paris at the polls, he lost France at Durand's Restaurant. The last hope of French royalty died a suicide in the Brussels Cemetery because he would not risk making a dash for the Elysee after dinner.

Now came a time of stress and strain indeed for his brilliant relation. Clemenceau remained the best-hated man in France by all who, for any reason, desired the downfall of the bourgeois Republic. How very much he had done to weaken the hold of that Republic on the mass of the people I doubt if he himself thoroughly understood. The heavy votes for Boulanger in the Provinces and in Paris partially opened his eyes. But now all his enemies were marshalled together against him, and he would take no steps to split them up. That was the period, too, of the great Panama scandal, which besmirched the reputations of many leading French statesmen and politicians even more completely than the Marconi share-gamble has blackened the characters of several of our own most influential men. As Cornelius Herz, one of the Panamists, had been a subscriber to the funds of *La Justice*, all that malignity, calumny, lies, and wholesale personal detraction could do to connect Clemenceau with 'Panama' was done.

M. Judet of the *Petit Journal* surpassed

the greatest masters of mendacity and vilification in his campaign against the great Radical leader. He had plenty of support outside his own organ. For Clemenceau had not only been a stalwart assailant of colonial annexations, but a close and constant friend of England and in favor of the English Entente. That was still more criminal than Panamism or Anti-Imperialism. It was double-dyed treachery in the eyes of his opponents. How well I remember the gibes about *l'Anglais* politician, and the insults in broken English that were hurled at him. Clemenceau was quite unmoved. He bided his time. At length his chance came. The whole matter was brought before the National Assembly; and, when Clemenceau rose to defend himself, so great had been the effect of the attacks upon him that no deputy ever stood up to address a more hostile audience. It appeared as if he had not a single friend in the whole House. Not a sound of greeting was heard. Yet so completely did the orator immolate his assailants and dissipate their calumnies that,, when he finished, the whole Assembly rose and cheered him enthusiastically. Demosthenes himself never had a greater triumph. The condemnation in open court of the forgers, upon whose evidence the whole edifice of accusation had been built up, was the climax so far as Clemenceau's personal character was involved.

But this did not by any means end the political warfare against him. *'La politique n'a pas d'entrailles'*: his persecutors were relentless. It was at this time that I begged Clemenceau to come to some terms with the Socialists who were then gaining ground rapidly in France. Why, by the way, Clemenceau has never been a Socialist, puzzles me. All his speeches and writings contain many passages which every convinced Socialist would accept. But I suppose the individualism of his personality has throughout hindered him from subscribing to our principles. At any rate I always felt I was arguing with a man who was deaf of both ears to my well-meant suggestions. Socialism, he declared, would never become a political power in France. France, and above all *rural* France, which meant the bulk of Frenchmen, was and will remain vehemently individualist — property, property, property. It was as useless to base any practical policy upon Socialists and their principles as to calculate upon their votes. But, I urged, extremes meet: the Catholics and Socialists may combine with the men whose minds have been poisoned by the *Petit Journal* and turn you out of the Var — the department for which Clemenceau then sat as deputy. He laughed at the very idea of such a defeat. The thing seemed to him beyond the bounds of possibility. Nevertheless, the impossible occurred. Clemenceau lost his seat at the General Election of 1893, and was compelled to retire from Parliamentary life after more than seventeen years of active service.

It was a staggering blow. A weaker man would have felt it less and have been more discouraged. I wrote him a letter of sympathy on his defeat, and in his reply he could not conceal his special bitterness at the attitude of the Socialists. He ought, however, I think, to have foreseen and endeavored to avert their hostility. But Clemenceau defeated showed not a moment's hesitation as to the course he would pursue. He had left the Assembly as the first Parliamentarian in France: he turned round at fifty-two and suddenly became her first journalist. Nothing in his whole life was more remarkable than the manner in which, without in the least changing his opinions, he held his own in this new field of work. During the ten years that he was excluded from Parliament he made a second brilliant reputation as a publicist and man of letters. To survey what he achieved in this department would take me far beyond the limits of the present article.

But his championship of justice for Dreyfus constitutes a splendid record of a fight against odds. Paris and France as a whole were dead against Dreyfus. He was throughout a very unpopular figure. But Clemenceau, with Zola, Jaurès, and other high-minded Frenchmen, was determined that, innocent or guilty, the Jew officer should have fair play. There was a terrible struggle to get it. *L'Aurore*, of which Clemenceau became editor in 1897, was the organ of the intellectuals who took Dreyfus' side. His own articles fell like bomb-shells into the camp of the militarists, reactionaries, and Jesuits. But he performed even a greater service to the cause when he suggested to Zola that he should write his famous pamphlet,

and gave to it the striking title *J'Accuse*. I was in Paris often during the crisis of the Dreyfus Affair. Never have I witnessed such furious passion as was then exhibited in that great city. The smell of blood was in the air. Clemenceau told me himself he felt confident that, had Zola been acquitted on his trial, instead of being condemned, there would have been a massacre of the Dreyfusards in court. Clemenceau's courageous action throughout this Dreyfus business is one of his highest titles to general respect, and admiration.

Yet, when it was all over, Clemenceau, though now elected Senator for the Var, seemed somehow to drift into a political backwater. So much so that when he and my late friend Jean Jaurès came to a little luncheon I gave at Marguery's, not long afterwards, two or three of us talked as we went away of the sad pity it was for the sake of France that a man of his brilliancy and vigor should be shut out from the high positions to which he was fully entitled. This new eclipse was partly due to the fact that he had not long before allowed M. Combes, instead of himself, to assume the Premiership of the Republican *bloc* which he had done so much to bring together and consolidate. But with Clemenceau nothing is certain except the unforeseen. He never changes his opinions, but his methods vary greatly. Within six months of the day when we thus lamented his retirement he suddenly became Minister of the Interior in M. Sarrien's Cabinet — the first time Clemenceau had ever taken office — and shortly thereafter President of the Council and Prime Minister of France. The great Ministry-maker and unmaker had become Minister himself, and as an old man took the place from which he had so often ousted others. I say 'as an old man,' but, for that matter, Clemenceau will die young. He is the Peter Pan of French political life.

However, there Clemenceau was at the head of affairs. He had begun his Ministerial career very well by going down and dealing personally with miners on strike and hearing fully their views on the dispute. There seemed every reason to believe that the opinions he had expressed as a publicist in *Les Embuscades de la Vie*, *Le Mêlée sociale*, and his articles generally, he would apply as an administrator. Unfortunately, the individualist and law-and-order side of his character then turned itself upon the working classes in more than one department, and with a very harsh aspect. Quite unnecessarily he applied the most stringent measures to strikers at large. He forgot his own view of the hopeless position of the under-dog in our society today, and, instead of using State influence to redress the inequalities of opportunity, he considered the dominant minority to be supremely important and gave it the title of 'the public at large.'

That no section of the nation has the right to block, in its own interests, the functioning of the entire community is perfectly sound doctrine. A trade union of workers has no more justification for blackmailing the country in this way than has a trade union of lawyers or doctors. But, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, as Clemenceau himself had often most caustically pointed out, the men in possession are responsible for bringing things to this pass; and that fact ought to have been seriously taken into account when the organized forces of the State were called out against the producers and distributers of France. Clemenceau greatly weakened his position by his policy at this time, and turned the Socialists, who were then quite ready to coöperate with him, into his permanent enemies. But this did did not cause the downfall of his Ministry. For some reason, which has never been fully explained, he thought proper, he, an old Parliamentary hand, to lose his temper in consequence of an attack by M. Delcassé on foreign affairs, and flounced himself out of office with a lightness of heart that did little credit to his head. 'I went in with an umbrella: I come out with a stick,' was not a phrase to conjure with.

So this fine Ismaelitish warrior was once more happy, untrammeled by office, and at large. The many scalps of old time had dried around his girdle and were waiting for companion scalps of the new period to freshen them up. Clemenceau was no more daunted at the collapse of his Ministry than he had been cast down at other crises in his career. He again set to work as political leader of a critical opposition, and journalist of the highest class. His brain was as clear, his power of combination as formidable, his pen as

trenchant as ever. Then came the Great War, and this extraordinary man rose at once to the level of the situation. To him Paris and France were and always had been the deities at whose shrine he worshiped. Here the skeptical materialist of science, politics, and sociology became the idealist and the patriot. No one knew better than he the strength and ambitions of autocratic Germany; no one was more determined to correct the weakness and rouse the enthusiasm of democratic France. Day after day in *L'Homme Libre* and *L'Homme Enchaîné* he exposed the intrigues of the politicians and the financiers as well as the pusillanimity and incompetence of the men at the top. His enemies — the pacifists, pro-Germans, and traitors — were more infuriated against him than ever. But, apart from his denunciations of incapacity, the main policy and strategy which he advocated was sound. Not merely as a Frenchman but as a man of wide views he was convinced that the great battle for democracy must be fought out in Flanders and in France. Therefore he resolutely opposed all dissipation of effort, whether at Salonika or elsewhere. Therefore he used every influence at his disposal to bring England over to his view. We can all see now the desperate need for concentration. Clemenceau saw it and preached it from the very first.

But it was as indispensable to unmask and crush treachery at home as it was to uphold '*La Patrie*' against attack from abroad. In France, as in England, 'the Unseen Hand' was playing a foul game at the expense of all that Frenchmen hold dear. Those who took part in this secret infamy were attacked and denounced by Clemenceau with almost inspired vigor. He displayed his highest qualities in a noble cause. Things grew so hot that no Government could stand against his diatribes, unless it was willing to take rank with the scoundrels who were selling the men at the Front to the enemy. Yet not a statesman in France was willing to shoulder this tremendous responsibility. Clemenceau at seventy-six was much disinclined to take office: it was forced upon him, and he accepted it. The Socialists went quite wild against him, and the Radicals were themselves more than doubtful of his success. Shrewd judges of public opinion openly declared his Ministry could not last three months. But courage, frankness, and good faith, when backed by relentless determination and the genius that blazes up in the day of difficulty, go far.

Bolo shot: Caillaux in gaol: the *Bonnet Rouge* gang tried for their lives: the wretched intrigue with poor subservient Austria exposed: a new spirit breathed into all public affairs: the army reassured by his personal presence and unfailing resolve that the splendid capacity and intrepidity of all ranks at the Front shall not be sacrificed by treachery and cowardice at the rear: the Allies, like France herself, at last convinced that they have discovered a man. Such is the stirring work that Clemenceau has done during the past few months.

So today Clemenceau is the democratic dictator of the French Republic as no man has been for more than a century. With the enemy in overwhelming numbers close to Amiens and within a few miles of Calais, with the German armies decreeing the permanent subjugation of the territories they occupy east and west, the great French nation feels more confident of its future than at any moment since the victories won around Verdun. To every question Clemenceau's answer is: '*Je fais la guerre. Je fais la guerre. Je fais la guerre.*' On both sides of the Atlantic, as on both sides of the Channel, knowing the United States and Great Britain by personal experience, and speaking and writing English well, he is a tower of strength to the forces of democracy, and a very present help to all who are resolved to break down German militarism forever.

X

GEORGES GUYNEMER, KNIGHT OF THE AIR

HENRY BORDEAUX

[*Graphic*, London, Eng., September 7, 1918. Republished in a book with the same title, by the Yale University Press. By permission.]

We must turn to Guynemer's letters — strange letters, indeed, which contain nothing, absolutely nothing, about the war, or the battle of the Somme, or about anything else except his war and his battle. The earth-world no longer existed for him; the earth was the place

which received the dead and the vanquished. So this is the way he wrote to his two sisters, then in Switzerland:

Dear Kids,— Some sport; the 17th, attacked a Fritz; three shots and gun jammed; Fritz tumbled. The 18th, *idem*, but in two shots: two Fritz in five shots — record.

Day before yesterday, attacked Fritz at 4:30 at ten meters: killed the passenger and perhaps the rest. Prevented from seeing what happened by a fight at half-past four; the Boche ran. At 7:40 attacked an Aviatik. Carried away by the impetus, passed it at fifty centimeters. Passenger *couic* (killed); the machine fell and was got under control again at fifty meters above the ground.

At 7:35 attacked an L.G.V. at fifteen meters; just ready to shoot when a bullet in my fingers made me let go the trigger; reservoir burst; good landing two kilometers from the trenches.

The following letter, also to his sisters, is dated September 15, 1916:

Some sport. On the 16th, in a group of six, four of them squeezed at twenty-five meters. In four days six combats at twenty-five meters; filled a few Boches with holes, but they did not want to tumble down, though some were hard hit all the same; then five boxing rounds up between 5100 and 5300. Tod. 7 five combats, four of them at less than twenty-five meters, and the fifth at fifty meters. In the first, gun jammed at fifty meters. In the second, at 5200, the Boche in his excitement lost his wings, and descended on his aerodrome in a wingless coach; his ears must be humming (16). The third was a nose-to-nose combat with a fighting Aviatik. Too much impetus; I almost hammered him hollow. In the fourth, same joke with an L.G.V. in a group of three; I failed to hammer him. I lurched — pan, a bullet near my head. In the fifth I cleaned up the passenger (that is the third this week), then knocked up the pilot very badly at ten meters — completely disabled, he landed, evidently with difficulty, and he must now be in hospital.

On the Somme, Guynemer was one of the great French champions; on the Aisne he became their king. No enemy could resist him, and his daring appeared without bounds. On May 27 he attacked alone a squadron of six two-seaters above Auberive, at an altitude of 5000 meters, and compelled them to go down to an altitude of 3600 meters. Before landing, he pounced on to another group of eight, scattering them and bringing down one, completely smashed, with its fuselage linen in rags, among the shell holes in the fields. . . . His feats exceeded all hopes, and his appearance in the sky fairly frightened the enemy. On June 5, after bringing down an Albatross east of Berry-au-Bac, he chased to the east of Rheims a D.F.W., which had previously been attacked by the other Spads. 'My nose was right on him,' says Guynemer's note-book, 'when my machine-gun jammed. But just then the observer raised his hands. I beckoned to him several times to veer towards our lines, but noticing that he was making straight for his own, I went back to my gun, which now worked, and fired a volley of fifteen (at 2200 altitude). Immediately the machine upset, throwing the observer overboard, and sank on Berru forest.' However, Guynemer's day's work was not done.

Meanwhile he had been made (on June 11, 1917) an officer of the Legion of Honor. The battle on the Aisne began to slacken in July, and it was decided that the squadrons, including the Storks (Guynemer's section), should be transferred to the British sectors. But before leaving the Fismes or Rheims district, Guynemer was active. He had not been given his new rank in the Legion of Honor to be idle; that was not his way. On the contrary, his habit was to show, after receiving a distinction, as well as before, that he was worthy of it. On July 6, he engaged five two-seaters, and brought one down in flames. The next day his note-book records two more victories: 'Attacked with Adjutant Bozon-Verduraz four Albatross two-seaters above Brimont. Downed one in flames north of Villers-Franqueux, in our own lines. Attacked a D.W.F., which spun down in our lines.'

Lieutenant Constantin gives us some curious glimpses of the hero's tastes:

Guynemer disliked walking about Paris, because people recognized him. When he saw them turn to look at him, he would grumble at the curse of having a face that was public property. So he preferred waiting for evening, and then drove his little white car up the Champs-Elysées to the Bois. He enjoyed this peaceful recreation thoroughly, and forgot the excitement of his life at the front. Memories of our boyhood days came back to him, and he dwelt on them with delight: 'Do you remember one day when we quarreled and fought like madmen? You made a mark on my arm that is there yet.' He did not seem to mind, but I was ashamed

of having been such a young brute. Another day, in May, 1917, coming home on leave, I met Georges just as he stepped out of his hotel, and as I had just been mentioned in despatches, I told him about it. Immediately he dragged me into a shop, bought a *croix de guerre*, pinned it on my *vareuse*, and hugged me before everybody.

Such little sidelights on his character show that Guynemer was a very likeable type of man, a hero in every sense of the word.

Guynemer's last fight is well described. One day his keen, long-practised eye saw a two-seated enemy aeroplane flying alone lower down than himself, and a signal was made to attract Bozon-Verduraz's notice. Regardless of rules and stratagems, he merely fell on his enemy like a cannon ball. He might have said, like Alexander refusing to take advantage of the dark against Darius, that he did not want to steal victory. He counted only on his lightning-like manner of charging, which won him so many victories, and his marksmanship. But he missed the German, who proceeded to tail-spin, and was missed again by Bozon-Verduraz, who awaited him below.

As Guynemer dived lower, hoping to wheel round and have another shot, Bozon-Verduraz spied a chain of eight German single-seaters above the British lines. It was agreed between him and his chief that, on such occasions, he should offer himself to the newcomers, allure, entice, and throw them off the track, giving Guynemer time to achieve his fifty-fourth success. Then Bozon-Verduraz had flown in the direction of the eight one-seaters and the group had fallen apart, chasing him. In time the eight machines became mere specks in the illimitable sky, and Bozon-Verduraz, seeing he had achieved his object, flew back to where his chief was no doubt waiting for him. But there was nobody in the empty space.

XI

LENINE

ROBERT MINOR

[*World*, New York, February 4, 1919. By permission.]

I have just come from Moscow, where, a little more than one week ago, I had a talk with Lenine which bears materially upon the present difficulty in which the Entente finds itself in relation to the Bolshevik Government. Previously I had talked with him casually during my stay of nine months in Russia. This time Lenine knew he was giving an interview, and he appreciated the effect it might have on the outside world. As far as I know, it is the only interview he ever granted since he has been in power in Russia.

He couched his thoughts in terms of world revolution, as one riding wild horses who felt that his hold in the saddle depended on his maintaining the attitude of the world's most uncompromising rebel.

It will be noticed, however, that while his intransigent phrases flow with rapid automatic ease, his manner became different and much more deliberate when I introduced the subject that had led me to seek him — the relation of the Bolsheviki to the Entente and the possibility of an understanding.

I felt certain that Lenine wants peace. It was that feeling that took me to him. All Moscow, indeed, had been drifting into almost certain knowledge that he had become willing to comply with the prime prerequisite of peace — namely, to pay the war debts contracted by the old régime, which had been repudiated by the Soviets in the early days of their defiance.

In the note to President Wilson by Chicherin, the People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs, the tone was undeniably insolent, but tucked away under the sulphuric phrases one might detect a feeler as to the nature of the Allies' demands. I had noticed that while its sarcastic wording was accepted as orthodox by the Socialist Party hacks, the more alert caught in the phrases a significant willingness to pay the debts.

I may say it is not easy for the Bolshevik chiefs to show any spirit of compromise before the anarchist forces in Russia, which, while they are fast subsiding, yet remain much stronger than the men who are trying to rule Russia. I approached Lenine with the view of helping him to pave the way for a definite answer to the invitation to the various Russian factions to meet in conference with representatives of the Allies at Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora. I said to him I was leaving Russia and wanted something definite to carry away. He ex-

changed glances with his collaborator, Boris Reinstein, the former Buffalo soapbox orator, and slowly replied:

'The Russian Government would be inclined to pay its debts if by that means the war against it could be stopped.' As he spoke I wrote down the words and read them aloud. 'That is correct,' he said.

After silence for a moment he went on: 'We want peace and have proposed peace many times, but'—pausing with an expression of intense seriousness—'we are prepared to go on with the war, and are confident of victory. Our armies have had fine successes since the capture of Kazan and Samara, down to the present time. In the last few days we have heard of nothing but new victories.'

Lenine evidently intended to rest with that, and so I approached to the second point of the interview.

'What about the League of Nations?' I asked him. 'Has the recent entry of the Bolshevik leaders into the Government affected the eligibility of the Soviets for the League of Nations?'

Lenine caught me up before I had finished, his usually mild voice becoming suddenly harsh. 'They are not forming a League of Nations,' he said, 'but a league of imperialists to strangle the nations. President Wilson is a shrewd man,' he added dryly.

Turning to the other angle of the question he continued:

'The Menshevist Martoff came into the Government because he saw he must choose between the Russian Soviet and extreme reaction.'

Lenine could not afford to tell the whole truth about the entrance of the non-Bolsheviki into the Government, for he must maintain the intransigent front. The main fact in the new situation is that the so-called nationalization of Russian industry has put insurgent industry back into the hands of the business class, who disguise their activities by giving orders under the magic title of 'People's Commissaries.' That is the only title that commands obedience. Ignoring this essential fact, Reinstein mentioned the conversion of Maxim Gorky, and Lenine smiled. All the Russians make a god of Gorky. There were other vital points concerning which I wished to press Lenine, but he kept trying to interview me.

'What are the Allies going to do with their troops in Russia?' he demanded. 'Do they want to support the old feudal interest here, which is comparable to the German Junker interests? What are the American soldiers like individually; would they be susceptible to propaganda?'

In order to regain control of the interview, I asked:

'What will you do if the Allies send big armies against you?,

'If they send anything short of very big armies,' he replied, 'we will defeat them.'

'And if they do send big armies?' I persisted.

'Then they will make a very big war,' he answered, smiling, but without mirth.

Suddenly changing the subject, he asked: 'What do you think of the Red Army?' I said I thought the Red Army within a few weeks had submitted to the most exacting discipline in the world, revolutionary discipline, as the Bolsheviki call it, which contrasts as much as possible with the former propaganda against obedience to orders.

'What do you think of the decorations for the anniversary of the revolution?' Lenine went on. 'Do they look to you like the work of futurists, and if so, do they not promise for the revolution what futurism promises for art, after a period? How was it after the French Revolution? You know France, and what chance there is for a revolution there now.'

Then he asked me a question that astonished me, for the way he put it, rather than for the words he used.

'How soon will the revolution get to America?' was his question. The tone was confident. He did not ask me if it would reach America, but when, as if he took for granted that some day the red flag would wave in Washington. I did not reply, and he went on.

'I wonder how long,' he asked, 'Gompers can hold the labor unions as subservient to the imperialists as he is. Debs is an old man and in prison. I wonder if he will survive his term. It is a shame he was condemned. What is he like personally? I have never seen him. Why does n't the American Federation of Labor do anything about Big Bill Haywood's imprisonment? Is Jim Larkin a man of intellectual power? He is in prison, too, is n't he?'

This reminiscent interest in America is

shared even by those who damn the Government. Every returned revolutionist retains affection for the country on one ground or another. Lenine continued:

'America is a great country, great in technical achievements. Marvelous developments are possible there. The American Daniel De Leon first formulated the idea of a Soviet government, which grew up in Russia on his idea. Future society will be organized along Soviet lines. There will be Soviet rather than geographical boundaries for nations. Industrial unionism is the basic state. That is what we are building.'

I did not agree with Lenine's idea of what he is building, but said nothing. There is no more industrial unionism in Lenine's highly centralized institutions than in the United States Post Office. What he calls industrial unionism is nothing but nationalized industry in the highest degree of centralization.

This recent change has roused the bitter antagonism of the anarchist-syndicalists, the strongest opponents Lenine now has. Industrial unionism is a mere phrase in the Bolshevik dogma. I said to Lenine I was going to Germany, and his interest quickened.

'You will arrive in time for the second revolution,' he said. 'If you get a chance give my regards to Dr. Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, and Clara Zetkaind.'

Lenine showed little interest in the present German control but said he was waiting for the triumphs of Bolshevism. I remember once he had told me, in the time of the Kaiser, how he had mechanical devices for smuggling propaganda into Germany to disrupt the army. Now that the German revolution had been accomplished without any show of warmth toward Soviet Russia, I asked him:

'What do you think of the refusal by the German Revolutionary Government of the trainload of bread you sent there?'

'Scheidemann was a mere lackey of the Kaiser,' he replied testily. 'What could the world expect of him? He will defeat the German revolution if possible, just as he did everything possible to prevent it; but he is only a passing phase of the German revolution. The revolution will have natural development.

'What the capitalist rulers do not understand — this is going to trip them up — is that they have no way of solving economical problems which are piling up after the war. Failure to solve them will surely bring revolution. The capitalist system is bankrupt. There is no solution but the Marxian. Exploitation of weak nations by strong capitalist nations cannot continue; in its place there must be exchange of product for product, without exploitation.'

As Lenine talked to me he kept hitching his chair nearer to mine until his knees touched mine, and his finger waved under my nose. I really felt submerged by his personality, which seemed to fill the room.

The tiptoeing stenographers and the sentries about him are seemingly treated as his equals, but it struck me they held him in greater awe than they had ever felt toward the Czar.

The interview was in the Kremlin, ancient seat of the Czars. As I came away two smart limousines drew up and deposited several well dressed men of business type. This class had been lying very low only a few months ago. They are of the type the Bolshevik creed denounces as 'blood-thirsty minions of predatory capital.'

There is a difference now. The business types ride in fine automobiles as before, live in fine mansions, and are again managing the old industries, with more authority than ever before. Now they are 'People's Commissaries'— servants of the proletariate — and the iron discipline of the army under red flags has been developed in order to protect them against all annoyance. A rose smells as sweetly to them under any other name.

XII

JOSIAH ROYCE

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

[*Outlook*, January 15, 1919. By permission.]

I first saw Josiah Royce somewhat more than thirty years ago. I had been living in the Far West, and Chicago proved to be the most convenient place for me to take my entrance examinations for Harvard College. One hot July morning forty or fifty boys from various parts of the West, most of them wholly strangers

to all the others, climbed the stairs of a school building on the North Side. On the top floor we found the room appointed for our examinations. Breezes came in at the windows, and also great flakes of soot which blackened our hands and our blue books in which the examinations were written. We waited nervously for the examiner from Cambridge. A large person with bushy side-whiskers came in. Sudden silence fell on the room. Evidently this was the executioner. But he passed the platform, sat down at a little desk next to mine, and took out twelve wonderfully sharpened pencils. There was a rustle of relief, as we all took breath again. Just a moment before the hour announced there appeared a short man with a large head, looking as we who had read Greek history thought Socrates must have looked; he carried a leather bag, which he put down on the big platform desk, and then sat solemnly behind it. He frankly looked us over, and we gazed at him; he seemed human and humorous and kind. Things did n't seem so bad, after all. This was Josiah Royce.

I can remember only one sentence which he said in those anxious hot July days. Some one went to the desk to ask him a question. Evidently he felt that whatever information was imparted must be given to all; so we heard him say quite clearly in his quizzical voice as his eyes rested on a tall chimney outside the window: 'You want to know what is meant by "the composition of a word." Well, the composition of mortar is lime and sand and water.' We began to think that if we ever did do so foolish a thing as to study philosophy (for by this time we had pried out of one of our number who had a Harvard Catalogue that the inquisitor taught philosophy) we should n't mind attaching ourselves to one of his classes. These were the days when the elective system was in the height of its newly discovered glory, and we had a sense of unusual freedom as we inspected the faculty and their wares.

For three years I resisted the impulse to elect one of his courses. I saw him constantly and felt a sense of ownership in the various anecdotes about him and his small boy which the students told one another. This was the boy who thwarted an afternoon tea by tying crape to the door-bell, and who, in sprinkling the grass, and seeing a delightfully infirm old man amble by, turned the hose on Mr. James Russell Lowell, who thereupon gave up his call on Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, and was carefully tended by the boy's anxious parents. My only memory of this brilliant boy was meeting him one afternoon at the college pump, where a group of students were slaking their thirst. I asked the boy if he did n't want me to pump some water for him, whereupon he answered with a musical drawl, very slowly, 'No, I-do-not-want-you-to-pump-my-waw-taw; I-will-pump-my-own-waw-taw.' We talked of our Socrates, as he made his way back and forth through the college yard; and we were proud of him and of the binding force of our University when he resisted a very loud and lucrative call from the newly established University of Chicago, preferring bread and water and the companionship of William James and George Herbert Palmer to milk and honey without them.

In my senior year I sat under Professor Royce in a stiff course on the History of German Thought from 1770 to 1830. It was a course which brought out the rich variety of Royce's learning and culture. He discussed the two Fausts of Goethe; most of us learned for the first time through his exposition of Herder what was meant by the modern historical method; we tried to follow him as he told us what Kant meant in the pages of the *Kritik* which we had read (or thought we had read) the night before; we loved Fichte; we laughed at Heine; we reveled in Hegel, and found out how much more we knew than he in the end. The difficulty and the charm went side by side; and, though we knew that we were listening to more than we could appropriate, some of the insight and the wisdom sank in.

It was in this same year that he gave in Sanders Theater some popular lectures which were afterwards published as *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. The ground covered was largely the ground covered in his college lectures, and most of us went to hear the information from this slightly different angle. He had an inspiring way of quoting the Bible, illuminating by his context a familiar passage, which seemed to say exactly what the philosopher of the evening wished to say and could n't. The ladies of Cambridge, who made up most of the audience, un-

derstood these happy quotations. Now and then there would be a flash of humor, as when he described the boy learning to write, who grasped the pen in his tight fist, and then put his tongue in his cheek, and at length wrote. The ladies of Cambridge nodded to one another over these sallies, and understood perfectly how delightful philosophy was. But for the most part when the lecturer sailed the seas where no figure or illustration could float there was evident discouragement on most of the faces; and we who had the privilege of having learned the sage's style went back to our rooms to laugh impertinently because the ladies of Cambridge were taking externally a course in philosophy.

After my graduation, while I was in a professional school, I took another of Professor Royce's courses. This was on Cosmology and showed in an amazing way his familiarity with science. The basis of the course was Spencer's book, *First Principles,* which he mercilessly criticized. We read also, among many other books, Joseph Le Conte's *Evolution,* which he always referred to with affection. I think Le Conte had been an old teacher in Royce's early life in California. The whole course turned on the fact that because there was an unknown element in life it was not therefore unknowable; that even if we could not know all, what we did know in part we did know; and that there were two methods of knowing, one by description (like mathematics) and the other by appreciation (like poetry, love, patriotism). We who had known the Royce of Goethe, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel found a new Royce in this course. In some ways we saw more deeply into his wisdom, because we were getting more deeply into the knowledge of the man.

Pragmatism had not then found definite expression, but in his devotion to the absolute Royce was even then ready for the fray which was later to engage him. One morning, he began to describe an angel who said that, by his experience, two and two make five. There was a pause. We expected that Royce would go on to explain that there might conceivably be a consciousness quite unlike our earth consciousness in which two and two *would* make five. But we were brought suddenly to our senses. 'If,' said Royce, fiercely, 'I met that angel, I 'd know what sort of an angel that was!'

It was about this time, when he was giving his assurance of his trust in certain fixed principles which could not be wholly proved by an outward demonstration but of which he was confident through his inner conviction or intuition or valid feeling, that he quoted with approval a small girl whose protest he had heard on a noisy Boston street. The child had made her statement of what she believed a fact. Her companions had challenged her. They jeered, they laughed. But she stood her ground for the truth as she saw it, exclaiming, 'I don't keer — and I don't keer if I don't keer.' What was lack of earthly approval if one had conviction like that?

After this I saw Dr. Royce only occasionally, at the meetings of a philosophical club or upon the street. One Sunday afternoon I met him on a Cambridge street car. He looked tired. I asked him where he had been, for he was carrying a large traveling bag. 'Oh,' he said, laughingly, 'I 've been in New York. I 've been giving lectures on philosophy to a woman's club in New York every Saturday afternoon. The first lecture was a respectable philosophical lecture, but I saw that they did n't understand a word of it. So since then I 've been giving them "guff"— and they think philosophy 's great.' He laughed, and at Harvard Square we parted. I think I never saw him again.

But I continued to be his pupil. Living far away, unable to see him, I planned to read his books as he sent them forth. So I came under his spell as he declared his inspiring doctrine of loyalty. It was to be his theme to the end with enlargements and variations. To those who put high value on the Church his words about loyalty to the Beloved Community were as a fresh revelation. I was moved by his *Sources of Religious Insight.* Perhaps the profoundest note in this book is the passage about finding God in the depths. 'We come,' he said, 'to such deep places that we can only cry. We are astonished that we can cry. And then we become aware that our cry is heard. And He who hears is God. And so,' he continued, 'God is often defined for the plain man as He who hears men's cry from the depths.' One has no right to see in public

utterance the revelation of a writer's personal experience, but I have always wondered if this great confession of God's presence were not the outcome of his own sorrow in the death of his only son. If so, it was a demonstration of his own doctrine which I had learned in his classroom years before, that truth is not only that which can be described but also that which can be only appreciated by experience.

His two volumes on Christianity struck again the notes of loyalty, especially loyalty to the Beloved Community. The part which most appealed to me was the section on 'Sacrifice and Atonement.' Before there was a world war to teach us, he revealed the eternal truth in the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice and in atonement. Even the Church had grown silent, or at times had tried to explain the doctrine away. He made it plain even to the man who felt no obligation to ancient formularies. The lack of the book is that it makes Christ into a Beloved Community and says nothing of the loyalty which the saints have delighted to give to Christ himself — their enthusiasm, their devotion, their love to a personal leader and master.

Apart from books Dr. Royce was a living example of loyalty. When his dearest friend, William James, became a pragmatist, Royce, like another St. Paul dealing with Peter, 'withstood him to the face.' There was for Royce an absolute ideal, eternal in the heavens, and our fluctuating understandings and needs could not change it. He was also perplexed by Professor James's sympathetic attention to mediums. There was a tale, very likely apocryphal that when the famous Spanish medium who had won James's approval of her genuineness was afterward caught in a palpable fraud Royce sent to James the following lines:

> 'Eney, meney, miney, mo:
> Catch Eusapia by the toe.
> If she hollers, that will show
> James's theories are not so!'

Of course the philosophical difference served only to make the friendship stronger.

The most vivid instance of his loyalty came toward the end. When the European war began, he tried to stand aside in philosophic detachment. But as it was borne in upon him what Germany was trying to do and was doing he boldly fled from his neutrality, and in public speech and in published articles declared his allegiance to the cause of England and France and their allies. He did not live to see his own country striving in the high cause for truth and righteousness; but it may be that his ringing words hastened the day of our entering the strife. Once more he demonstrated that philosophy is practical and is from life to richer life. Possibly his own death was hastened by the intensity of his plea; he may have been part of the vicarious sacrifice by which the man who loves righteousness loves it so completely that he lays down his life for his friends.

I am an orthodox person. I suppose Josiah Royce felt neither the fetters nor the inspiration of orthodoxy. But he was a deeply religious man, bent upon finding God and serving him with all his mind and heart and strength. He took me out of the closed rooms which religion sometimes cherishes, and, quite in the open spaces, led me to gaze into the sky and far away to the melting horizon, and to be unafraid. I want thus late to speak my gratitude.

XIII

PERMANENT PEACE IN INDUSTRY

[*Observer*, London, Eng., February 9, 1919. By permission.]

Is there any reasonable prospect of permanent industrial peace?

Of the many industrial pacifists among employers of varying degree of sincerity, imagination, and capacity with whom it has been the writer's privilege to discuss this radical question, the subject of this interview — the managing director of John Dawson's, Newcastle-on-Tyne — alone seems prepared to deal with causes rather than symptoms, to pay the price of peace, to offer to break his own eggs for the new omelet which we all hope or profess to hope to be able to make.

He has, on the evidence, achieved what we have all hitherto declared to be impossible, contrived a genuinely democratic form of industrial government, has really shared control and waived autocratic di-

rection, and has won loyalty in coöperation, not by any bribe but by throwing a burden of responsibility on the workers. And he has made a practical success of the experiment and the business.

It is advisable to explain that this interview happens to be something much more significant than the general conditions of interviewing commonly allow. The writer, in the course of his investigations, was recommended to get into touch with this courageous experimentalist. Shortly afterwards meeting his man by chance and hearing the account of the constitution and working of the Newcastle experiment, he thought it all rather too good to be true, and asked to be allowed to investigate the matter at first hand. This he did in the fullest detail and can therefore testify to the fact that it is no mere paper scheme, that the views expressed are not the vision of an inexact enthusiast but are based on conclusions drawn from an experiment in actual operation which has weathered its chief, and by no means light, difficulties.

'What led you to this experiment?'

'A few obvious truths pretty seriously considered. Universal unrest is not caused by anything but universal sense of real grievance. Agitators don't agitate without a basis. Fundamentally, it 's not a material but a spiritual grievance (I can't argue that out now). It 's not the amount of money but the kind of life that the trouble is about. It 's a psychological problem. I believe absolutely in folk — folk in the lump, and their power of responding to responsibility, and their steady deterioration when freed or deprived of responsibility. It 's absolutely true, not merely a phrase, that it is status and conditions, not money, that 's in their minds. I see absolutely no reason why democratized industry is not as possible as democratized government. Indeed, I can't see any other way of getting the willing coöperation without which the increased production we talk so glibly about simply won't happen.

'But never mind my beliefs. Let me tell you how I set to work. First, my works were entirely under my own financial control. There were no shareholders to hamper me. It was a new business, unhampered by old traditions, and there I recognize I had an easier field for experiment than the old-established firm.

'I called the men together and said something like this: "I want to see if we can't manage to run this show together. I realize that if I had my works full of gold I could do — nothing. If I had your goodwill — everything. Now here 's a clean slate. Put up, or get your union to put up, a constructive plan for joint control of this works. I 'll accept anything that looks like being workable and a good deal more than you think I will accept. And I 'm prepared to risk failure. So far the show is mine and the loss will be mine."

'During the discussion which followed I came to realize the fundamental objections (which I now believe to be absolutely insuperable) to schemes of copartnership on any lines that have been so far projected or carried out, and also to all premium-bonus methods, and all piecework payment. The flaw in all these is the ineradicable suspicion with which they are viewed; an even deeper flaw that they are all bribes to buy a grudging support, not methods of inducing a real change of view and temper. Again I cannot argue out those points. I merely give you conclusions based on the frankest possible discussion of ways and means. I stuck to my belief that there is absolutely nothing that can't be solved at a conference table — with goodwill. Which does n't mean absence of heat in the arguments, I can assure you. We managed the goodwill. There was obviously at this stage no ground for suspicion on the men's part, as they were putting up the scheme, and my pledge was to do nothing which they could n't accept, and nothing which was against essential trade union principle.'

'And what difficulty did you have with the unions?'

'Chiefly the difficulty that is at the back of all present trade union negotiation — the machinery of 1850 for the problems of 1920: a machinery merely for dealing with grievance and preventing exploitation, with no scope for constructive planning. The men were severer critics of the trade union apathy than I was. I had more sympathy with the unions' attitude than they, because I saw it as the result of circumstance, not of the wish to obstruct. But it is the fact that though the draft scheme, when we had hammered it into shape, was presented to the local trade union organ-

ization, fully discussed, and approved with only one dissentient out of thirty-six representatives, positive action expressing approval was withheld.

'We went ahead on the permissive basis. And you see we, management and workers, were building this scheme together. It was not drafted by the management and "submitted" to the men. I want to get that over to you. And to that I chiefly attribute such success as we have achieved.'

'What was your first practical move?'

'We worked in stages. First we attempted no more than the payment of high wages; abolition of all deductions, including insurance deduction; the payment of a flat rate (the highest) for the skilled men of all trades. This last made possible the solidarity of the men — did away with sectional jealousies, that is to say. But the point most appreciated, I believe, was the abolition of deductions. This has always been a fruitful cause of suspicion, and you will see we have tried to strike at all causes of suspicion, reasonable and less reasonable. If such practices are ever restored, they will be restored by the works council. But I am getting ahead too fast. I am dealing with the Shop Committee stage. These committees (elected, of course) were organized frankly as grievance committees, to be the representatives and advocates of the men in regard to grievances or breaches of trade union regulations. I say advocates, because they were there definitely to put the men's case, leaving the management to reply. They were not a part of the conciliation or coöperative machinery. But we instituted the right of appeal to the Shops Committees against dismissal, and a seven days' notice in all cases of dismissal.

'This, of course, so far as management is concerned, takes us no further than the benevolent autocrat stage — yes, I being the benevolent autocrat!

'Now for the second stage. You realize my conviction that the only permanent solution is joint control, and all experiment should be directed towards seeing how far such control can be contrived and how fast. Obviously, it 's not possible tomorrow, if for no other reason than that the whole structure of trade union policy is negative, obstructive, not creative. And there you have the secret of the quarrel in the unions between the old guard and the younger men.

'I put aside the violent revolutionaries, not because I don't sympathize with, without approving, their point of view. They can be set off against the few of the older men who are just obstructing because they are selfishly afraid of losing their jobs or their authority. And with these you may lump the few that can be bought directly or indirectly by the other side.'

'Well, at this second stage?'

'Pardon, but I think that parenthesis was necessary. Well, we abolished all piece work — because we could n't afford the friction; and as regards sharing of prosperity, I suggested a 3¼ per cent. dividend on the monthly turnover, divided pro rata, according to the wage received. We found that there was no real objection among the men to payment by results, but only to payment by individual result. This team bonus is, of course, not an original device. Here, however, the trade union put its foot down, and we had to withdraw this part of the scheme. It is interesting, however, to note that output went up during the period of discussion of this project.

'Now for the stage of joint-control. So far we had achieved a quite wonderful spirit of coöperation, a real interest in the business, and in the processes of business, which was having its most marked effect on the whole spirit of the works.

'Also, the management staff, with whom I need hardly say there was plenty of argument and prejudice to overcome, and the foremen were being gradually prepared for the joint-control idea.

'I may say at once — to go ahead a little — that our Works Council consists of five of the management staff appointed by and including myself as managing director, and five of the men elected by the whole works, not by the shops or trades acting separately and sending representatives. The difference is fundamental. This is not a grievance-representing, but a managing body. It is designed to forward the whole interest of the firm, not the sectional interests. The men had to learn to forget they were not representatives, but directors. And they are learning much quicker than I had dared to hope. I may say, too, here that I do not claim nor have I ever used a casting vote. And any proposal which we cannot agree to is post-

poned till we can. It is interesting, too, to be able to record that we have never had a proposal on which we were divided as to one side of the table against the other side. Also that the members of the workers' side differ more among themselves than with the management side. For which I argue nothing more than that a wholesome process of education is going on.

'My preliminary suggestion as to the Works Council was that it should be established to guarantee that the three and three-quarter team dividend arrangement should n't be withdrawn without the consent of the workers. I have told you that this dividend scheme was quashed by the Trade Union. But this will show you that we had traveled some little way. "—— the dividend," said one of the workers, "it 's the Works Council that 's the guts of the thing."'

'This sounds all just a little too smooth going.'

'It may sound so. To me it was pretty much what I assume the pangs of childbirth to be. I remember the day we carried the constitution, and I went home and saw in a flash what a hopelessly impracticable scheme it was! You know the feeling.'

'Do I not! And now?'

'Well, of course, it 's too early to play anthems of thanksgiving. We 've difficulties to face. First, we 've got to see that we can weather peace conditions and competition. As to that I have this to say, that our achieved goodwill is a magnificent output producer and lessener of overhead costs. During the war we were able to take only 68 per cent. of the usual allowances for overheads. We get better work — a good deal better — with less supervision. Men come to us because they have heard of our methods — our men and women are the most zealous canvassers. And it is n't the worst men we get that way.

'I can also tell you — and, indeed, you 've seen that for yourself — what capacity for constructive suggestion and what fair-mindedness and, best of all, what a complete absence of truckling subservience we 've managed to get into our Works Council.

'I 'll confess I expected that of the elected members probably there 'd be a majority of rather cranky, aggressive types that would have to be humored. There is n't one that 's got to be treated other than as a reasonable being open to argument. And as for constructive suggestion and constructive criticism, that 's been my greatest surprise of all. It 's become an embarrassment when what I chiefly feared was obstruction diluted with apathy.'

XIV

A GENIUS OF THE SHORT STORY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

[*Cosmopolitan*, September, 1918. By permission. Copyright, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.]

Whenever I think of Fannie Hurst, I think of the word 'genius.' Like everybody else, I have my own private definition of genius. A merely talented person is one who adapts his product to his market; he gives the public what the public wants, and is rewarded in a greater or less degree. But the genius can only give one thing, and that is so much a part of himself that he cannot give more and will not give less. He offers it, and sometimes the world is a long time accepting it, and, meanwhile, the genius starves, or lives hungry, like Francis Thompson and Gissing and Poe. Starving talent is pitiful and commonplace, but starving genius is sublime.

Therefore, it is an extremely rare and pleasant thing to meet a genius that the world has instantly and gratefully made welcome — I might add that it is an extremely pleasant thing to meet Fannie Hurst under any circumstances. She knows nothing of cruel editors and cold attics and dwindling pennies and thin shoes, and the last words to be mentioned in connection with her are 'bitterness' and 'starvation.' Among all the writers in New York she is the exception, not the rule, and one studies her case with a sort of patient and unresentful wonder. Where some of us climb, she flies, and where we are pleased occasionally to touch the target's outside ring, she calmly reaches the bull's-eye over and over again. Her work is not like that of any one else; it appeared unheralded and unknown, and yet the actual interval between her first serious offering to her pub-

lic and that public's enthusiastic reception of it was but a few months.

Her own story is quite as surprisingly usual as are the stories of many of her characters, quite as humanly simple as the material she almost always selects. She never knew the incentive of want; her childhood in Saint Louis was protected and prosperous; she was an only child; life was made very pleasant for her. When she finished college at home, she was given a year or two in New York for post-graduate work, and to try her wings in any fashion that seemed likely to satisfy her ambition. The stage always interested her, and she tells me that she wrote stories at ten, and fourteen, and eighteen, and was not much encouraged in writing them.

'I did n't understand it then,' she said joyously — she is among the most joyous of human creatures — but last year, at home, I found some of my old stories, and then I realized why the family thought it kinder to discourage me.'

But I don't believe that. I think that even in the ten-year-old child's stories there must have been some hint of the extraordinary quality that marks her work today. At all events, when she came to New York, she began to think of fiction seriously, and there was no more discouragement then.

That was about five years ago. The first story was written, and the question of placing it arose. Some friend suggested that she send it to a weekly magazine with an enormous circulation. Fannie Hurst was also advised to put a price on her story, and she priced it at one hundred dollars. A check for three hundred was sent her instead, and since then the popularity of her work and the size of the accruing checks have risen steadily together. Wherever writing folk gather, Fannie Hurst and her work are discussed; she has become a sort of literary Great Cham, and nothing is too fabulous to be believed about her.

Personally, she is extremely good to look upon, cream-skinned and dark-eyed, still in the pleasant zone of the middle twenties, and interested in everything in the world inclusive. She lives, except when she is visiting her home people, in a distractingly attractive little apartment near Central Park, New York City, and has monastery doors, old rugs, steps up and down, Gothic windows, and a scatter-brained puppy to amuse her. I gather that she works hard and slowly, producing with much doubt and difficulty the lines that read as easily as if one were listening to the speaker. Every line, every word is weighed and tested and changed interminably, and whole pages of the painfully wrought copy are destroyed; but she herself is its only tribunal, and when it leaves her hands, she is satisfied that she can do no better. Her happiest times, she tells me, come when the story is finished, and when she is pleased with it, before she gives it to the world. In its publication and reception she has little interest; she is off again on the newer story that is going to come just a little nearer than its predecessors to the garment's hem of True Romance. She gives a public of several millions exactly what she would give a public of one, or what she would write for no public at all. Take it or leave it, it is Fannie Hurst.

At present, she is apparently the only writer in the Union who is not confidently planning the Great American Novel. She loves just what she is doing and finds the medium of the short story the one that suits her best. And it is hard to imagine her in any other field than this one which she has made peculiarly her own. To analyze one of her stories is to arrive nowhere; it is the old mystery of the flower in the crannied wall. Yet there is technique as well as sheer instinct in the way that it is done; the apparently rambling conversations develop the plot in a series of hammer-strokes, and the sobbing ejaculations, in their aimless repetition, have a perfectly human fashion of wringing the heart.

There are certain stories among the twenty-five or thirty upon which this astonishing reputation rests that I never can read with dry eyes. There is something about the hot kitchens, and the crowded basement-shops, and the shabby clothes, and the beauty of love and sacrifice creeping up through the sordidness that is always new. The angry, loyal love of a mother, the protecting sister-love, the weak love of the parasite — sometimes I think that it is the theme of love running through them all that is their real secret. Two obscure forms emerge from a dingy doorway or a subway hood, and, lo! we have the strength of weakness and the

weakness of strength, selfishness turned into beauty and courage, and false joy stripped of its mask and crumbling into black despair.

So I use the word 'genius' for Fannie Hurst, and for no other writer of short stories — unless Mr. Conrad's novelettes come into that category — today. Other writers follow a certain formula, more or less deliberately concede convention something, pattern themselves, perhaps unconsciously, upon Kipling or O. Henry or George Moore. She copies no one.

A hundred years from now, when the children of a democratic world are patiently memorizing the dates of the Great War, it might be interesting to see what place Fannie Hurst will hold in American literature. I rather fancy that she will not be in a group even then. She is young, and may add riper work to this first work, may try the novel, after all.

But even on the strength of those twenty-five stories, she is entitled to a place of her own.

XV

FROM VAUDEVILLE TO OPERA IN A YEAR

PIERRE V. R. KEY

[*Harper's Bazaar*, Feburary, 1919. By permission. Copyright, 1919, by the International Magazine Company.]

She walked into the maestro's studio with the same insouciance which had been the distinguishing characteristic of her entrance upon the Riverside theater stage the night before. The maestro noted this the instant his gaze rested upon the girl's face. Instinctively he felt again the same compelling influence that had brought him, a dozen hours earlier, into an erect and alert position in his theater seat.

The maestro quitted his chair and advanced toward his visitor. Her own frank smile drew the response from the man who happened to be one of the few understanding the singing voice.

The girl's smile was such another as she had given by way of greeting to her vaudeville audience; very like the one she later bestowed on them after she had sung her songs and, followed by her sister, withdrawn into the wings.

'Boshko advised me to come,' said Rosa Ponselle simply. 'He said you liked my voice.'

The maestro nodded.

'He told me the opera was a possibility — for me. Did you say that?'

'Such is my judgment,' replied the man. 'After hearing you last evening I used the word "possibility." That is why —'

'Yes,' interrupted the girl. She was eagerly nervous.

'— I wished to hear you here,' finished the maestro. 'To turn your voice inside out and learn in the test of a few trial lessons whether we may substitute for "possibility" a more encouraging word.'

Rosa's lips parted; her figure, which was femininely tall and in the lithe lines suggestive of strength, seemed to tremble.

'"Probability," is that the word you mean?'

The maestro inclined his head.

If this were fiction instead of fact, the events could not be more colorfully romantic. An American girl renouncing vaudeville and a bank president's salary to heed the beckoning finger of Mistress Grand Opera possesses story possibilities.

In fiction there would be at least two available avenues of development. The heroine might triumph gloriously over obstacles and the villain, and after the thrilling performance leave the opera house in a taxi with her sweetheart for the Little Church Around the Corner. Or — she might fail ignominiously, perhaps because the singing teacher proved himself (like so many happen to be) a charlatan. Then, with her ruined voice, she would retrace her way sorrowfully to vaudeville only to discover that art had stripped her former powers clean of the trickery necessary to send into the seventh heaven those patrons who previously had clung to Rosa as a radiant star. Then Miss Ponselle would — or could, in the fancy of the author — stagger to her dressing-room a crushed soul.

Of course her faithtful suitor would appear presently to tell her it did n't matter. He had continued to love her. Now that she had failed he was in a transport of joy; for they could be married, and with no career-clouds hovering ominously over their little Bronx home happiness supreme would be their lot.

But, Rosa Ponselle's case, it turned out very differently. Which after all gives us a story, because the truth of it is so

astonishing. In this instance, particularly, do we discover substantiation of the statement that truth is stranger than fiction and may be quite as interesting.

Just a year ago the episode set forth at the beginning of this narrative actually happened. The maestro, whose studio is in New York City, did hear Rosa Ponselle at a vaudeville performance, where he dropped in to relax a fatigued mind. Miss Ponselle and her sister Carmella were part of that evening's 'bill.'

The maestro was impressed with the potentialities of both sisters. So much that he mentioned his experience the next day to one of his pupils. Observe now how ordinary a thing may be the finger of coincidence. This pupil, the 'Boshko' of whom Rosa spoke, chanced to be living in the same house that sheltered the Ponselle girls, whose family name by the way is Ponzillo. In Meriden, Connecticut, where they were born, the name and the girls are well known. It was in Meriden that they began their careers — in restaurants, from which they graduated into singers of songs in motion-picture theaters.

Boshko, having heard the sisters more frequently than the maestro, was that much more an ardent admirer. His beliefs confirmed by one whose opinion meant more to him than any other, Boshko became instantly and uncontrollably enthusiastic. Being a do-it-now young man, he not only promised to send Rosa and Carmella to the maestro, but fulfilled that promise so quickly after the completion of his lesson that before the day's end Rosa had ventured calling upon one of those persons (teachers of singing), for whom she had always held a vague sense of distrust.

Rosa did not go to the maestro's studio alone. If she had, this story would not possess so odd a twist; because, you see, she would have focused upon herself all the attention, which is the opposite of what occurred during that introductory visit and on subsequent days. Carmella, who went with Rosa, was much more concerned about singing teachers than her younger sister. And the maestro himself rather fancied the mezzo-soprano voice of Carmella. He held a peculiar notion also about teaching two members of one family. So for all his encouragement to Rosa on that day of days the maestro had ears chiefly for the older Carmella; and very soon afterward she began her studies.

Under right guidance some singing voices which are defective progress very fast. As the defects become eradicated, and the true position of each tone becomes more nearly what it should be, the voice enhances in all the ways a voice should. It is like releasing a bird that has nearly learned to fly; with an easy rising motion it soars aloft. Somehow that was the way Carmella Ponzillo's voice behaved after she had had a dozen lesons under the tutelage of this maestro, who knew his business. Rosa, hearing her sister practising in their New York home, began directly to be restless. She confessed to Carmella that she was undergoing a changed opinion about singing teachers — especially this one.

Then there ensued a suggestion to the maestro that he accept a second pupil from the Ponzillo family. Somewhat reluctantly the consent was given. The maestro hesitated further, he admits, because he recalled Rosa's vocal flourishes during her vaudeville act; scales and tricks that had taken the real Rosa Ponselle's voice from its natural groove, and brought about muscular interference inside her throat. The maestro was n't so sure, in his own mind, about the straightening of Rosa's vocal tangles.

Of course he eventually yielded to Carmella's intercession and to Rosa's ingratiating appeal. She was not easily to be resisted; and the maestro's heart had its tender spot.

So Rosa commenced her studies.

That was last December.

In a month's time Rosa began to do things — or her voice did them — that caused her guide to lift the corners of his mouth in a way he does when things in his studio proceed as they should. Not long afterward Rosa found herself set at tasks resembling the learning of arias from an opera and some of the duets. All this time Carmella, the mezzo-soprano, had been keeping step in a singing way with her sister. One afternoon the girls sang several arias each and finished with a duet from *Aïda*. After they left the maestro rubbed his hands, as a man will while in the act of washing them.

The half dozen experts, friends of the teacher, who were invited on a winter afternoon in 1918 to hear the two 'prom-

ising pupils,' went their ways when the singing was over experiencing varied degrees of enthusiasm. They were willing to guess, infer, and surmise that these two talents were something far enough above the common run to make a fuss over. Rosa, having a dramatic soprano voice, attracted their attention more particularly for the reason that the true dramatic soprano nowadays is like the basso profundo — something, if you please, that is as easy to find as a seat in a New York subway train during any rush hour.

Besides Rosa happened, among other desirable qualities, to have the sort of temperament that sent shivers of satisfaction racing along the spinal column of whomever heard her sing. She played the piano too; she was an excellent musician and not only learned readily, but she never seemed to forget what she once lodged firmly in her mind. Also Rosa had a strong body. She worked faithfully and with intelligence, and, once corrected, a fault in her work seldom made its reappearance.

Then the spring of 1918 came — and Enrico Caruso.

The greatest singer of them all consented to hear Rosa Ponselle (she was still 'Miss Ponzillo,' the professional name 'Ponselle' having been chosen some time later). Caruso's opinion did not differ materially from other opinions already rendered; it merely carried added weight because it was Caruso's. His verdict settled certain matters.

It must not be presumed that Rosa Ponselle was engaged to sing leading rôles by the Metropolitan Opera Company management after her first audition last spring. She sang three times. The initial hearing was all general manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza could have wished; far more than was anticipated by the blasé members of the company (conductors and star singers), who were invited to 'sit in' at the audition. But Mr. Gatti wanted to make no mistake. He therefore asked to hear Rosa again — to be sure that his ears and those of the others had not been tricked.

At the second audition Rosa Ponselle, being slightly indisposed and laboring under a mental strain, fainted dead away after the second aria. Carmella rushed from the Metropolitan wings, where she had been standing in anticipation of just what occurred, barely in time to catch her sister before she fell in a heap to the stage.

Yet it is common belief, when a singer succeeds in opera, that to get and stay there is comparatively easy.

Naturally the thing had to be done all over again; which meant a third audition, likely to be more trying upon nerves than either of the previous two. This time, though, there was no collapse; and the Metropolitan judges were unanimously agreed. Several days later a ceremony took place that made Rosa Ponselle a member of the Metropolitan and gave her a contract; the sort of contract very few singers inexperienced in operatic routine ever have owned.

But if by any chance the reader opines that the worst was over this assumption is both previous and erroneous. All last summer, and continuously until two days before she made her début as Leonora in Giuseppe Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, Rosa slaved — 'like a dog,' she will tell you. It is true that she possesses inherent dramatic talent, and in a remarkable degree. Still, making a début at the Metropolitan is an ordeal which has staggered, and will continue to stagger, the greatest and most eminent of singers — no matter where they come from. And Rosa, one should not forget, was as fresh operatically as so much paint; as green in the ways of the grand opera stage as early spring grass. Her gifts and vaudeville experience and nerve were assets that swung the balance in the desired direction; these things and an attractive youthful personality.

By the time September arrived matters were moving in a manner to solidify Mr. Gatti's confidence that he had not erred in giving an unknown and untried American girl an almost unheard-of chance — to début in a dominant rôle in the revival of an opera and with Enrico Caruso. Mr. Gatti was thus tranquilly cogitating when there occurred something utterly unforeseen or even dreamed of.

Out of a clear sky and without warning, Rosa contracted Spanish influenza.

But the girl refused to die; she recovered. What worried her maestro, however, and Mr. Gatti — and most of all Rosa herself — was the tardy return of the girl's usual strength. She could not seem to shake off a constant bodily weakness or a general feeling of listlessness.

Worse and worse, her voice appeared to have lost its former endurance. It tired quickly and didn't stand up under the strain of the extremely difficult music Verdi wrote for Leonora. Then Mr. Gatti began to worry, quite privately, and to ask himself repeatedly a question beginning with the word 'if.'

Mid-October brought an improvement in Rosa's physical well-being, and when November had rolled round the soprano was more nearly her normal self. The days passed, and at length arrived the morning that was to tell part of the story, the morning of the always-to-be-dreaded dress rehearsal. For many artists it is more difficult than an actual performance; all the hard-shell critics of every sort attend a Metropolitan dress rehearsal — and one who sings misses the stimulating encouragement of that fourth-dimension of a performance, an audience.

The writer was among those in the Metropolitan that morning. He had heard Rosa Ponselle ten months before, when she commenced her operatic start; and perhaps eight or ten times thereafter. That morning she surpassed every expectation. She had only to attain, two evenings later, seventy per cent. of that vocal and dramatic achievement to write high and large her chosen name. Rosa and self-possession appeared the only things Rosa had to concern herself about, until she should step before her audience.

But on her way home in a taxicab, the soprano felt the need of fresh air. She was still warm from the excessive exertion of her rehearsal and its nervous excitement. A lowered window, a draught of cold air and . . . next morning Rosa's neck was too stiff to permit the turning of her head!

The girl breathed with relief when the stiffness yielded to treatment; and on Friday evening, November twentieth, at six o'clock Rosa Ponselle reached her dressing room on the north side of the Metropolitan Opera House stage. The supreme moment was near; she was confusedly jubilant and restrained. There remained nothing to be done, preparatory to donning her first-act costume and making up, other than to warm the voice into proper elasticity — the voice which the singer had not attempted to use since the dress rehearsal.

Rosa's maestro was with her. Outwardly he was smilingly confident. He sat down at the piano in the soprano's room, sounded a chord, and indicated that his star pupil should begin her first gentle exercise.

The girl opened her mouth and made the tone. But it was not the Rosa Ponselle voice that these two persons heard. They assert stoutly, each of them, that the feeling this tone gave them was as coming from another person. It sounded like a tone 'dead' and nothing at all resembling the velvety resonance which she was accustomed to giving forth on that note.

'I swear to you,' said Rosa's maestro in telling the story, 'that if a knife had cut deep into any part of my flesh at that moment I would have felt no sensation. I was mummified! Could such a thing be,' I asked myself, 'that having gone thus far we were to have seemingly certain victory pulled grimly from us?'

'Neither of us spoke. We couldn't. Rosa just stood there looking at me, her eyes more eloquent than any words she could have uttered.

'The tenseness ended in a half a dozen seconds, though at the time I seemed to be living through agonizing years. I got myself together somehow.

'Rosa,' I said, 'your voice is not responsive, but you will sing tonight, and you will succeed. You *can* sing, even in your condition. I have in you supreme confidence, because of your intelligence. This is your first great obstacle in your career; you must and you will overcome it. I will go get a spray for your throat, and then we will work the voice slowly to the point where it will respond.'

As for the rest — it is operatic history. Rosa Ponselle did in the Metropolitan Opera performance of *La Forza del Destino* that night what no other débutante ever did before in that famous institution. Not in many years has any distinguished artist of ripe experience surpassed, and few have approached, the achievement of this twenty-two-year-old American girl. She has been the subject of opera veterans' discussion ever since. They pronounce her, with but little dissent, a marvel — a singer with potentialities which should make her in a comparatively short time one of the greatest singers of her time.

Which isn't such an unfiction-like ending, even though it happens to be pure fact.

D. EXPOSITORY AND EDITORIAL ARTICLES

The previous sections have dealt mainly with persons and things; expository and editorial articles present, or should present, ideas. The editorial writer must first 'catch his hare,' no matter how much skill he may display in the cooking. The best articles of this type are the outcome of strong feeling or profound conviction, for the layman's notion of the hired swashbucklers of the press is, in the main, simply a popular delusion. Dr. Charles R. Miller, for many years editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*, said in answer to questions put to him by the Senate Committee on the Ship Purchase Bill on March 15, 1915: 'The men who write these opinions believe them. Nobody in the *Times* office is ever asked to write what he does not believe.' This is true of every large and well-conducted newspaper office, in which the editorial council is a long-established institution, and a decision on an important public issue is carefully discussed so that the resulting article is the product of more brains than one.

'Every newspaper that enjoys continuity of existence and management' (again to quote Dr. Miller's evidence) 'has a certain body of principles. They are called the policy of the paper. Those are the principles and beliefs that guide its expression of opinion. . . . The managers and editorial writers are the persons responsible for the expression of opinion. They are men. They have neither haloes nor horns. They form their opinions just as other men form their opinions, by observation and reflection and information. When it comes to a specific public measure they express in their own opinions, which they write, the opinions of the paper. The opinions and policy of one paper differ from those of another. Some are for high tariff, and some are for low tariff. Some papers are radical, and some are conservative. But each paper has a body of principles that guides its utterances.'

The man who writes over his own signature enjoys greater freedom, because he carries less responsibility, his opinion being merely a personal one; but he too is under the necessity of clear and original thinking before he can write anything worth while. After that, his task, if not easy, is at least half done. The articles selected for this section show an extraordinary variety of subject and treatment, but they are all alike in this — that the writer has something to say and knows how to say it. Such consummate masters of the art of expression as Mr. Arthur Brisbane and Mr. Clutton Brock — to take one American and one English example — have very definite ideas to present as well as admirable phrases to convey their meaning. Mr. Woodrow Wilson's article on the ideal university is as remarkable for its orderly arrangement and skilful statement as are the historic despatches he has composed since as President of the United States in a momentous crisis of the national life. The ambitious student will do well to ponder these great examples and strive to catch something of the qualities that give them distinction — intellectual insight, emotional sympathy, a firm grasp on great principles, and the power of using words to set forth precisely and forcefully the thesis the writer has in mind or the cause he has at heart.

I

THE EDITORIAL WRITER'S OPPORTUNITY

[ARTHUR BRISBANE]

[*New York Evening Journal*, November 12, 1912. By permission.]

We have been asked to express an opinion as to 'the opportunity' of the editorial writer, for the benefit of young men studying journalism under Dr. Talcott Williams, at Columbia University. Here is an outline of what might be said, among other things, on this subject:

Writing for a newspaper is merely talking wholesale. Instead of talking to one man, or a hundred at one time, we talk through newspapers to five millions or more.

The editorial writer's opportunity is the opportunity to say something.

It is the greatest and most generally

neglected opportunity in the world. Young men who intend to write editorials might learn by heart Boileau's lines:

'Ma pensée au grand jour partout s'offre et s'expose,
'Et mon vers, bien ou mal, dit toujours quelque chose.'

Particularly the last line, which means:

'My verse, good or bad, always says something.'

The editorial writer's opportunity is the chance to say something. Many writers neglect that opportunity.

The newspaper is many things in our life. It is the principal literature of the American people, and, therefore, 'good or bad,' it is highly important to the country.

Among other things, the newspaper's editorial column takes the place of the public square at Athens, where one man could talk to all the citizens.

The writer of the editorials is the talker in the public square of today. He can, if he chooses, do as much for this age as the Greek with the voice, instead of the pen or typewriter or phonograph, did in his age.

The best description of newspaper work, and a very early expression also of foolish misunderstanding of newspaper work, may be found in one short quotation from Schopenhauer's essay, 'Some Forms of Literature':

> The newspaper is the second-hand in the clock of history; and it is not only made of baser metal than those which point to the minute and the hour, but it seldom goes right — if it's wrong, the clock is wrong.
>
> The so-called leading article is the chorus to the drama of passing events.
>
> Exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to the dramatic art, for the object of journalism is to make events go as far as possible. Thus it is that all journalists are, in the very nature of their calling, alarmists; and this is their way of giving interest to what they write. Herein they are like little dogs — if anything stirs they immediately set up a shrill bark.
>
> Therefore, let us carefully regulate the attention to be paid to this trumpet of danger, so that it may not disturb our digestion. Let us recognize that a newspaper is at best but a magnifying glass, and very often merely a shadow on the wall.

The newspaper, it is true, is the 'second-hand' on the face of the clock of history. It must exaggerate each second's importance, otherwise the seconds could not be counted.

It exaggerates, in comparison with the slow moving hour-hand. But it does not exaggerate, considering the needs of the individual reader.

For if the newspaper is the second-hand 'in the clock of history,' the individual is the second-hand in the clock of humanity. The nation is the minute-hand, and the race is the hour-hand.

The journalistic second-hand in its rapid, exaggerated talking keeps pace with that human second-hand, the individual, in his enforced concentration on the little things that happen in his little life.

An editorial can do four important things:

Teach,
Attack,
Defend,
Praise.

Teaching is the most important and the most difficult.

Attacking is the easiest and the most unpleasant, although sometimes necessary.

The defending of good causes, of the weak against the strong, of the new idea against ridicule, is important and usually neglected by editorial writers.

Praise also is neglected, except in a partizan sense without meaning.

The newspaper is not as Schopenhauer says, 'a shadow on the wall,' although many a newspaper is a mere shadow of what a newspaper should be.

A newspaper is a mirror reflecting the public, a mirror more or less defective, but still a mirror. The papers of the different nations reflect the nations more or less accurately. And the paper that the individual holds in his hand reflects that individual more or less accurately.

Some mirrors and some newspapers are preserved as interesting old relics, although they have ceased to reflect anything.

And some newspapers startle the unaccustomed public with the accuracy of the reflection shown, and the public takes time to get used to it.

The newspaper does about what the public does; it is the public, not the newspaper, that sets the pace.

If you have every newspaper in the United States giving first place to the result of a contest between eighteen men playing baseball and accomplishing nothing

useful in a 'championship series,' you may be sure that the public is concentrated on that game.

If you have newspapers devoting space to the secret, pre-arranged murder of a gambler by other gamblers instigated by a police officer, you may know that the public's mind is concentrated on that crime and not on the proceedings of some scientific convention.

The opportunity for the editorial writer is the greatest opportunity that exists. For men have developed as men only since language gave to the individual the power to transfer his thought complete to the brain of another.

The power to transfer your thought and make it effective is the greatest power, excepting the exceptional power to discover new scientific truth.

It is possible for the editorial writer now to talk to at least five millions every day. That actually happens.

With our newspaper machinery as it exists it will be possible to talk to the entire reading public every day. No power can be greater than that. The editorial writer's power is the power of suggestion and the power of repetition — very great forces.

The opportunity of the editorial writer is wasted usually. It is true that nearly always the so-called 'leading article' or editorial 'is the chorus of the drama of passing events.' But that is not always true and it will be true less and less as the newspapers and newspaper readers realize their duty and opportunity.

The newspapers are like the churches. There are eminently respectable preachers that say nothing and less numerous preachers that say something.

In the days of slavery the Episcopal Church in New Jersey rejected a picture offered as a frontispiece for a prayer book, because it showed kneeling at the feet of Christ, with the widow and the orphan, a black slave in chains. The good religious gentlemen said that such a picture might be misconstrued as an attack on slavery and stir up hard feeling. Those good gentlemen were 'the conservative press' of their church.

At about the same time Henry Ward Beecher, in his church in Brooklyn, put up a runaway slave girl in the pulpit and sold her at public auction, the proceeds to be devoted to the work of freeing the slaves.

He was the 'yellow journalist' of the church.

He was more successful than the respectable clergymen, because he deserved to be more successful!

First have something to say. Then say it so that people will see it, read it, understand it, and believe it.

Those are the four things; the reader must see, he must read, he must understand, he must believe.

If you want to write an editorial defending Moses against the attack of Rabbi Hirsch, who denounces some of Moses's teachings, you can put almost any kind of a heading on your editorial.

If you head it 'Analysis of the Diatetic Teachings of the Ancients,' 90 per cent. of those that 'see' the heading won't read.

You can write the same editorial, head it, 'Be Kind to Poor Moses, He Had No Icebox,' and 90 per cent. of those that see will read.

II

MY IDEAL OF THE TRUE UNIVERSITY

WOODROW WILSON

[*Delineator*, November, 1909. By permission of author and publisher.]

The word 'university' means, in our modern usage, so many different things that almost every time one employs it it seems necessary to define it. Nowhere has it so many meanings as in America, where institutions of all kinds display it in the titles they bestow upon themselves. School, college, and university are readily enough distinguishable, in fact, by those who take the pains to look into the scope and methods of their teachings; but they are quite indistinguishable, oftentimes, in name. They are as likely as not all to bear the same title.

But practice is always the best definer; and practice is slowly working out for us in America a sufficiently definite idea of what a university is. It is not the same idea that has been worked out in England or Germany or France. American universities will probably, when worked out to the logical fulfilment of their natural development, show a type distinct from all

others. They will be distinctive of what America has thought out and done in the field of higher education. Those which are already far advanced in their development even now exhibit an individual and characteristic organization.

The American university as we now see it consists of many parts. At its heart stands the college, the school of general training. Above and around the college stand the graduate and technical schools, in which special studies are prosecuted and preparation is given for particular professions and occupations. Technical and professional schools are not a necessary part of a university, but they are generally benefited by close association with a university; and the university itself is unmistakably benefited and quickened by the transmission of its energy into them and the reaction of their standards and objects upon it. As a rule the larger universities of the countries have law schools, divinity schools and medical schools under their care and direction; and training for these, the 'learned,' professions has long been considered a natural part of their work. Schools of mechanical, electrical and civil engineering have of late years become as numerous and as necessary as the schools which prepare for the older professions, and they have naturally in most cases grown up in connection with universities because their processes are the processes of science, and the modern university is, among other things, a school of pure science, with laboratories and teachers indispensable to the engineer. But the spirit of technical schools has not always been the spirit of learning. They have often been intensely and very frankly utilitarian, and pure science has looked at them askance. They are proper parts of a university only when pure science is of the essence of their teaching, the spirit of pure science the spirit of all their studies. It is only of recent years we have seen thoughtful engineers coming to recognize this fact, preach this change of spirit; it is only of recent years, therefore, that technical schools have begun to be thoroughly and truly assimilated into the university organization.

There is an ideal of everything American, and the ideal at the heart of the American university is intellectual training, the awakening of the whole man, the thorough introduction of the student to the life of America and of the modern world, the completion of the task undertaken by the grammar and high schools of equipping him for the full duties of citizenship. It is with that idea that I have said that the college stands at the heart of the American university. The college stands for liberal training. Its object is discipline and enlightenment. The average thoughtful American does not want his son narrowed in all his gifts and thinking to a particular occupation. He wishes him to be made free of the world in which men think about and understand many things, and to know and to handle himself in it. He desires a training for him that will give him a considerable degree of elasticity and adaptability, and fit him to turn in any direction he chooses.

For men do not live in ruts in America. They do not always or of necessity follow the callings their fathers followed before them. They are ready to move this way or that as interest or occasion suggests. Versatility, adaptability, a wide range of powers, a quick and easy variation of careers, men excelling in businesses for which they never had any special preparation — these are among the most characteristic marks of American life, its elasticity and variety, the rapid shifting of parts, the serviceability of the same men for many different things, and the quick intelligence of men of many different kinds in the common undertakings of politics and in public affairs of all kinds. If the American college were to become a vocational school, preparing only for particular callings, it would be thoroughly un-American. It would be serving special, not general, needs, and seeking to create a country of specialized men without versatility or general capacity.

The college of the ideal American university, therefore, is a place intended for general intellectual discipline and enlightenment; and not for intellectual discipline and enlightenment only, but also for moral and spiritual discipline and enlightenment. America is great, not by reason of her skill, but by reason of her spirit — her spirit of general serviceableness and intelligence. That is the reason why it is necessary to keep her colleges under constant examination and criticism. If

we do not, they may forget their own true function, which is to supply America and the professions with enlightened men.

I have described the university as a place with a college at its heart, but with graduate schools and professional schools standing about and around the college. The difficulty about thus associating teaching of different kinds, is that the spirit of the graduate and professional schools should not be the same spirit as that of the college, and that there are certain dangers of infection to which the college and schools of advanced and professional study are both alike exposed by the association. Look, first, at the danger to the college. It is in danger of getting the point of view of the graduate and professional schools, the point of view of those who prosecute study very intensively along special lines. Their object, if they be thorough, is technical scholarship. That should not be the object of the college. Its studies, as America has conceived the college (and I am sure she has conceived it rightly), are not prosecuted with a view to scholarship. Scholarship can not be had at the age of twenty-one, at the age at which youngsters graduate from college. They may by that time have been made to see the way, the arduous way, to scholarship and to desire to travel it; but they can not have traveled it. It is a long road. A lifetime is consumed before one reaches the quiet inn at the end of it. The object of the college is a much simpler one, and yet no less great. It is to give intellectual discipline and impart the spirit of learning.

We have misconceived and misused the college as an instrument of American life when we have organized and used it as a place of special preparation for particular tasks and callings. It is for liberal training, for general discipline, for that preliminary general enlightenment which every man should have who enters modern life with any intelligent hope or purpose of leadership and achievement. By a liberal training I do not mean one which vainly seeks to introduce undergraduates to every subject of modern learning. That would, of course, be impossible. There are too many of them. At best the pupil can, within the four years at the disposal of the college, be introduced to them only by sample. He can be, and should be, given a thorough grounding in mathematics, in his own language and in some language not his own, in one of the fundamental physical and natural sciences, in the general conceptions of philosophy, in the outlines of history, and in the elements of correct political thinking; and it is very desirable that he should go beneath the surface in some one of these subjects, study it with more than ordinary attention and thoroughness, and find in it, if he can, some independence of judgment and inquiry. Students in a modern college can not all follow the same road, and it is not desirable that they should do so. Besides the thorough drill in a few fundamental subjects which they should all have, they should be encouraged to make the special, individual choices of particular fields of study which will give them an opportunity to develop special gifts and aptitudes and which will call out their powers of initiative and enable them to discover themselves. The college should be a place of various studies, alive with a great many different interests.

The common discipline should come from very hard work, from the inexorable requirements that every student should perform every task set him, whether general or special, whether of his own choice or exacted by the general scheme of study prescribed for all, with care and thoroughness. The spirit of work should pervade the place — honest, diligent, painstaking work. Otherwise it would certainly be no proper place of preparation for the strenuous, exacting life of America in our day. Its 'liberalizing' influences should be got from its life even more than from its studies. Special studies become liberal when those who are pursuing them associate constantly and familiarly with those who are pursuing other studies — studies of many kinds, pursued from many points of view. The real enlightenments of life come not from tasks or from books so much as from free intercourse with other persons who, in spite of you, inform and stimulate you, and make you realize how big and various the world is, how many things there are in it to think about, and how necessary it is to think about the subjects you are specially interested in in their right relations to many, many others, if you would think of them correctly and

get to the bottom of what you are trying to do.

The ideal college, therefore, should be a community, a place of close, natural, intimate association, not only of the young men who are its pupils and novices in various lines of study, but also of young men with older men, with maturer men, with veterans and professionals in the great undertaking of learning, of teachers with pupils, outside the classroom as well as inside of it. No one is successfully educated within the walls of any particular classroom or laboratory or museum; and no amount of association, however close and familiar and delightful, between mere beginners can ever produce the sort of enlightenment which the lad gets when he first begins to catch the infection of learning. The trouble with most of our colleges nowadays is that the faculty of the college live one life and the undergraduates quite a different one. They are not members of the same community; they constitute two communities. The life of the undergraduate is not touched with the personal influence of the teacher: life among the teachers is not touched by the personal impressions which should come from frequent and intimate contact with undergraduates. The teacher does not often enough know what the undergraduate is thinking about or what models he is forming his life upon, and the undergraduate does not know how human a fellow the teacher is, how delightfully he can talk, outside the classroom, of the subjects he is most interested in, how many interesting things both his life and his studies illustrate and make attractive. This separation need not exist, and, in the college of the ideal university, would not exist.

It is perfectly possible to organize the life of our colleges in such a way that students and teachers alike will take part in it; in such a way that a perfectly natural daily intercourse will be established between them; and it is only by such an organization that they can be given real vitality as places of serious training, be made communities in which youngsters will come fully to realize how interesting intellectual work is, how vital, how important, how closely associated with all modern achievement — only by such an organization that study can be made to seem part of life itself. Lectures often seem very formal and empty things; recitations generally prove very dull and unrewarding. It is in conversation and natural intercourse with scholars chiefly that you find how lively knowledge is, how it ties into everything that is interesting and important, how intimate a part it is of everything that is 'practical' and connected with the world. Men are not always made thoughtful by books; but they are generally made thoughtful by association with men who think.

The present and most pressing problem of our university authorities is to bring about this vital association for the benefit of the novices of the university world, the undergraduates. Classroom methods are thorough enough; competent scholars already lecture and set tasks and superintend their performance; but the life of the average undergraduate outside the classroom and other stated appointments with his instructors is not very much affected by his studies; is almost entirely dissociated from intellectual interests.

It is too freely and exclusively given over to athletics and amusements. Athletics are in themselves wholesome, and are necessary to every normal youth. They give him vigor and should give him the spirit of the sportsman — should keep him out of many things of a very demoralizing sort which he would be inclined to do if he did not spend his energy out-of-doors and in the gymnasium. Amusement, too, is necessary. All work and no play makes Jack not only a dull boy, but a very unserviceable boy, with no spirit, no capacity to vary his occupations or to make the most of himself.

But athletics and amusement ought never to become absorbing occupations, even with youngsters. They should be diversions merely, by which the strain of work is relieved, the powers refreshed and given spontaneous play. The only way in which they can be given proper subordination is to associate them with things not only more important, but quite as natural and interesting. Knowledge, study, intellectual effort, will seem to undergraduates more important than athletics and amusement and just as natural only when older men, themselves vital and interesting and companionable, are thrown into close daily association with them. The spirit of learning can be conveyed only by contagion, by personal contact. The as-

sociation of studies and persons is the proper prescription.

Turn from the college, which lies at the heart of the university, to the graduate and professional schools which lie about the college and are built upon it, and you are discussing an entirely different matter, looking for different principles and methods. Their right relationship to the college, moreover, is a very difficult question to determine. Both the college and the high school are trying to do two things at once — two things not entirely consistent with each other. The majority of pupils in the high school — the very large majority — do not intend to carry their studies any further. They must get all the schooling they are going to get before they leave the high school. They must be given the best training, the completest awakening within the field of knowledge that the school can give them, for that is to be their final preparation for life. A small minority, however, must be prepared to enter college. Majority and minority must be handled, in some circumstances in different ways, and it is very hard indeed to arrange the courses of study in a way that will be suitable for both. The high school is clearly justified in shaping its policy and its methods to the needs, first of all, of the majority. Exceptional arrangements must be made, if possible, for the minority.

Similarly, in the college the great majority of the undergraduates mean to go at once from their courses there into some active practical pursuit; do not mean to go on to more advanced university studies. A minority, on the other hand — a larger minority than in the schools — do intend to go further, will enter the graduate schools to become teachers and investigators, or the technical and professional schools for some calling for which a special training is necessary. The difficulty of the college is to arrange courses and adopt methods which will serve both these classes. It does so, generally, by offering a much larger choice of studies than it is possible or desirable to offer. But the majority must determine its chief characteristics and adaptations. Its chief object must be general preparation, general training, an all-round awakening.

It is evident, therefore, that the college, while it should be the foundation of the professional schools, not only stands below them, as their support and feeder, but also alongside of them; would be necessary if they did not exist; furnishes the only introduction our young men desire or need to the wider fields of action and experience which lie beyond it. It is, first of all and chiefly, a general fitting school for life. Its social organization and influence are almost as important as its classrooms. It is not a subordinate school, but the chief, the central school of the university. For the professional schools it is, at the same time, an indispensable foundation. That profession is clearly impoverished which does not draw to its special studies men bred to understand life and the broader relations of their profession in some thorough school of general training. In these higher schools the atmosphere is changed; another set of objects lies before the student; his mind has already begun to center upon tasks which fill the rest of his life. He can not, there, seek the things that will connect him with the more general fields of learning and experience.

What is called the graduate school in our universities is not, strictly, a professional school. As a matter of fact most of its pupils will be found to be looking forward to the profession of teaching; but graduate schools of the higher type do not keep that profession in mind. Their object is to train scholars whether in the field of literature, or science, or philosophy, or in the apparently more practical field of politics. They carry the college process a stage farther and seek to induct their students into the precise, exacting methods of scholarship. They not only carry the college process farther, they also alter it. Their students are thrown more upon their own resources in their studies, are expected to enter on researches of their own, strike out into independent lines of inquiry, stand upon their own feet in every investigation, come out of their novitiate and gain a certain degree of mastery in their chosen field, their professors being little more than their guides and critics. They are not taught how to teach; there is no professional tone in the life of the school. They are taught how to learn, thoroughly and independently, and to make scholars of themselves.

Schools of medicine, law and theology, on the other hand, while also, when upon

a proper plane, schools of scholarship, are professional schools, and have in all their instruction the professional point of view. Their object is not only to introduce their students to the mastery of certain subjects, as the graduate school does, but also to prepare them for the 'practice' of a particular profession. They devote a great deal of attention to practical method — to the ways in which the knowledge acquired is to be used in dealing with diseases, with disputes between men over their legal rights, and with the needs and interests of men who should be helped with spiritual guidance. They are frankly and of necessity professional. The spirit of the doctor's or of the lawyer's office, of the pulpit and of the pastor's study, pervades them. They school their men for particular tasks, complicated and different, and seek to guide them by many practical maxims.

Similarly, the technical schools are professional schools, their objects practical, definite, utilitarian. Their students must not only know science and have their feet solidly upon the footing of exact knowledge, but must acquire a very thorough mastery of methods, a definite skill and practice, readiness and precision in a score of mechanical processes which make them a sort of master-workmen. The practical air of the shop pervades such schools, as the practical air of the office pervades the law school. They are intent upon business, and conscious all the time that they must make ready for it.

In the professional schools of an ideal university nothing of this practical spirit would be abated, for such schools are, one and all, intensely and immediately practical in their objects and must have practice always in mind if they would be truly serviceable; but there would always lie back of their work, by close association with the studies of the university in pure science and in all the great subjects which underlie law and theology, the impulse and the informing spirit of disinterested inquiry, of study which has no utilitarian object, but seeks only the truth. The spirit of graduate study, and of undergraduate, too, would be carried over into all professional work, and engineers, doctors, ministers, lawyers, would all alike be made, first of all citizens of the modern intellectual and social world — first of all, university men, with a broad outlook on the various knowledge of the world, and then experts in a great practical profession, which they would understand all the better because they had first been grounded in science and in the other great bodies of knowledge which are the foundations of all practice. That is the service the university owes the professional schools associated with it. The parts should be vitally united from end to end.

The professional schools, in their turn, do the university this distinct and very great service, that they keep it in conscious association with the practical world, its necessities and its problems. Through them it better understands what knowledge, what kind of men, what scholarship, what morals, what action, will best serve the age for whose enlightenment and assistance it exists. Our universities should be 'ideal' chiefly in this — that they serve the intellectual needs of the age, not in one thing, not in any one way only, but all around the circle, with a various and universal adaptation to their age and generation. America can never dispense with the enlightenment of general study, and should wish to have as many of her young men as possible subjected to its influences. She should demand that her professional schools be grounded in such studies in order that her professional men may see something more than individual interest in what they do. It is best, therefore, that professional schools should be closely associated with universities, a part of their vital organization, intimate parts of their system of study. That very association and inclusion should make them more thorough in their particular practical tasks. They should be the better schools of technical training. The ideal university is rounded out by them, and their roots are enriched by her fertile soil of catholic knowledge and inquiry. The ideal university would consist of all these parts, associated in this spirit, maintained always in this relationship.

III

FRANCE

[A. CLUTTON BROCK]

[*Times* (London, England) *Literary Supplement*, October 2, 1914. Reproduced by permission of the *Times*, of the author, and of Messrs. Methuen and Co., who have republished this article with others by Mr. Clutton-Brock in book form under the title *Thoughts on the War*.]

Among all the sorrows of this war there is one joy for us in it: that it has made us brothers with the French as no two nations have ever been brothers before. There has come to us, after ages of conflict, a kind of millennium of friendship; and in that we feel there is a hope for the world that outweighs all our fears, even at the height of the world-wide calamity. There were days and days, during the swift German advance, when we feared that the French armies were no match for the German, that Germany would be conquered on the seas and from her eastern frontier, that after the war France would remain a Power only through the support of her Allies. For that fear we must now ask forgiveness; but at least we can plead in excuse that it was unselfish and free from all national vanity. If, in spite of ultimate victory, France had lost her high place among the nations, we should have felt that the victory itself was an irreparable loss for the world. And now we may speak frankly of that fear because, however unfounded it was, it reveals the nature of the friendship between France and England.

That is also revealed in the praise which the French have given to our army. There is no people that can praise as they can; for they enjoy praising others as much as some nations enjoy praising themselves, and they lose all the reserve of egotism in the pleasure of praising well. But in this case they have praised so generously because there was a great kindliness behind their praise, because they, like us, feel that this war means a new brotherhood stronger than all the hatreds it may provoke, a brotherhood not only of war but of the peace that is to come after it. That welcome of English soldiers in the villages of France, with food and wine and flowers, is only a foretaste of what is to be in both countries in a happier time. It is what we have desired in the past of silly wrangles and misunderstandings, and now we know that our desire is fulfilled.

For behind all those misunderstandings, and in spite of the differences of character between us, there was always an understanding which showed itself in the courtesies of Fontenoy and a hundred other battles. When Sir Philip Sidney spoke of France as that sweet enemy, he made a phrase for the English feeling of centuries past and centuries to be. We quarreled bitterly and long; but it was like a man and woman who know that some day their love will be confessed and are angry with each other for the quarrels that delay the confession. We called each other ridiculous, and knew that we were talking nonsense; indeed, as in all quarrels without real hatred, we made charges against each other that were the opposite of the truth. We said that the French were frivolous; and they said that we were gloomy. Now they see the gaiety of our soldiers and we see the deep seriousness of all France at this crisis of her fate. She, of all the nations at war, is fighting with the least help from illusion, with the least sense of glory and romance. To her the German invasion is like a pestilence; to defeat it is merely a necessity of her existence; and in defeating it she is showing the courage of doctors and nurses, that courage which is furthest removed from animal instinct and most secure from panic reaction. There is no sign in France now of the passionate hopes of the revolutionary wars; 1870 is between them and her; she has learnt, like no other nation in Europe, the great lesson of defeat, which is not to mix material dreams with spiritual; she has passed beyond illusions, yet her spirit is as high as if it were drunk with all the illusions of Germany.

And that is why we admire her as we have never admired a nation before. We ourselves are an old and experienced people, who have, we hope, outlived gaudy and dangerous dreams; but we have not been tested like the French, and we do not know whether we or any other nation could endure the test they have endured. It is not merely that they have survived and kept their strength. It is that they have a kind of strength new to nations, such as we see in beautiful women who have endured great sorrows and outlived

all the triumphs and passions of their youth, who smile where once they laughed; and yet they are more beautiful than ever, and seem to live with a purpose that is not only their own, but belongs to the whole of life. So now we feel that France is fighting not merely for her own honor and her own beautiful country, still less for a triumph over an arrogant rival, but for what she means to all the world; and that now she means far more than ever in the past.

This quarrel, as even the Germans confess, was not made by her. She saw it gathering, and she was as quiet as if she hoped to escape war by submission. The chance of revenge was offered as it had never been offered in forty years; yet she did not stir to grasp it. Her enemy gave every provocation, yet she stayed as still as if she were spiritless; and all the while she was the proudest nation on the earth, so proud that she did not need to threaten or boast. Then came the first failure, and she took it as if she had expected nothing better. She had to make war in a manner wholly contrary to her nature and genius, and she made it as if patience, not fire, were the main strength of her soul. Yet behind the new patience the old fire persisted; and the *furia francese* is only waiting for its chance. The Germans believe that they have determined all the conditions of modern war, and, indeed, of all modern competition between the nations, to suit their own national character. It is their age, they think, an age in which the qualities of the old peoples, England and France, are obsolete. They make war after their own pattern, and we have only to suffer it as long as we can. But France has learnt what she needs from Germany so that she may fight the German idea as well as the German armies; and when the German armies were checked before Paris there was an equal check to the German idea. Then the world, which was holding its breath, knew that the old nations, the old faith and mind and conscience of Europe, were still standing fast and that science had not utterly betrayed them all to the new barbarism. Twice before, at Tours and in the Catalaunian fields, there has been such a fight upon the soil of France and now for the third time it is the heavy fate and the glory of France to be the guardian nation. That is not an accident, for France is still the chief treasury of all that these conscious barbarians would destroy. They know that while she stands unbroken there is a spirit in her that will make their Kultur seem unlovely to all the world. They know that in her, as in Athens long ago, thought remains passionate and disinterested and free. Their thought is German and exercised for German ends, like their army; but hers can forget France in the universe, and for that reason her armies and ours will fight for it as if the universe were at stake. Many forms has that thought taken, passing through disguises and errors, mocking at itself, mocking at the holiest things; and yet there has always been the holiness of freedom in it. The French blasphemer has never blasphemed against the idea of truth even when he mistook falsehood for it. In the Terror he said there was no God, because he believed there was none, but he never said that France was God so that he might encourage her to conquer the world. Voltaire was an imp of destruction perhaps, but with what a divine lightning of laughter would he have struck the Teutonic Antichrist, and how the everlasting soul of France would have risen in him if he could have seen her most sacred church, the visible sign of her faith and her genius, ruined by the German guns. Was there ever a stupidity so worthy of his scorn as this attempt to bombard the spirit? For, though the temple is ruined, the faith remains; and, whatever war the Germans may make upon the glory of the past, it is the glory of the future that France fights for. Whatever wounds she suffers now she is suffering for all mankind; and now, more than ever before in her history, are those words become true which one poet who loved her gave to her in the Litany of Nations crying to the earth: —

I am she that was thy sign and standard-bearer,
Thy voice and cry;
She that washed thee with her blood and left thee fairer,
The same am I.
Are not these the hands that raised thee fallen and fed thee,
These hands defiled?
Am not I thy tongue that spake, thine eye that led thee,
Not I thy child?

IV

THE PROBLEM OF LIVING THINGS

JOHN BURROUGHS

[*Independent*, October 2, 1913. By permission.]

All living bodies, when life leaves them, go back to the earth from whence they came. What was it in the first instance that gathered their elements from the earth and built them up into such wonderful mechanisms? If we say it was nature, do we mean by nature a physical force or an immaterial principle? Did the earth itself bring forth a man, or did something breathe upon the inert clay, and it became a living spirit?

Such inquiries bring us at once face to face with the question of the nature and origin of life — a question which is the source of a good deal of mental activity in our time, both among scientific men and philosophers.

As life is a physical phenomenon, appearing in a concrete physical world, it is, to that extent, within the domain of physical science and appeals to the scientific mind. Physical science is at home only in the experimental, the verifiable. Its domain ends where that of philosophy begins. It cannot go behind visible phenomena and ask 'Why?' or 'Whither?' This is the province of philosophy. It is incompetent to discuss the question of the origin of life from no life, or of something from nothing, because here its method of verification cannot be applied. Science is held by the biogenetic law — life only from antecedent life. Until it can bring about the reaction called life in its laboratories, it is tethered by this law. In order to make a start at all, it is compelled to assume the potentiality of life in matter itself, as most recent bio-physicists do, and to regard its advent into this world as a natural and not a miraculous event — as natural as the birth of a baby, inscrutable as are the mysteries that lie back of it.

So far as life involves a psychic principle or force, it is beyond the scope of positive science, and falls within the domain of philosophy.

The question of how life arose in a universe of dead matter is just as baffling a question to the ordinary mind, as how the universe itself arose. If we assume that the germs of life drifted to us from other spheres, propelled by the rays of the sun, or some other celestial agency, as certain modern scientific philosophers have assumed, we have only removed the mystery farther away from us. If we assume that it came by spontaneous generation, as Haeckel and others assume, then we are only cutting a knot which we cannot untie. The god of spontaneous generation is as miraculous as any other god. We cannot break the causal sequence with a miracle. If something came from nothing, then there is not only the end of the problem, but also the end of our boasted science.

Science is at home in discussing all the material manifestations of life — the parts played by colloids and ferments, by fluids and gases, and all the organic compounds, and by mechanical and chemical principles; it may analyze and tabulate all life proesses and show the living body as a most wonderful and complex piece of mechanism, but before the question of the origin of life itself it stands dumb, and, when speaking through such a man as Tyndall, it also stands humble and reverent. After Tyndall had, to his own satisfaction, reduced all like phenomena to mechanical attraction and repulsion, he stood with uncovered head before what he called the 'mystery and miracle of vitality.' The mystery and miracle lie in the fact that in the organic world the same elements combine with results so different from those of the inorganic world. Something seems to have inspired them with a new purpose. In the inorganic world, the primary elements go their ceaseles round from compound to compound, from solid to fluid or gaseous, and back again, forming the world of inert matter as we know it, but in the organic world the same elements form thousands of new combinations unknown to them before, and thus give rise to the myriad forms of life that inhabit the earth.

The much debated question of the nature and origin of life has lately found an interesting exponent in Professor Benjamin Moore of the University of Liverpool. His volume on the subject in the 'Home University Library' is very readable, and, in many respects, convincing. At least, so far as it is the word of exact science on

the subject it is convincing; so far as it is speculative or philosophical, it is or is not convincing, according to the type of mind of the reader. Professor Moore is not a bald mechanist or materialist like Professor Loeb, or Ernest Haeckel, nor is he an idealist or spiritualist, like Henri Bergson or Sir Oliver Lodge. He may be called a scientific vitalist. He keeps close to lines of scientific research as these lines lead him through the maze of the primordial elements of matter, from electron to atom, from atom to molecule, from molecule to colloids, and so up to the border of the living world. His analysis of the processes of molecular physics as they appear in the organism, leads him to recognize and to name a new force, or a new manifestation of force, which he hesitates to call vital, because of the associations of this term with a pre-scientific age, but which he calls 'biotic energy.'

Biotic energy is peculiar to living bodies, and 'there are precisely the same criteria for its existence,' says Professor Moore, 'as for the existence of any one of the inorganic energy types, viz., a set of discrete phenomena; and its nature is as mysterious to us as the cause of any one of these inorganic forms about which also we know so little.

'It is biotic energy which guides the development of the ovum, which regulates the exchanges of the cell, and causes such phenomena as nerve impulse, muscular contraction, and gland secretion, and it is a form of energy which arises in colloidal structures, just as magnetism appears in iron, or radio-activity in uranium or radium, and in its manifestations it undergoes exchanges with other forms of energy, in the same manner as these do among one another.'

Like Professor Henderson, of Harvard, whose volume on *The Fitness of the Environment* has lately appeared, Professor Moore concedes to the vitalists about all they claim — namely, that there is some form of force or manifestation of energy peculiar to living bodies, and one that cannot be adequately described in terms of physics and chemistry. Professor Moore says this biotic energy 'arises in colloidal structures,' and, so far as bio-chemistry can make out, arises *spontaneously* and gives rise to that marvelous bit of mechanism, the cell. In the cell appears 'a form of energy unknown outside life processes which leads the mazy dance of life from point to point, each new development furnishing a starting point for the next one.' It not only leads the dance along our own line of descent from our remote ancestors — it leads the dance along the long road of evolution from the first unicellular form in the dim paleozoic seas to the complex and highly specialized forms of our own day.

The secret of this life force, or biotic energy, according to Professor Moore, is in the keeping of matter itself. The steps or stages from the depths of matter by which life arose, lead up from that imaginary something, the electron to the inorganic colloids, or to the crystallo-colloids, which are the threshold of life, each stage showing some new transformation of energy. There must be an all-potent energy transformation before we can get chemical energy out of physical energy, and then biotic energy out of chemical energy. This transformation of inorganic energy into life energy cannot be traced or repeated in the laboratory, yet science believes the secret will sometime be in its hands. It is here that the materialistic philosophers, such as Professors Moore and Loeb, differ from the spiritualistic philosophers, such as Bergson, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Thompson, and others.

Professor Moore has no sympathy with those narrow mechanistic views that see in the life processes 'no problems save those of chemistry and physics.' 'Each link in the living chain may be physico-chemical, but the chain as a whole, and its purpose, is something else.' He draws an analogy from the production of music in which purely physical factors are concerned; the laws of harmonics account for all; but back of all is something that is not mechanical and chemical — there is the mind of the composer, and the performers, and the auditors, and something that takes cognizance of the whole effect. A complete human philosophy cannot be built upon physical science alone. He thinks the evolution of life from inert matter is of the same type as the evolution of one form of matter from another, or the evolution of one form of energy from another — a mystery, to be sure, but little more startling in the one case than in the other. 'The fundamental mystery lies in the existence of those entities, or

things which we call matter and energy,' out of the play and interaction of which all life phenomena have arisen. Organic evolution is a series of energy exchanges and transformations from lower to higher, but science is powerless to go behind the phenomena presented and name or verify the underlying mystery. Only philosophy can do this. And Professor Moore turns philosopher when he says there is beauty and design in it all, 'and an eternal purpose which is ever progressing.'

Bergson sets forth his views of evolution in terms of literature and philosophy. Professor Moore embodies similar views in his volume, set forth in terms of molecular science. Both make evolution a creative and a continuous process. Bergson lays the emphasis upon the cosmic spirit interacting with matter. Professor Moore lays the emphasis upon the indwelling potencies of matter itself (probably the same spirit conceived of in different terms). Professor Moore philosophizes as truly as does Bergson when he says 'there must exist a whole world of living creatures which the microscope has never shown us, leading up to the bacteria and the protozoa. The brink of life lies not at the production of protozoa and bacteria, which are highly developed inhabitants of our world, but away down among the colloids, and the beginning of life was not a fortuitous event occurring millions of years ago and never again repeated, but one which in its primordial stages keeps on repeating itself all the time in our generation. So that if all intelligent creatures were by some holocaust destroyed, up out of the depths in process of millions of years, intelligent beings would once more emerge.' This passage shows what a speculative leap or a flight the scientific mind is at times compelled to take when it ventures beyond the bounds of positive methods. It is good philosophy, I hope, but we cannot call it science. Thrilled with cosmic emotion, Walt Whitman made a similar daring assertion:

> There is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage,
> If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces, were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not avail in the long run,
> We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
> And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

Evolution is creative, whether it works in matter as Bergson describes, or whether its path lies up through electrons and atoms and molecules, as Professor Moore describes. There is something that creates and makes matter plastic to its will. Whether we call matter 'the living garment of God,' as Goethe did, or a reservoir of creative energy, as Tyndall and his school did, and as Professor Moore still does, we are paying homage to a power that is super-material. Life came to our earth, says Professor Moore, through a 'well regulated orderly development,' and it 'comes to every mother earth of the universe in the maturity of her creation when the conditions arrive within suitable limits.' That no intelligent beings appeared upon the earth for millions upon millions of years, that for whole geologic ages there was no creature upon the earth with more brains than a snail possesses, shows the almost infinitely slow progress of development, and that there has been no arbitrary or high-handed exercise of creative power. The universe is not run on principles of modern business efficiency, and man is at the head of living forms, not by the fiat of some omnipotent power, some superman, but as the result of the operation of forces that balk at no delay, or waste, or failure, and that are dependent upon the infinitely slow ripening and amelioration of both cosmic and terrestrial conditions.

We do not get rid of God by any such dictum, but we get rid of the anthropomorphic views which we have so long been wont to read into the processes of nature. We dehumanize the universe, but we do not render it the less grand and mysterious. Professor Le Dantec says, 'Life is only a surface accident in the history of the thermic evolution of the globe,' and Professor Moore points out to us how life came to a cooling planet as soon as the temperature became low enough for certain chemical combinations to appear. There must first be oxides and saline compounds, there must be carbonates of calcium and magnesium, and the like. As the temperature falls, more and more complex compounds, such as life requires, appear; till, in due time, carbon dioxide and water are at hand, and life can make a start. At the white heat of some of the fixed stars, the primary chemical elements are not yet evolved; but

more and more elements appear, and more and more complex compounds are formed as the cooling process progresses.

'This note cannot be too strongly sounded that as matter is allowed capacity for assuming complex forms, those complex forms appear. As soon as oxides can be there, oxides appear; when temperature admits of carbonates, then carbonates are forthwith formed. These are experiments which any chemist can today repeat in a crucible. And on a cooling planet, as soon as temperature will admit the presence of life, then life appears, as the evidence of geology shows us.' When we speak of the beginning of life, it is not clear just what we mean. The unit of all organized bodies is the cell, but the cell is itself an organized body, and must have organic matter to feed upon. Hence the cell is only a more complex form of more primitive living matter. As we go down the scale toward the inorganic, can we find the point where the living and the non-living meet and become one? 'Life had to surge a long way up from the depths before a green plant cell came into being.' When the green plant cell was found, life was fairly launched. This plant cell, in the form of chlorophyll, by the aid of water and the trace of carbon dioxide in the air, began to store up the solar energy in fruit and grain and woody tissue, and thus furnish power to run all forms of life machinery.

The materialists or naturalists are right in urging that we live in a much more wonderful universe than we have ever imagined, and that in matter itself sleep potencies and possibilities not dreamt of in our philosophy. The world of complex though invisible activities which science reveals all about us, the solar and stellar energies raining upon us from above, the terrestrial energies and influences playing through us from below, the transformations and transmutations taking place on every hand, the terrible alertness and potency of the world of inert matter as revealed by a flash of lightning, the mysteries of chemical affinity, of magnetism, of radio-activity, all point to deep beneath deep in matter itself. It is little wonder that men who dwell habitually upon these things and are saturated with the spirit and traditions of laboratory investigation, should believe that in some way matter itself holds the mystery of the origin of life. On the other hand, a different type of mind, the more imaginative, artistic and religious type, recoils from the materialistic view.

The sun is the source of all terrestrial energy, but the different forms that energy takes — in the plant, in the animal, in the brain of man — this type of mind is bound to ask questions about that. Gravity pulls matter down; life lifts it up; chemical forces pull it to pieces; vital forces draw it together and organize it; the winds and the waters dissolve and scatter it; vegetation recaptures it and integrates and gives it new qualities. At every turn, minds like that of Sir Oliver Lodge are compelled to think of life as a principle or force doing something with matter. The physico-chemical forces will not do in the hands of man what they do in the hands of Nature. Such minds, therefore, feel justified in thinking that something which we call 'the hands of Nature,' plays a part — some principle or force which the hands of men do not hold.

V

JOHN DEWEY'S PHILOSOPHY

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

[*New Republic*, March 13, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

Nothing is more symbolic of Professor Dewey's democratic attitude towards life than the disintegrated array of his published writings. Where the neatly uniform works of William James are to be found in every public library, you must hunt long and far for the best things of the man who, since the other's death, is the most significant thinker in America. Pamphlets and reports of obscure educational societies; school journals, university monographs, and philosophical journals limited to the pedant few; these are the burial-places of much of this intensely alive, futuristic philosophy. For the best educational essays one had to look until very recently to a little compilation made by an unknown London house. The *Educational Creed*, in style and conciseness and spirit the most admirably popular of all his writings, is, I think, still lost in an out-of-print cheap bulletin in some in-

nocuous series for elementary teachers. *School and Society*, with some of the wisest words ever set to paper, frightens one away with its infantile cover and its university chaperonage. Only some heterogeneous essays, brilliant but not holding the exact kernel of his thought, and his *How We Think*, in which is shown that scientific method is simply a sublimely well-ordered copy of our own best and most fruitful habits of thought, have been launched in forms that would reach a wide public. No man, I think, with such universally important things to say on almost every social and intellectual activity of the day, was ever published in forms more ingeniously contrived to thwart the interest of the prospective public.

Professor Dewey's thought is inaccessible because he has always carried his simplicity of manner, his dread of show or self-advertisement, almost to the point of extravagance. In all his psychology there is no place for the psychology of prestige. His democracy seems almost to take that extreme form of refusing to bring one's self or one's ideas to the attention of others. On the college campus or in the lecture-room he seems positively to efface himself. The uncertainty of his silver-gray hair and drooping mustache, of his voice, of his clothes, suggests that he has almost studied the technique of protective coloration. It will do you no good to hear him lecture. His sentences, flowing and exact and lucid when read, you will find strung in long festoons of obscurity between pauses for the awaited right word. The whole business of impressing yourself on other people, of getting yourself over to the people who want to and ought to have you, has simply never come into his ultra-democratic mind.

This incapacity of imagining his own distinction has put him in the paradoxical situation of a revolutionist with an innate contempt for propaganda. His philosophy of 'instrumentalism' has an edge on it that would slash up the habits of thought, the customs and institutions in which our society has been living for centuries. He allies himself personally with every democratic movement, yet will not preach. As we discover in the essay on Maeterlinck, where he shows himself poet as well as philosopher, his tolerant democracy loves all human values, and finds nothing so intolerable as artificial inequality. He hates nothing so much as the preacher who tells others how bad they are and what they must do to reform. Yet his philosophy is a great sermon, challenging in every line, in spite of his discreet style, our mechanical habits of thought, our mechanical habits of education, our mechanical morality. A prophet dressed in the clothes of a professor of logic, he seems almost to feel shame that he has seen the implications of democracy more clearly than anybody else in the great would-be democratic society about him, and so been forced into the unwelcome task of teaching it.

Orthodox philosophical thinking has usually gone along on the comfortable assumption that words always have the same meaning, and that they stand for real things, that logic is the science of thinking correctly, that reason is eternal, that if you can only get your ideas consistent you have then a true picture of what you are trying to interpret. We have taken for granted the old view, which goes back to Aristotle's logic, that our mental life was a receiving and combining and storing of certain dead inert sensations and ideas of which words were the true symbols.

Professor Dewey's fundamental thesis has been that thinking is not like this. The mind is not a looking-glass, reflecting the world for its private contemplation, nor a logic-machine for building up truth, but a tool by which we adjust ourselves to the situations in which life puts us. Reason is not a divinely appointed guide to eternal truth, but a practical instrument by which we solve problems. Words are not invariable symbols for invariable things, but clues to meanings. We think in meanings, not in words, and a meaning is simply a sign-post pointing towards our doing something or feeling something or both. The words are the handles by which we take hold of these meanings which our intercourse with people and things presents to us. Our life is a constant reaction to a world which is constantly stimulating us. We are in situations where we must do something, and it is for the purpose of guiding this doing from the point of view of what has happened or what is likely to happen, that we think. We are not bundles of

thoughts and feelings so much as bundles of attitudes or tendencies. We act usually before we 'perceive'; the perception is only important as it enables us to act again. We remember what we use, and we learn what we occupy ourselves with. Our minds are simply the tools with which we forge out our life.

If we are to live worthily and happily, it is not necessary that we should 'be' anything or 'know' anything, so much as that we should be able to meet the situation in which developing life places us, and express our capacities in our activity. Our social problem as well as our personal problem is to understand what we are doing. This is almost the whole law and the prophets. In the ideal home we should have learned as children, through social converse and the household occupations and solution of the problems which our curiosity and our work brought us, how to adjust ourselves to the demands of life. But the home can no longer effect this and the school must step in. But the school is only really educative if it is helping the child to understand the social situations in which he finds and is to find himself, and to regulate his impulses so that he can control these situations. The ideal school would be an embryonic community life, where the child would sense the occupations and interests of the larger society into which he is to enter and so have his curiosity and practical skill awakened to meet and conquer them.

In its larger social implications, Professor Dewey's philosophy challenges the whole machinery of our world of right and wrong, law and order, property and religion, the old techniques by which society is still being managed and regulated. Our institutions have been made as scales and measures to which we bring our actions, rigid standards by whose codes we are judged, frameworks to whose lines we strive to mold ourselves. All the revolutionary strivings of the past have been away from these institutional authorities towards greater freedom. But in spite of all the freedom we have won, society was probably never more deeply unhappy than it is today. For freedom is not happiness; it is merely the first negative step towards happiness. Happiness is control, and society now intensely self-conscious of its imperfections, is still very helpless towards controlling its destiny. Life, Professor Dewey says, is a modification of the present with reference to the conditions of the future, a conflict between the habits engendered in the past and the new aims and purposes, clearly envisaged, to be worked for.

It is in showing the unity of all the democratic strivings, the social movement, the new educational ideals, the freer ethics, the popular revolt in politics, of all the aspects of the modern restless, forward-looking personal and social life, and the applicability to all of them of scientific method, with its hypotheses and bold experimentation, that Professor Dewey has been the first thinker to put the moral and social goal a notch ahead. His philosophy has the great advantage of making nonsensical most of the writing and thinking that has been done in the old terms. See how much of this can be truthfully called anything else than a 'juggling with the symbols of learning.' See how much of the energy of the molders of opinion in politics, industry, education, religion, morality, goes to the squaring up of the activity of individuals and groups with certain principles which, however much they may once have been solutions of genuine problems and interpretations of genuine situations, are now mere caked and frozen barricades to activity and understanding.

Professor Dewey has given us a whole new language of meanings. After reading him, you can see nothing again in the old terms. And when I see college presidents and publicists who have cultivated the arts of prestige, expressing their views on every question of the day in the old caked and frozen language, thinking along the old lazy channels, I feel a savage indignation that Professor Dewey should not be out in the arena of the concrete, himself interpreting the current life. I am conscious of his horror of having his ideas petrified into a system. He knows that it will do no good to have his philosophy intellectually believed unless it is also thought and lived. And he knows the uncanny propensity of stupid men to turn even the most dynamic ideas into dogmas. He has seen that in his school world. Meanwhile his influence goes on increasing to an extent of which he is almost innocently unconscious.

VI

THE ANTARCTIC DISASTER

[*Times*, London, Eng., February 11, 1913. By permission.]

Never since the loss of Sir John Franklin and his whole expedition sixty-six years ago has such a disaster befallen British Polar explorers as that which it is our sad duty to record today. For a time after the arrival of the news yesterday afternoon, people hoped against hope, wondering whether the information which reached New Zealand had not been misunderstood, since Arctic and Antarctic news at first is largely impregnated with rumor. Unhappily the confirmation which has since come in is such as leaves no ground for hope. A despatch of Commander Evans puts the terrible facts beyond doubt. He states, very simply and directly, that Captain Scott reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912 — which it will be remembered was about a month after Captain Amundsen had reached it — and that on his return towards his base he and his four companions were overwhelmed in a blizzard, and all perished. The first to fall was Seaman Edgar Evans, who died from concussion of the brain — how caused none can say at present — on February 17; then, on March 17, Captain Oates died of exposure; and some twelve days later, on or about March 29, the remaining three, Dr. Wilson, Lieutenant Bowers, and Captain Scott himself, died of want and exposure. They were eleven miles from a place which the company had named One Ton Depot, and 155 miles from the base of the expedition. It is possible for us in this temperate clime to realize something of the horror, the terror, the irresistible vehemence of an Antarctic blizzard if we recall the description which we gave on November 19 last from the pen of Dr. Simpson, who was for a time lent by the Indian Government to be chief physicist of the expedition. He tells of a gale which blew continuously for six days 'at over gale strength' — more than thirty-eight miles an hour, rising at different times to fifty-two, to sixty-six, and once to eighty miles an hour; the temperature marking between thirty-one and thirty-five degrees below zero. We shall never know what degree of violence was attained by the blizzard which was fatal to Captain Scott, but it may be assumed that it was as bad as this, or worse; and the grim word 'want' used by Commander Evans implies that supplies had run out, and that the unhappy men were in no condition to resist the appalling storm.

Thus ends a great and truly heroic adventure, undertaken quite voluntarily by these officers and their followers, with the object of settling some unsolved problems of geography, natural history, and other sciences. In judging Captain Scott and his friends, let us put out of our minds all the gossip which from time to time has been circulated about 'a race' between him and his friendly rival, the Danish Captain Amundsen. That this explorer should have diverted his course from the North to the South Pole was an accident, and so was the almost simultaneous arrival of the Danish vessel and of the *Terra Nova* in those Southern waters. As was long since pointed out in these columns by one of Captain Scott's companions, Mr. Herbert Ponting, he never raced and never headed 'a mere dash to the Pole.' He went steadily forward with his scientific exploration, and if he had not had the misfortune to lose nine of his nineteen invaluable ponies, he might very probably have arrived first, and, what is of much more importance, might not have found it necessary to send that memorable despatch, when the *Terra Nova* first came to fetch him away, 'I am staying in the Antarctic another year in order to continue and complete my work.' But this was not to be. The small disaster happened and it was the prelude to the greater — to that shocking catastrophe which the English race and the whole scientific world are lamenting today. We will not at this moment raise the question whether the scientific results of these arduous Polar expeditions are, or are henceforth likely to be, adequate to the cost — to the cost of valuable lives which may always have to be paid. It is more consonant with the universal feeling of the moment simply to add our tribute to the courage, the perseverance in the face of enormous difficulties, which every member of the expedition has shown since the beginning, two and a half years ago. Their country will ever pay honor to Captain Scott, who, after a fine career as a naval officer, devoted himself with single-minded heroism to the realization

of a great ideal; to Dr. Wilson, surgeon, zoölogist, and artist; to Captain Oates, of the Inniskillings; to Lieutenant Bowers, of the Indian Navy; and to Seaman Edgar Evans. For their friends we feel the keenest sympathy, and especially for Captain Scott's young wife, the distinguished sculptress, now on the high sea in the hope — how vain! — of meeting her husband in New Zealand. To her, and to all who admired Captain Scott, we can but recall the famous lines of Tennyson on Franklin, so exactly applicable if we change one single word:

'Not here! The white South has thy bones; and thou
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole!'

VII

THE END OF AN ODYSSEY

[*Manchester Guardian*, Eng., April 26, 1915. By permission.]

The news from Berlin of the arrival in Arabia of the remnants of the *Emden's* crew is the finishing touch to an adventure well in keeping with the general history of the famous German commerce raider. When the *Emden* was caught by the *Sydney* off Cocos Island on November 9 she put out to meet the *Sydney* without taking on board again the landing party which had been put ashore to wreck the cable station.

By the time the *Emden* had formally surrendered and several rescues had been made of isolated members of her crew who had taken to the water, night was falling, and it was too late for the *Sydney* to get into communication with the cable station.

When she did so on the next day her captain learned that the *Emden's* landing party of forty men and three officers had made vigorous use of the delay. They had seized and provisioned a seventy-ton schooner, the *Ayesha*, and escaped in her the previous evening with four Maxims and a modest but useful amount of ammunition for them.

There was material here for a fine adventure after the heart of a seafaring novelist, and it has been pretty well fulfilled in fact. The cable operators vowed that it would be a short one, asserting that the *Ayesha* was leaking when she was seized and would take her captors to the bottom with her before they got very far.

But she did not sink — perhaps the resourceful crew repaired her on their voyage — and in three weeks she was laying in stores at Padang, a straight 830 miles away, on the coast of Sumatra. This was on November 28, and since then, from the details given in the Berlin message, the *Ayesha* has made her way in four months across at least 4100 miles of the Indian Ocean, reaching the Arabian coast at the bottom of the Red Sea on March 27.

Presumably the intention of her crew was then to march inland to the nearest center of their allies, the Turkish army. But their adventures were by no means over, for on their way they were attacked by the Arabs of the Yemen, who have no great love for Turkish rule. The Arabs clung to the party for three days, and left their mark on it in the shape of several casualties.

The wounded, says the Berlin message, are now in hospital at Jeddah, which presumably means that the rest have got into touch with some sort of Turkish forces; and so we come definitely to the 'last of the *Emden*,' as an individual fighting unit.

VIII

THE *LUSITANIA* ANNIVERSARY

[FRANK H. SIMONDS]

[*New York Tribune*, May 7, 1916. By permission. For this editorial the Trustees of Columbia University on the recommendation of the Advisory Board of the School of Journalism awarded in 1917 the prize of $500, established by the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer for the best editorial article written during the previous year, 'the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning and power to influence public opinion in the right direction.']

On the anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania* it is natural and fitting that Americans should review all that has happened since a wanton murder first brought to this side of the Atlantic a nascent realization of the issue that was being decided on a world battle field.

There will be no anger and no passion in American minds. We have never asked, never desired, that the slaughter should be avenged. No portion of the

American people or of the American press has clamored for vengeance, no man or political party has demanded that there should be German lives taken because American lives had been ended.

It is not too difficult to reconstitute our own minds as we stood in the presence of that supreme atrocity. The horror that seized a whole nation in that moment has no counterpart in our history. We have known war, we have fought Great Britain twice, we have fought Spain and Mexico; within our own boundaries we have conducted the most desperate civil war in human history.

But it was not the emotion provoked by war or the acts of war which moved Americans. It was not even the emotion stirred by the sinking of the *Maine* nearly two decades ago. It was certainly something utterly remote from the feelings of our fathers and grandfathers on the morrow of the firing on Fort Sumter.

The *Lusitania* Massacre was not an act of war. The victims were not soldiers, only a portion of them were men. Essentially the thing was a new phenomenon to the American people. It was at first incomprehensible, unbelievable. Despite the solid and inescapable evidences of death, men's intelligence doubted what their senses told them.

So for days and weeks the American people stood doubtful and puzzled. They waited for that evidence they expected, they believed would come; that there had been an accident, a mistake, the blunder of a subordinate which would be repudiated by a government, the crime of a navy which would be disavowed by a people. But instead far borne across the seas they heard the songs of triumph of thousands of German men and women, who hailed the crime as a victory, the eternal disgrace as an everlasting honor.

Day by day, week by week, we Americans have since then been learning what Europe has known for nearly two years. We have been learning that we are not in the presence of a war between nations, a conflict between rival powers; that we are not the agonized witnesses of one more conflagration provoked by conflicting ambitions of hereditary enemies. We have been learning that what is going forward remorselessly, steadily, is a war between civilization and barbarism, between humanity and savagery; between the light of modern times and the darkness of the years that followed the collapse of Rome.

Time and again Americans have been murdered, time and again our government, our people, have had recourse to the ordinary machinery and the ordinary conceptions of civilized life. But each time we have beheld the utter collapse of every appeal based upon reason, justice, common humanity. The Germans who slew our women and our children flung us back the challenge that they and not we possessed the true civilization, and that their civilization, their Kultur, was expressed in their works, which were altogether good and right.

Slowly, steadily, we have been learning. We still have much to learn, but the primary truth is coming home to many day by day. This German phenomenon which fills the world is a new thing and an old thing; it is new in our generation, it is new in recent centuries; but it is as old as that other barbarism which, descending upon the Roman civilization, beat upon it and spread destruction until it was conquered and tamed amidst the ruins and the desert it had created.

The French, who see things as they are, have beheld and appraised the German phenomenon justly. The British, like ourselves, have partially and temporarily failed to understand the nature of the German assault. We have insisted upon applying to the German mind our own standards and upon believing that the German thought as we thought, believed as we believed, but were temporarily and terribly betrayed by a military spirit and by dynastic madness.

Nothing is less true, nothing more fatal to a just appreciation of the essential fact in the world in which we live. These things which we name crimes are neither accidents nor excesses; they are not regretted or condemned by a majority or even a minority of the German people. They are accepted by Kaiser and peasant; they are practised by Crown Prince and private soldier; they are a portion of what Germany holds to be her right and her mission.

The *Lusitania* Massacre should have been a final illumination for us. Blazing up as it did, it should have revealed to us the ashes of Belgium and the ruins of Northern France. We should have seen in our slain women and children the sis-

ters and fellows in misfortune of those who died more shamefully in Louvain and a score more of Belgian cities. We should have seen the German idea working here as there and revealing in each incident the same handiwork, the same detail. All these things were similar as the different impressions left by a single stamp.

We did not see. We have not yet as a nation, or as a people, perceived that the German phenomenon is an attack upon civilization by barbarism, a barbarism which combines the science of the laboratory with the savagery of the jungle, but a barbarism because it denies all those doctrines and principles which have been accepted after long years as the proof of human progress and the glory of mankind's advance.

In France the people will show you the atrocities of Germany committed not upon human beings, but upon inanimate things, the destruction of the village church and the Rheims Cathedral, of the little thing of beauty quite as well as the larger and more famous thing, with far more emphasis than they will recount the horrors suffered by women and children. In the assault upon things beautiful because they are beautiful, an assault provoked neither by lust nor by passion, they recognize the revelation of that which is essential barbarism.

For us the *Lusitania* Massacre was a beginning. It was only a beginning, but it was not possible then, it is hardly possible now, for men and women, living in peace, under the protection of laws framed to protect human liberty and human rights, living in the full sunlight of this Twentieth Century, to believe that suddenly there has broken out from the depths the frightful and the all-destroying spirit of eras long forgotten.

We have been learning — we must continue to learn. The road of suffering and humiliation is still long. But the *Lusitania* was a landmark and it will endure in American history. Our children and our children's children recalling this anniversary will think of it as did the Romans over long generations, after the first inroads of the barbarians had reached their walls.

Today is not a day for anger or passion. It is not in anger or in passion that civilized men go forth to deal with wild animals, to abolish the peril which comes from the jungle or out of the darkness. We do not hate Germans and we shall not hate Germans because on this day a year ago American men, women and children were slain wilfully, wantonly, to serve a German end, slain without regard to sex or condition, slain in the broad daylight by German naval officers and men whose countrymen hailed the killing as the supreme evidence of German courage, manhood, and Kultur.

But as we view the thing without passion we must see it without illusion. If the German idea prevails, all that we believe in government, in humanity, in the thing we call civilization, is doomed. If Germany succeeds in this war then it is not again time, as Pitt said after Austerlitz, 'To roll up the map of Europe,' but it is time to burn our ancient parchments and dismiss our hard won faith. All that there is in the German idea was expressed in the *Lusitania* Massacre, it was expressed in the killing of women and children, innocent of all offense, entitled to all protection as helpless, unoffending, as the children of a race not at war, as least entitled to immunity which hitherto was reckoned the right of women and children, neutral or belligerent.

The war that is being fought in Europe is a war for civilization. The battle of Great Britain, of France, of Russia, is our battle. If it is lost, we are lost. If it is lost, we shall return to the standards and the faiths of other centuries. The truth of this is written for us in the *Lusitania*, it is written in the wreck of Belgium and the desert of Northern France for those who may see. Where the German has gone he has carried physical death, but he has done more, he has carried spiritual death to all that is essential in our own democratic faith, which derives from that of Britain and France.

This war in Europe is going on until the German idea is crushed or conquers. The world cannot now exist half civilized and half German. Only one of two conceptions of life, of humanity, can subsist. One of the conceptions was written in the *Lusitania* Massacre, written clear beyond all mistaking. It is this writing that we should study on this anniversary; it is this fact that we should grasp today, not in anger, not in any spirit that clamors for vengeance, but as the citizens of a nation

which has inherited noble ideals and gallant traditions, which has inherited liberty and light from those who died to serve them, and now stands face to face with that which seeks to extinguish both throughout the world.

IX

VAE VICTIS!

HENRY WATTERSON

[*Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky, April 7, 1917. By permission. For this and another editorial, 'War Has Its Compensations,' published in the same paper, April 10, the Pulitzer Prize for the best editorial article written during the year was awarded in 1918 by the Columbia Trustees, under the same conditions as are indicated at the head of the preceding selection.]

'Rally round the flag, boys'—Uncle Sam's Battle song;
'Sound the bold anthem! War dogs are howling;
Proud bird of Liberty screams through the air!'

—*The Hunters of Kentucky.*

It is with solemnity, and a touch of sadness, that we write the familiar words of the old refrain beneath the invocation to the starry banner, the breezy call of hero-breeding bombast quite gone out of them; the glad shout of battle; the clarion note of defiance; because to us, not as to Nick of the Woods, and his homely co-mates of the forest, but rather as to the men of '61, comes this present call to arms.

We may feel with the woman's heart of Rankin of Montana, yet repudiate with manly disdain the sentimental scruples of Kitchin of North Carolina.

There are times when feeling must be sent to the rear; when duty must toe the line; when the aversion brave men have for fighting must yield to the adjuration, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' That time is now upon us.

Unless Patrick Henry was wrong—unless Washington and the men of the Revolution were wrong, that time is upon us. It is a lie to pretend that the world is better than it was; that men are truer, wiser; that war is escapable; that peace may be had for the planning and the asking. The situation which without any act of ours rises before us is as exigent as that which rose before the Colonists in America when a mad English King, claiming to rule without accountability, asserted the right of Kings and sent an army to enforce it. A mad German Emperor, claiming partnership with God, again elevates the standard of right divine and bids the world to worship, or die.

From the beginning the issue was not less ours than of the countries first engaged. Each may have had ends of its own to serve. Nor were these ends precisely alike. At least France—to whom we owe all that we have of sovereignty and freedom—and Belgium, the little David of Nations—fought to resist invasion, wanton, cruel invasion; to avert slavery, savage, pitiless slavery. Yet, whatever the animating purpose—whatever the selfish interests of England and Russia and Italy—the Kaiser scheme of world conquest justified it.

In us it sanctifies it. Why should any American split hairs over the European rights and wrongs involved when he sees before him grim and ghastly the mailed figure of Absolutism with hand uplifted to strike Columbia where these three years she has stood pleading for justice, peace, and mercy? God of the free heart's hope and home forbid!

Each of these three years the German Kaiser was making war upon us. He was making war secretly, through his emissaries in destruction of our industries, secretly through his diplomats plotting not merely foreign but civil war against us, and, as we now know, seeking to foment servile and racial insurrection; then openly upon the high seas levying murder upon our people and visiting all our rights and claims with scorn and insult—with scorn and insult unspeakable—at this moment pretending to flout us with ignominy and contempt. Where would the honest passivist draw the line?

Surely the time has arrived—many of us think it was long since overdue—for calling the braves to the colors. Nations must e'en take stock on occasion and manhood come to a showdown. It is but a truism to say so.

Fifty years the country has enjoyed surpassing prosperity. This has over-commercialized the character and habits of the people. Twenty-five years the gospel of passivism, with 'business is business' for its text, has not only been preached—indiscriminately — oracularly — without

let or hindrance, but has been richly financed and potentially organized. It has established a party. It has made a cult, justifying itself in a fad it has called Humanity — in many ways a most spurious humanity — and has set this above and against patriotic inclination and duty.

Like a bolt out of the blue flashed the war signal from the very heart of Europe. Across the Atlantic its reverberations rolled to find us divided, neutral, and unprepared. For fifteen years a body of German reservists disguised as citizens have been marching and counter-marching. They grew at length bold enough to rally to the support of a pan-German scheme of conquest and a pro-German propaganda of 'kultur,' basing its effrontery in the German-American vote, which began its agitation by threatening us with civil war if we dared to go to war with Germany. There followed the assassin sea monsters and the airship campaign of murder.

All the while we looked on with either simpering idiocy or dazed apathy. Serbia? It was no affair of ours. Belgium? Why should we worry? Foodstuffs soaring — war stuffs roaring — everybody making money — the mercenary, the poor of heart, the mean of spirit, the bleak and barren of soul, could still plead the Hypocrisy of Uplift and chortle: 'I did not raise my boy to be a soldier.' Even the *Lusitania* did not awaken us to a sense of danger and arouse us from the stupefaction of ignorant and ignoble self-complacency.

First of all on bended knee we should pray God to forgive us. Then erect as men, Christian men, soldierly men, to the flag and the fray — wherever they lead us — over the ocean — through France to Flanders — across the Low Countries to Köln, Bonn and Koblenz — tumbling the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein into the Rhine as we pass and damming the mouth of the Moselle with the débris of the ruin we make of it — then on, on to Berlin, the Black Horse Cavalry sweeping the Wilhelmstrasse like lava down the mountain side, the Junker and the saber rattler flying before us, the tunes being 'Dixie' and 'Yankee Doodle,' the cry being 'Hail the French Republic — Hail the Republic of Russia — welcome the Commonwealth of the Vaterland — no peace with the Kaiser — no parley with Autocracy, Absolutism and the divine right of Kings — to Hell with the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern.'

X

A RETROSPECT OF THE WAR

[J. L. GARVIN]

[*Observer*, London, Eng., November 17, 1918. By permission.]

What shall it profit to have seen the whole world and forget — to have entered into all passion and wisdom only to lose both the golden and the iron keys to the things which have been. They are of the life of our life. Unless we grasp both keys now we shall never know the mind's true return to the secrets of its strength; we shall forfeit that which is part of the best force and depth of existence. The war seemed to destroy many memories of what went before it. The absorptions of the future will soon tend to destroy many memories of the war. For the sake of the future itself let us give at least this day to recollection. The difference between one human being and another, as between man and all other creatures, is largely a difference in power of remembrance — whereby we do not mean the lively mental retentiveness so often prized, and not without reason, but that moral seizure and imaginative hold which can turn the meaning and color of past experience into the very stuff and hue of character.

What is there not to remember? 'We live in thoughts not years, in deeds not breaths, in actions not in figures on a dial.' By that measure, we of this age who remain have all lived more than any in the times before us. We have crowded into a few years emotions, efforts and ordeals, tragedies and achievements, catastrophes and triumphs, convulsions of mankind and changes of the world such as were formerly stretched over generations or centuries. Once we had all dreamed of what it might have been to have lived with Pericles or Alexander, with Hannibal or Cæsar; to have known the early Crusades or their efflorescence in the thirteenth century; to have had part in the Renaissance or the Reformation, in the age of discovery, or in that of Elizabeth; to have

breathed and stirred when Cromwell and Chatham did; or to have gone forward with events through the whole epic of Europe from the fall of the Bastille to the fall of Napoleon. In four years and four months we have passed through an age more wonderful and terrible than all these; and the sequel is a vista going beyond sight. Posterity will be interested forever in knowing what manner of men and women we were, in our traits and habits as we lived, and may much exaggerate us. Or may not. We have been great. We had to be. We may have been greater than we know. Much even about ourselves that will be clear to history is dim to us. Let us look back.

THE PRELUDE

This journal and its readers have passed together through nearly two hundred and thirty weeks of these unparalleled happenings and vicissitudes. Out of the vast welter of the struggle as it came and passed let us only evoke by passing glimpses again the things that chiefly shook our pulses and startled imagination. The prelude was very long. It lasted more than twenty years. The present writer vividly remembers when Bismarck was dismissed. The world felt a superstitious thrill, but soon forgot. The old Titan groaned and prophesied only to a pitying time which saw his weakness, but could not understand his somber, far-reaching vision of fatality.

The young Emperor, born in an evil hour to be the wrecker of mankind, filled the stage and cast himself in turn for every part. Strutting and gesturing, declaiming and orating, threatening and wheedling, he meddled with everything and bottomed nothing. With vivid folly, busy presumption, ungovernable impulse, he reversed the Bismarckian precepts. Half-Parsifal in his medieval moods, half-bagman in his modern, and egomaniac in all, he aspired to be the suzerain of the world. Throughout the first decade of this man's reign glad mothers, not knowing, were bringing forth those boys of all countries who are dead.

1914

The shadow stole over the world. The more the shadow darkened and widened, the more the world deceived itself by artificial lights. As the crisis drew very near, our Britain seemed at the worst point of domestic faction and social triviality. All who loved her feared for her. We talked civil war, suffragettes, and tango. Had peace continued, we might have been undone with ignominy. Who can tell? Then what all men dreaded and what had been so long delayed and conjured anxiously away several times came with the suddenness of an explosion. The Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated. All combustible matter heaped in Europe for over forty years went up in thunder and flame. The camarillas of Potsdam and Vienna forced the issue and risked the war. A dozen men in secret conclave were able to resolve this horror. The final decision of the German Emperor alone was able to pronounce sentence of doom upon millions and millions of human lives and hearts. It was the red summer at last. Serbia, France, and Russia were engaged for the death-grapple.

On that first ever-memorable Sunday of August, 1914, we published our article, 'Honor or Shame.' Luxemburg was invaded. Belgium violated. Three Cabinet Councils were held. It was a day of solemn feeling, of almost unbearable tension. In the evening the die was cast. It was to be Honor, not Shame. Whatever might betide, we were then spiritually saved. The British Fleet — greatest and surest of all services — had already concentrated. Swiftly, silently, while all Germany was stamping and vaunting, it had grasped the power of the seas. The world, too, was saved beyond our knowing then.

That August was the month of pure faith and fervor and inspiration which we shall all remember to our latest breath. It lifted us above. We had found the heights of our souls again. The German hosts were sweeping down on France by all avenues, but chiefly through Belgium. What comes back? The crashing of Liege — the firing of Louvain — the tremendous array of the German march through Brussels — the sudden seizure of Namur — the retreat from Mons. All early hopes were shattered, but the stuff of the breed was already proved by the beloved 'Old Contemptibles.' We were

heroic yet. But we would need all our heroism, and France hers. The French armies swung back and back from the northern frontier. When would it stop?

Could Paris be saved? Our hearts hung on the question. Do you remember? The struggle was to be worse than the most somber prophet had conceived. Then came the battles of the Marne and of Nancy — the days of suspense when our pulses seemed almost to stop beating — the deliverance. The invasion was stemmed. It was a crowning mercy for defense. But in their joy most amongst the Allies were deceived. On the other side of Europe the gallant Russian march into East Prussia to help the Western Allies — and it helped them — had been annihilated at Tannenberg. But in Galicia the Grand Duke was battering down the main Hapsburg armies. In Britain Lord Kitchener had set up the standard and by hundreds of thousands our men were rolling up for war faster than they could be equipped. From the Dominions and from foreign lands, from the furthest ends of the Empire and the earth the fighters of our blood were rallying to the cause. Nothing would ever be the same again.

Moltke minor is said to have told his master after the Battle of the Marne that the war was lost. But now Germany made her second effort, and it was greater than the first. It was in some ways her greatest. She added improvisation to preparation. She expanded her old armies faster than Britain could raise new ones. Her arsenals and factories poured out guns and munitions. With mightier masses she renewed. In the incredible sequel to the Marne the battles rolled out northward from the Aisne to the sea. Antwerp fell. The Allies had failed to outflank the Germans. In the battles of Arras and Ypres, the Germans threw themselves on the Allies' barrier and sacrificed hundreds of thousands of men in dense assaults, but could not break through. Never had Britain thought to be moved as she was moved when our own thin line strove and held and the Channel ports were saved. Never, never can we remember it enough. At sea Coronel was more than redeemed at the Falkland Islands. The Zeppelins attacked England on the Christmas Eve of 1914. Submarine piracy was soon to begin. The first phase was over Armageddon was to be yet worse and worse, stranger and stranger than man had conceived. But the scale of heroism, effort, invention rose with the scale of devilry and horror. We have yielded to temptation in dwelling on those early days. But this is a reverie, not a record. The rest must condense years into paragraphs.

1915

The first winter had darkened. The mud had deepened. The deadlock of trench warfare was fixed. We ourselves held that it would remain fixed for many a day. There was to be no break through by either side in the West. That was why we advocated the collateral and audacious employment of free strategy in the East to help the West. The hopes raised by Neuve Chapelle were a false dawn. The Western offensives in 1915 were all bloody and abortive. It was a year of glory and disaster. We remember the second battle of Ypres, the Canadians, the poison gas. It is like yesterday. We remember the desperation of Loos, which first showed what the civic armies of Britain in this war might yet be. The cry of the women and children when the *Lusitania* sank is still in our ears. We shall never cease to hear it.

In the East there was wide catastrophe just stopping short of total and irretrievable destruction. The Russian front was burst on the Dunajetz. The Grand Duke's armies were shattered right and left, driven back into the heart of their land. Fortresses were smashed like crockery. This was huge adversity for the Allies. By the autumn the retreat was stayed and Russia held a line. But a towering expectation of the early part of the war had toppled and disappeared. We could have no more hope of a Russian advance on Hungary and Silesia, on Vienna and Breslau, and Berlin. In spite of the glory of the Lancashire landing, of the Anzac fighting, and many glories, the Dardanelles expedition ended in the disaster of withdrawal. The Serbs, after holding their own brilliantly for more than a year, were crushed by Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria together. The first advance on Bagdad ended in the retreat to Kut.

It was a hard year. When it closed

conscription was still delayed, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's passionate struggle. The formation of the Coalition Government had at least made him Minister of Munitions. It was the saving change. Italy had entered the war. Many divisions of our new army were now in France. The Allies, though too late for the immediate purpose, had landed at Salonika, the key to much. The first submarine menace was well dealt with. All the while the blockade and slaughter were wearing down the enemy. Slowly the mills of God were grinding.

1916

This was in a military sense a year of supreme drama, only equaled in that character by the furious opening of the war and by its astonishing close. With the Grand Duke Nicholas's capture of Erzerum light seemed to break from the East. Again, false dawn. Hope and agony were to struggle to the end as never before in the fortunes of men. Much else may we be tempted to forget in the times to come, but never the deadly peril and immortal defense of Verdun — never our New Armies' contempt of death, their outpouring of blood, that triumph of soul-stuff and body-fiber in their first full grapple with the German armies. Never can we forget the epic of France, the epic of Britain. And we drove back the German Fleet in the Battle of Jutland. Brussiloff swept the Austrians before him, capturing hundreds of thousands of prisoners. Italy stopped the invasion from the north and turned to storm Gorizia. Verdun was saved. Roumania entered the war. It seemed that the hour had come for the Salonika expedition to strike in unison. By now Germany's colonial empire was totally extinguished.

Never had the Allied prospects shone so bright. German confidence shook to its foundations. We remember August, 1916, as like the fair face of Heaven. In six weeks it was black with cloud. Germany made her third great effort. Hindenburg and Ludendorf were called to the head of affairs with practically absolute powers of dictatorship over military and civil affairs alike. The Roumanians were swept out of Transylvania and crushed utterly. Extraordinary efforts of standardized construction prepared the means for the greatest danger this country had ever faced — the crowning submarine campaign. Never in the war had there been a more somber and difficult hour than when Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister nearly two years ago.

1917

After nearly three years of it, when we thought every capacity for wonder and emotion well-nigh exhausted, possibility seemed to reach the climax of amazement and happiness when Tsarism disappeared in a night and America entered the war. The effect of these two things coming together was beyond expression. We all remember that we felt it so. The hour which America's entry made the deepest was the least articulate. But of these twin prodigies, the promise of the one would take at least a year to mature into fighting shape; the promise of the other veiled an abyss. Submarine piracy was in frightful swing. Accompanied by ghastly destruction, the Hindenburg retreat to new fortifications was a most masterly and formidable manœuver. We could not compensate for this by Vimy and Messines, splendid as they were, still less by the dull self-murder of the Passchendaele offensive. At Cambrai stroke was matched by counter-stroke. General Nivelle's offensive had come short in a way that laid lead on the heart of France. Russia collapsed in wild anarchy. Russia was out of the war.

Everywhere amongst the Allies the nerves of the feeble gave way within them. Joining the defeatists, they raised a white flag of parley with 'Stockholm' written on it. They called for the peace by negotiation which could have been nothing but a German victory. After three years' fighting that was the deadliest hour of moral danger. Thank God for ever that the heart and will and fiber of the nation held firm then under its indomitable leader, the Prime Minister. He was able to wrest the talisman of victory out of the very jaws of disaster. After the Italian armies were broken on the Isonzo — soon to rally on the Piave — he secured the interknitting of the Allies' Western forces and the first definite measures towards a unified command. At the same time the glorious veteran, M. Clemenceau, became Prime Minister of France.

The British had captured Bagdad in the spring of the year and Jerusalem at the end of it. But when it closed the Brest-Litovsk negotiations had begun. Russia and all the East far towards the approaches to India were at the feet of Germany, and America was not yet ready.

1918 — ANNUS MIRABILIS

Of latest things we will say least, but history will dwell as amply on the events of this year as upon any in the range of time. Where all these war-years were years of wonders, this 1918, which is still with us, was chosen to surpass. It will tower by itself like a landmark in all human annals. When it opened, the worst was still to come. Nothing in the records of war approaches the stupendous revulsions of fortune in the last phase. Strained now close to the very limit of endurance, Germany was still capable, with all her concentrated force, of one further mighty effort, and no more. The British were driven back; the Channel ports were in peril. The French were driven back; Paris was in danger of being laid waste quarter by quarter. Nearly four years of it had brought us in all outer appearance only to the supreme ordeal. Yet in less than four months from the middle of July the whole Central League had crashed and disappeared in one engulfing chaos of surrender and revolution. From Palestine and Mesopotamia, through the Balkans and Italy to the West, victory on victory for the Allies and America accomplished in a hundred days the military annihilation of every enemy.

In the West, without the speeding-up of the American reserves and without their battling manhood, the Allies could never have done it. Without the French and British Armies at the top of their skill in leadership and their stern grandeur in action, the Associates never could have done it. Without the British Fleet no member of the League of Liberty could have done anything in the hundred days of triumph and amazement. But every people, great and small, in that League helped to do it. But, above all, the Coalition conquered at last in four months because with the old lamp in their hands all the while, at last they rubbed it and the spirit appeared. After nearly four years they established on Mr. Lloyd George's initiative the unified command, and found in Marshal Foch a genius to wield it. War shall perish, but while the world lasts never shall die the influence of these examples of heroism and energy, of sacrifice and fortitude, of long, stark endurance, tested unto the darkest hour and, when found faithful, then crowned by the radiance of achievement. From this the unceasing generations will draw strength for duties far other than that dread but sacred task which has been fulfilled through our hands. It is done.

XI

THE SOCIETY OF FREE NATIONS

DWIGHT W. MORROW

[*Evening Post*, New York, March 6, 1919. By permission.]

* * * * * *

In this article we shall deal with the covenant mainly from the point of view of the third class of criticisms (which have been by far the most frequent), and in analyzing the covenant from that point of view we shall search for its purposes as expressed in the language of the covenant and the explanations made by certain of the conferees when the covenant was submitted to the Peace Conference.

Let us examine the covenant under three headings:

First: The organization of international relations during peace;

Second: The method of handling disputes between nations;

Third: The effect of the covenant upon the traditional foreign policy of the United States.

First: The organization of international relations during peace:

(a) The proposed covenant attempts *to abolish secrecy* in international relations, particularly in that it requires

(1) a full and frank interchange of information as to armaments (Article VIII);

(2) the registration with the secretary-general of every treaty or international engagement (Article XVIII), the abrogation of all international obligations inconsistent with the covenant, and the refraining from entering into any new en-

gagements inconsistent with the terms of the covenant (Articles XXIII and XXV).

There can hardly be doubt that these provisions are important — and, in substance, sound. The substitution of frankness for reserve is an essential of the diplomacy of democracies.

(b) The proposed covenant provides for *constant common counsel between the nations* on certain specified international matters; in this respect it uses the experience of general international conferences like The Hague, and especially the experience gained by the Inter-Allied organizations during the war. It effects this common counsel through

(1) a body of delegates, meeting at stated intervals and from time to time as occasion may require, each of the member States to have one vote and not more than three representatives (Articles I and II), it being evident from Article VII that dominions and colonies, provided they are self-governing countries, are to be admitted as member States;

(2) An Executive Council of nine, to meet at least once a year, to consist of one representative each from the five so-called great powers (including, of course, the United States), and representatives of four other States, the selection of such four States to be made by the body of delegates (Articles I and III);

(3) A permanent secretariat to be established at the seat of the league, the head of the secretariat to be a secretary-general, chosen by the Executive Council (Article V);

(4) A permanent commission to advise on armaments and military and naval questions generally (Article IX);

(5) A commission to receive and examine annual reports on the administration of those colonies which, as a consequence of the war, have ceased to be under the States which formerly governed them and have been handed over in trust to other States as mandatories (Article XIX);

(6) A permanent Bureau of Labor (Article XX);

and, in addition to the foregoing permanent official bodies:

(7) International bureaus already established or later constituted are to be placed under the control of the league (Article XXII).

In much of the public discussion in the United States since the proposed covenant was published it has been assumed that the important matters to be committed to the bodies referred to above may be disposed of by those bodies absolutely as they will. That gives neither a fair reading of the words of the covenant nor a correct interpretation of the expressed purposes of the commission which prepared the draft for the Peace Conference. It is assumed even that the body of delegates and Executive Council can always act by a majority vote, although the covenant expressly specifies the few matters as to which the body of delegates or the Executive Council may act by less than a unanimous vote. The body of delegates and Executive Council can act by a majority of States represented at the meeting on 'matters of procedure at meetings,' including the appointment of committees (Article IV). Admission to the League of Nations of new members is permitted upon the assent of two-thirds of the States represented in the body of delegates (Article VII); and amendment of the covenant is permitted upon ratification by three-fourths of the States represented in the body of delegates, including all the States represented on the Executive Council (Article XXVI). There are also special provisions in respect of settling disputes which we will refer to below. Other than these exceptions, what is there in the document which leads critics to think that action is to be other than unanimous?

With reference to armament it is quite clear that the Executive Council is to make a program 'for the consideration and action' of the several Governments. There is nothing in the covenant which indicates that any Government gives up any control of its armament program until it has 'adopted' the program of the Executive Council. *After such adoption,* the program shall not be exceeded without permission of the Executive Council (Article VIII). Surely, in any league that aims at peace the covenant could hardly do less than bring the several nations to talk together about their armaments and reach an agreement for reduction, if possible. If it be a violation of the Constitution for the United States to assent to the covenant because of the armament clauses, then we have been violat-

ing the Constitution for one hundred years, during which time we have bound ourselves by an agreement with Great Britain to limit the armament on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River! When President Monroe communicated this treaty to the Senate, he stated that it was 'in order to avoid collision and save expense.' Has it not accomplished both purposes?

The commission which deals with colonial administration has power 'to receive and examine' annual reports and to 'assist' the league in assuring the observance of the terms of mandates (Article XIX). As to the mandates themselves, there is nothing that requires any State to be a mandatory against its will, and the terms under which it receives a mandate from the league would be a subject of treaty requiring its assent. If any State chooses to take a mandate under terms and conditions which require it to administer the colony in trust, and make annual reports thereon, can any possible objection be raised?

The permanent Labor Bureau has no power of legislation. It, again, is a body designed to enable the member States to carry out their covenant to 'endeavor to secure and maintain fair and humane conditions of labor' (Article XX) — surely, a proper endeavor for any State! There is nothing in the covenant which indicates that any member State is bound by any action of the Labor Bureau until its own proper governmental bodies adopt the recommendations.

International bureaus, such as the Postal Union, come under the control of the league only with the consent of all the parties to the treaty which established such bureaus (Article XXII). The wisdom of beginning to place these international bureaus upon a more dignified basis, where comparative studies of their successes and failures can be readily made, would seem to be obvious.

These arrangements for international counsel to preserve peace and to avoid the misunderstanding which might lead to war are, then, simply an acceptance of the principle of The Hague conferences and a carrying on of the method of the Inter-Allied organizations which operated during the war. The various commissions are merely advisory and bind no State until it gives its assent through its own proper governmental organs. And with reference to the action of the body of delegates and of the Executive Council, it would seem the sound rule of construction that those bodies cannot act by less than unanimous vote except when the covenant specifically permits.

It is unfortunate that the speeches of all the peace conferees with reference to the covenant were not made available to the United States Senate. Much misapprehension might have been avoided if the United States Senate had had before it the following words of Lord Robert Cecil, spoken at the Peace Conference immediately after President Wilson's exposition of the covenant:

'This is a great principle in all action, whether of the Executive Council or of the body of delegates, except in very special cases and for very special reasons, which are set out in the covenant — that all action must be unanimously agreed to in accordance with the general rule that governs international relations. That that will, to some extent, in appearance, at any rate, militate against the rapidity of action of the organs of the league is undoubted, but, in my judgment, that defect is far more than compensated by the confidence that it will inspire that no nation, whether small or great, need fear oppression from the organs of the league.'

It might be well to expressly provide in the covenant the general rule to which Lord Robert Cecil refers. This matter should be made certain beyond peradventure, because such permanent bodies can be instruments of peace only if they avoid coercion. As Secretary Root so well stated in his letter of instructions to the delegates to the Second Hague Conference:

'It is important to remember that the object of the conference is agreement, and not compulsion. If such conferences are to be made occasions for trying to force nations into positions which they consider against their interests, the powers cannot be expected to send representatives to them.'

Many will feel that the requirement of unanimity nullifies all action. The experience of the Inter-Allied bodies during the war, however, shows that if the nations send to these bodies men of true coöperative spirit, the very fact of their being together for mutual counsel tends to cor-

rect misunderstandings and eliminate distrust.

Second: The method of handling disputes between nations:

The proposed covenant deals also with *the method of handling disputes* after they have arisen between nations, and it is necessary to examine the limitations of freedom which in this respect are imposed upon the member States. The clauses which deal with this subject are contained in Articles XII to XVII, inclusive. A reading of all these clauses should make clear

(a) that the member States accept the principle that disputes shall be thoroughly talked over before action is taken, and that trial by battle as a means of testing justice will be retarded as far as possible;

(b) that no nation will go to war if the rest of the civilized world has unanimously expressed an opinion against the justice of its cause.

Many people have discussed the covenant as though a majority vote could forbid the United States entering a war against a finding of the Executive Council. What does the covenant say?

By Article XII it is agreed that should disputes arise between nations which cannot be adjusted they will not go to war without submitting the question either to arbitration or inquiry by the Executive Council, and will wait three months after the award or recommendation, and they will not then resort to war against a member which complies with the award of the arbitrators or the recommendations of the council. This article must be read with articles XIII, XIV, XV, and XVI, because these last-named articles prescribe the manner of submitting to arbitration or inquiry and the procedure of the body of delegates or Executive Council with reference to decisions when matters are submitted to inquiry.

Article XIII makes it clear that the member States agree to submit to arbitration only those things which they recognize to be suitable for submission. As to arbitration, then, this is not very formidable. It is to be hoped that before the adoption of the final draft of the covenant an independent court may be incorporated as part of the plan, and that the important distinction that has been developed during the last few years between judicial and political questions may be preserved, the former type of controversy going to the court and the latter type to the Executive Council.

Article XV is a most important article because of the extent to which it qualifies the broad language of Article XII. It is under this article that all political disputes will fall. Matters not submitted to arbitration come before the Executive Council for investigation and consideration, and this is the procedure:

(1) If the council through its mediation brings about a settlement of the matter, it publishes a statement showing the nature of the dispute and the terms of settlement with such explanation as may be appropriate. The particular controversy will then be closed and the publication would be for the purposes of the record and the proof to the world of the advantage of such submission and consequent settlement.

(2) If the dispute is not settled the council will publish a report. If the report is unanimously agreed to by all members of the council other than the parties in dispute, neither party to the dispute can go to war against the other party if that other party complies with the recommendation in such unanimous report. If a party refuses to comply with such a unanimous recommendation, the council shall then propose measures to give effect to the recommendation.

(3) If no unanimous report is made, the majority of the council is obliged to make a report (and the minority has the privilege of making a report) stating what the facts are. But failing unanimity, there is no obligation on either of the disputants to refrain from war.

(4) But note the important further qualification! The Executive Council may refer the case to the body of delegates, and must refer it if either party to the dispute so requests within fourteen days after the submission of the dispute. If thus referred to the whole body of delegates, then all the provisions of Article XII and Article XV apply to the action and powers of the body of delegates. Assuming that there are twenty-four members of the league and two disputants, again it is clear that all twenty-two of the disinterested States must unanimously come to a conclusion in order to bring into effect the agreement not to go

to war against the party which fails to comply with such unanimous recommendation.

The effect of the covenant, therefore, is that a State agrees not to go to war against a unanimous finding of all the other States in the league not interested in the dispute.

Third: The effect of the covenant upon the traditional foreign policy of the United States:

The traditional foreign policy of the United States is based upon Washington's farewell address, President Monroe's message of December 2, 1823, and the series of public declarations that have been built up around those two historic statements.

* * * * * *

It must be frankly admitted that the acceptance of the covenant will be a formal recognition of the ending of American isolation from world affairs. The entrance of the United States into any League of Nations must mean that the United States recognizes some interest in the preservation of order in the world outside the western hemisphere. But is the acceptance by the United States of a place in world affairs any more than a recognition of a great historic fact? President Wilson, in his address to the Senate on January 22, 1917, proposed that when peace should come the United States should 'add their authority and their power to the authority and force of other nations to guarantee peace and justice throughout the world.' A short time thereafter America entered the war. Two million American soldiers have been sent across the ocean by the United States Government — soldiers drawn from civil life by a universal military service law. They fought for what we all believe to be American ideals. The bodies of sixty thousand of them are resting in France. Is it possible to fairly discuss the traditional policy of 'not intruding upon' the political questions of Europe without recognizing this great overpowering fact? It will be urged that we do not want to make this war a precedent. Quite true! We want to do everything in our power to avoid sending soldiers to Europe again. The chief purpose of the organization of the new Society of States is to prevent a recurrence of the events which forced us to go to Europe. There has been much discussion as to whether we went to war for America or for humanity. We went to war for both! We went to war, not because we had become a warlike people, not because we had a quixotic desire to take care of the whole world; but because we could not avoid war, because we were part of a Society of States, and the violent wrong that was being done to other members of that society was also a violent wrong to us which threatened our whole future life. America's aim has not been better stated than in the President's fourteen-point speech:

'What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression.'

The United States had then so great an interest in the affairs of Europe that it rightly went into the war. It has the same interest to prevent a repetition of that war. The United States wishes to live its own life; it will insist upon determining its own institutions; but it cannot live its own life and determine its own institutions if the globe upon which it lives — constantly growing smaller with the advance of science — is to be frequently interrupted by world conflagrations of the kind we have just passed through. It is for that reason that representatives of the United States are now participating in the counsels of the world, trying to formulate acceptable improvements in the rules of the Society of States.

Yet there is another aspect. The clauses of the proposed covenant which contemplate that our own disputes with Latin America may be investigated through the machinery of the League of Nations should give little cause for disapproval. We have already agreed in the Bryan treaties to arbitrate our quarrels with them, and it is not particularly important what fair tribunal we choose. Is our disquiet not due to a different reason? May it not be distasteful to Americans — in the light of their traditions — to contemplate in practice the *enforcement* of the decrees of the league in the western hemisphere by European Powers? And is it not equally distasteful to contemplate

the sending of American soldiers to some temporary broil in the Balkans or in Poland or in Russia? To stem a world cataclysm, America has proved with her dead that she will not shrink from such contingencies. But the men and women of the country would feel easier in having their nation accept the proposed covenant if it were known that military enforcement of the decrees of the league should be dealt with, in the first instance, in world compartments. The disputed issue might still be tried in the light of the public opinion of the whole world, but when enforcement of the decision became necessary, the nations of the western hemisphere, including the United States, might well have the initial responsibility to quell breaches of international peace in this hemisphere, the European and Asian states having only a secondary obligation here; and, similarly, breaches of international peace in the eastern hemisphere might be dealt with in the first instance by the States of that hemisphere, the American States having only a secondary obligation in those theaters. There would seem to be little doubt this would be the rule in practice, even as the covenant is drawn, especially as there would have to be unanimous action of the Executive Council (upon which the United States would always have a representative) to determine the order in which the nations would be enlisted for the suppression of a threatened world conflagration.

* * * * * *

But aside from details, and considering the covenant in its broad purposes, two main points stand forth:

First: The covenant starts right. It recognizes that wars are due largely to misunderstandings; that the prevention of the growth of distrust is the vital need of the world; and it creates an organization for constant common counsel, designed to prevent distrust. This is in line with the President's words of July 20, 1916:

'Permanent peace can grow in only one soil. That is the soil of actual good-will, and good-will cannot exist without mutual comprehension.'

Second: It very properly avoids any effort to create an international sheriff but relies mainly upon retarding States on the way to war. And to accomplish this purpose it creates machinery designed to secure the widest publicity and the focussing upon the controversy of the public opinion of the whole civilized world. This is in accord with the pledge of the President in his speech of September 2, 1916:

'The nations of the world must unite in joint guarantees that whatever is done to disturb the whole world's life must first be tested in the court of the whole world's opinion before it is attempted.'

The reliance of the proposed covenant on the operation of these two main principles broadly distinguishes it from any previous combination of nations to prevent war. It is in this reliance that this covenant gives promise — more than any previous league — of providing machinery by which there may be successfully reconciled the divergent desires of the modern state — for complete and unhampered expression of its national life, and, at the same time, for a larger measure of world order.

XII

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

MUNROE SMITH

[*Youth's Companion*, March 13, 1919. By permission of author and publisher.]

Even before the provisional covenant for a League of Nations was published, on February 14, it was to be assumed that the statesmen assembled in Paris would attempt nothing more than a further forward movement along the lines of past progress. It was to be foreseen that the new structure would be built, not on the basis of untested theories, but on foundations already laid.

The central problem is that of preserving the peace of the world. There has always been a feeling, from the most ancient times, that disputes between states should be adjusted, if possible, by negotiation. If no settlement can be reached in that way, and if the dispute turns on what is called a 'justiciable' question,— that is, on a point of international law or on the meaning of a clause in a treaty,— recourse should be had to arbitration. If the dispute arises from a conflict of interests and the states concerned cannot reach a compromise by negotiation, one or more disinterested states may offer to 'mediate'

— that is, to help the disputants to find an acceptable compromise.

During the last century the number of disputes submitted to arbitration has greatly increased. To facilitate arbitration a so-called international court has existed for several years with offices at The Hague. It consists, however, only of a list of men learned in international law, nominated by the different states. If two states involved in a justiciable dispute are willing to accept arbitration, they may select arbitrators from this list. A state that refuses to submit to arbitration or to accept mediation has heretofore incurred no penalty except more or less general disapproval of its conduct.

If either of two states involved in a serious dispute is better prepared for war than its adversary, which is almost always the case, its military authorities usually protest against any such delay as would result from mediation, and they are apt to regard an offer of mediation by a third party as an unfriendly act. Accordingly, at one of The Hague Peace Conferences, it was formally agreed that such an offer should not be so regarded. That is all that has been done heretofore by the collective statesmanship of the world to encourage mediation.

In any international dispute, whether it seems justiciable or not, considerations of national honor may be invoked. Such considerations have often prevented arbitration, and they make the acceptance of mediation difficult.

There exist many treaties between single states in which it is agreed that the contracting parties shall submit future controversies to arbitration. Many of these treaties exclude questions of national interest, some exclude questions of national honor. A number of treaties concluded by the United States provide that disputes not adjusted by negotiation and not submitted to arbitration shall be referred for investigation and report to a permanent commission of five members, only two of whom are to be citizens of the contracting states, and that neither state shall open hostilities until the commission has submitted its report.

In the provisional covenant each member of the league agrees not to resort to war against a fellow member without first submitting the matters at issue between them either to arbitration or to adjustment through mediation. For the decision of such questions as the states concerned deem 'suitable for submission to arbitration' it is proposed to establish 'a permanent court of international justice.' For the settlement of other disputes the covenant provides a permanent organ of mediation. The Executive Council of the league is to make inquiry and recommend terms of settlement. If all the members of the council, other than the parties to the dispute, concur in such a recommendation, and if either of the states concerned complies with it, the other state is bound to accept it (Articles 12–15).

The methods proposed for breaking the resistance of a refractory state are unexpectedly drastic. Any member of the league that 'breaks or disregards' the foregoing agreements is at once to be cut off from all intercourse with the others; that is, boycotted. The Executive Council is also to arrange for naval or military action against the offender, calling upon the law-abiding members of the league to furnish suitable contingents (Article 16).

It may well be questioned whether this method of organizing armed coercion will prove to be satisfactory. During our War of Independence, when the central government at Philadelphia had no power to constrain the separate commonwealths to discharge their obligations, contingents were not promptly forthcoming and were not always of full strength. The League of Nations will depend, as our government depended before our present Constitution was adopted, on voluntary coöperation.

For legislation, for the more definite statement of the rules of international law established by custom and for the enactment of new rules, the world has long had organs in the form of international congresses and conferences. They are less efficient than national legislatures, because no majority, however large, can establish a rule that shall bind any dissenting state. It was not expected that the Paris Congress would attempt to establish the principle that a majority of states should override the opposition of any considerable minority; but it was hoped that some provision might be made under which the votes of a few small states should not defeat measures supported by all the great powers and by the majority

of the smaller states. On this point, however, the covenant is silent.

If the rules of international law are to have anything more than moral authority, it is claimed, and with reason, that there must be somewhere in the world power to secure their observance or at least to discourage their violation. That means that there must be something approaching an executive power.

During the last three centuries there has been, in Europe at least, such a power. It has acted only in critical periods, but at such periods it has usually imposed its will upon Europe. It is called the Concert of the Powers. After every great European war the powers have redrawn the map of Europe, and, to some extent, that of the world. Resistance to their decrees has more than once been broken by armed force. In several instances the powers, by negotiation and compromise, have averted war. The refusal of Germany to act in concert with the other powers made the late war inevitable.

At the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, seven European powers were represented — Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia and Turkey. Before the end of the century Europe realized that there were two non-European powers to be reckoned with, the United States and Japan. In 1914, accordingly, there were nine powers. At present there are only five. Two European powers, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, have disappeared for good; within their former boundaries there will be no state that will rank as a power. Whether Russia will reappear as a power is uncertain. Germany may well do so, but it has first to complete its reorganization.

It is a world government that is now assembled in Paris; and it consists of the five world powers 'in being'— Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy and Japan. It is this world government that has already decided which of the smaller states shall be summoned to the constituent assembly of the world, and what representation shall be accorded to each of them. They will finally determine the organization and the powers of the proposed League of Nations. In the Executive Council, which is to be a world cabinet, their representatives are to have a permanent majority of votes. So long as they agree, it is unlikely that the representatives of the smaller states will interpose serious or obstinate resistance to their decisions.

The equality of all states, great and small, will continue to be recognized in world law, as regards the rights of each state, but not in world politics, as regards their respective influence. No such doctrine can be recognized in world politics, because it is not in accordance with political fact. Moreover, if the government of the world is based on voluntary cooperation, it is obvious that if every state, large and small, were accorded an equal voice in determining world policies the League of Nations would be unable to do anything. It will doubtless be difficult to maintain agreement and coöperation among five or six powers. The league would, however, be foredoomed to failure if the veto of any one of the fifty or more independent states already existing or coming into existence could defeat any proposed action.

Membership in the League of Nations and representation either in its smaller or in its larger councils must of course be confined to those peoples that have been able to maintain orderly government. The league can include no body of human beings who are not organized into a state; nor can it admit newly formed states, or states reorganized after falling into anarchy, until they have shown that they can maintain orderly government. Nations that have broken the laws of the world and trampled under foot the rights of their neighbors must also be excluded until they have made adequate reparation and have offered reasonable assurance of better conduct.

In such cases the rights of the world are not limited to refusing representation; the world has positive interests to safeguard and positive duties to fulfill. The Paris Congress is confronted with many problems of this sort, some demanding immediate action, some so complicated that they can be solved only by trying experiments and awaiting results. Were there no other reason for establishing a League of Nations, the conditions with which the Paris Congress is confronted would make its establishment necessary.

After the restoration of peace there must be some authority to determine whether a reorganized and reformed Germany can be deemed a trustworthy member of the society of nations and can be

admitted to take part in the councils of the league, just as in the single states there are authorities competent to restore the rights of active citizenship to a pardoned convict.

For the new states that are to be formed out of the wreck of the Central Empires and of Russia, and for some of the Balkan States, there must be a period of international supervision and control, if only to prevent them from flying at one another's throats.

A similar problem is presented in Asia Minor and in Palestine. The non-Turkish countries that formed parts of the Turkish Empire cannot be restored to Turkish misgovernment and oppression. Some of those countries may possibly be organized as independent states but they, too, will require supervision. Such regions as do not seem capable of governing themselves must be placed under the rule of civilized states.

The Paris Congress has to deal also with the German colonies. They will not be restored to Germany; but since in most of them the native population is incapable of self-government, they also must be placed under civilized control.

There are two ways in which such problems may be met. One is joint control by the powers, exercised through international commissions. That has often been tried and has seldom been satisfactory. When power is divided, it is impossible to place responsibility. The other way is to intrust whatever duties are to be discharged to single states, commissioned to act as mandataries, or agents, of the civilized world. Under that system, if force is to be exercised, if there is to be armed intervention or police control, the force needed in each case is to be furnished by the mandatary.

The special problems outlined above are only new phases of problems that have existed for centuries. Anarchy in any region has always been intolerable to neighboring orderly communities. With the increase of international intercourse, anarchy in any part of the world has become an injury to the world as a whole. It constitutes a world nuisance, which the world has a right to abate. In the present condition of the world, this right is exercised by single states on their own initiative. So exercised, it is capable of gross abuse. It was on the plea that Poland was in a state of anarchy that its neighbors, Russia, Prussia and Austria, divided it among themselves. In some modern instances, however, the right has been employed legitimately and unselfishly, as when the United States intervened in Cuba to restore order, and withdrew its forces when the Cuban people had organized a satisfactory government. In the covenant there are no specific provisions on this subject; but in Article 11 it is stated that the Executive Council may consider 'any circumstance affecting international intercourse which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.' In that part of Russia which is under Bolshevist rule there are 'circumstances' that fall into this class; and if the conditions now prevailing in that unhappy country are not speedily bettered, it is hard to see how the league can long resist the urgent call for action.

The occupation of large areas of the globe by savage or barbarous peoples who are incapable of developing the natural resources of which they have control has led to the invasion of those regions by more civilized peoples and to the establishment of colonies and dependencies. The right of civilized states to appropriate such regions has often been questioned; but it was through the exercise of such a power that the Western Hemisphere was brought into the civilized world. Its exercise can be defended only on the ground that the world has a vital interest in developing all its resources.

When, in England or in the United States, property is taken from its owners for a public purpose, it is said to be taken by right of eminent domain, which means superior title. In defending the right of the civilized world to take control of undeveloped regions, Theodore Roosevelt borrowed that phrase and declared that 'the world has a right of eminent domain.'

Exercised by single states for selfish purposes, this right also has been grossly abused. In developing their colonial systems civilized nations have ruthlessly exploited and in some cases have largely exterminated the native occupants of vast areas, first in America, later in Africa. There has, however, been a growing reaction against such abuses. In modern theory the rule of backward peoples is held to involve duties. The interests of the native populations are to be scrupulously

regarded. So far as possible, they are to be drawn into the administration of their own countries and trained to self-government. So soon as they are capable of governing themselves, they are to become independent. This theory of guardianship has been most clearly formulated in England and in the United States. It is now set forth with equal clearness and energy in the covenant. The well-being and development of 'peoples not yet able to stand by themselves' are declared to be 'a sacred trust of civilization'; and it is provided that the states charged by the league with such 'tutelage' shall render annual reports on the territories committed to their charge (Article 19).

It is possibly not an empty dream that in time the League of Nations may treat every civilized state that rules backward peoples as the agent of the world and as the guardian of the peoples it rules. If that theory is accepted, there will be a tribunal to which appeal can be made against selfish abuse of power on the part of the ruling state. Similarly, it is conceivable that, if grave disorder exists anywhere in the world, the League of Nations may be asked to determine whether the disorder amounts to a world nuisance. If the league commissions any particular state to abate the nuisance, the league can insist that, so soon as orderly government can be established, its agent, or mandatary, shall withdraw from the occupied territory.

It is obvious that the system of mandates may be employed to avert an impending war. If any state refuses to submit a controversy in which it is involved to arbitration or to investigation by the Executive Council, or fails to accept the award of the arbitrators or the unanimous recommendations of the council, and if it does not yield to the economic pressure of a general embargo upon its trade, the council might intrust the duty of restraining it by armed force to one or more of the powers. Such procedure would make it unnecessary to call upon all the members of the league to furnish contingents, unless the refractory state were a great power.

If the league adopts the system of commissioning single states to execute its decrees, it is obvious that a mandate to act in the Western Hemisphere will always be offered to the United States or to some other American state or states. If action is to be taken in eastern Asia, Japan will be an obvious mandatary. If action is required in other parts of Asia or in Africa or in Europe, the mandate will naturally be offered to a European power. Such a practice — and any other is hardly conceivable — will require from the United States no change in its traditional policies. It will rather confirm them. The fear expressed by some of our statesmen that the League of Nations will imperil the Monroe Doctrine seems groundless. The only innovation will be that, if we think it desirable to send marines into Hayti or an army into Mexico, we shall be held to show cause for such action and to obtain a mandate. Can any reasonable American object to such a procedure? Will it not be a useful check on a possibly over-aggressive administration?

If the United States should be asked to accept world duties in other regions, it may well plead that it has quite enough to do in looking after the peace and order of the Western Hemisphere. It may at least object to assuming any but temporary duties elsewhere and may insist, if it accept a mandate in Armenia, for example, that its action is not to be treated as a precedent.

So long as the League of Nations rests on voluntary coöperation, no mandate issuing except by agreement of all the powers, and no member of the league being bound to accept a mandate, it will fail to satisfy those who demand a formal federation of the world, with a world government able to enforce its policies by direct action. To them such a league will seem hopelessly weak. It is clear, on the other hand, that such a league can take no action except on grave occasion and that such authority as it possesses is not likely to be abused. In any case, such a league seems all that is at present attainable. Its authority will be as great as the average European or American or Japanese, with his strong loyalty to his own country and his jealous solicitude for its independence, will be inclined to tolerate. If it fails to work satisfactorily, the world will hardly be content to revert to the conditions prevailing in 1914. There will be a general demand for further effort to make the league satisfactory. A true word was spoken by a French delegate to the Congress: 'Even if the attempt prove unsuccessful, the attempt itself is a success.'

XIII

THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD

A. J. BALFOUR

[*Landmark*, London, Eng., January, 1919. By permission.]

[*This speech was delivered by* MR. BALFOUR *at the first public meeting of the English-Speaking Union, held in the form of a luncheon given to a group of American Editors at the Criterion Restaurant on Friday, October* 11, 1918.]

As President of this Society and as Chairman this afternoon, it falls to me to undertake the honorable duty of proposing the health of our guests and giving them a warm welcome on the occasion of their visit to this country. We rejoice to see them amongst us, and we particularly rejoice because the moment of their visit has been happily timed to coincide with what I think we may call without undue or arrogant optimism a most favorable moment in the military development of the situation. Great indeed is the change between March and October. I do not know that in any six or seven months of history so great and dramatic a transformation has taken place on so heroic a scale for dealing with issues so momentous for the future of the world. We are all fortunate in being witnesses of it, and I think we may say that our friends and guests who have come from the United States at such a moment are fortunate in the occasion of their coming.

I do not pretend for a moment that our difficulties are at an end or nearly at an end. I shall be profoundly disappointed indeed if the tide of victory now rising strongly in our direction ever receives a serious set-back from the efforts of our enemies. I am confident that what we began to do so successfully in July and carried on with increasing good fortune in August, September, and the early part of the present month, is no accidental or momentary success, but in truth represents the growing strength of the Allies as compared with the waning strength of our opponents, and if that be so, and if my estimate of the situation be not too sanguine, then the problem before us is not to resolve whether we shall or shall not make up our minds as to whether we shall or shall not win the war, for that seems ever clearer, but whether we shall ever use victory that is within our grasp for the best purpose, for the moment, for the next few difficult years, and last but not least, for posterity, whose fate depends upon our efforts.

We have to make a right peace, and I do not think that a right peace is of itself a very easy thing to make.

Our enemies, who, I may parenthetically remark, are attempting to change their constitution, appear to have no notion that what we want is not so much a change of the formal apparatus of Government, as a change in the hearts by which that Government is to be directed and animated, and if we are to judge, and surely we may judge without unfairness of a man's heart by what he does, I would ask you whether those who have made mankind pale with horror over their early barbarities and brutal excesses in Belgium, show the least sign after four years of war that they have in any material respect improved their disposition. Brutes they were when they began the war, and as far as I can judge, brutes they remain at the present moment.

I speak perhaps with a warmth of indignation, unbefitting a Foreign Secretary, but with the news of this outrage in the Irish Channel, of which I have just been getting — I won't say the details, but a rough outline from my gallant friend on my left, Admiral Sims, I confess that I find it difficult to measure my epithets, for if I rightly understand the story, this Irish packet boat, crammed as it always is with men, women and children, in broad daylight, was deliberately torpedoed by a German submarine. It was carrying no military stores; it was serving no military end. It was pure barbarism, pure frightfulness, deliberately carried out, and one would have thought that those who after all brought in America to their own undoing by crimes of this sort, would have shrunk a little from repeating them at a moment when their fate is to be decided by America perhaps even more than by any of the other co-belligerents.

I cannot measure the wicked folly of the proceedings of which they have been guilty, and yet let us not forget that that is only one and not the most destructive, most cowardly, or most brutal thing which, at this moment, when they are ask-

ing for peace, they are perpetrating upon the helpless civilians or still more helpless prisoners of war.

I wish I could think that these atrocious crimes were the crimes of a small dominant military caste. I agree that the direction of policy, the direction of national policy, may be in the hands of a small caste, but it is incredible that crimes like this, perpetrated in the light of day, known to all mankind from one end of the civilized world to the other, should go on being repeated month after month through four years of embittered warfare, if it did not commend itself to the population which commits them.

However, gentlemen, it was not of that I was going to speak. I was led from the course of my speech, such as it was, by the reflection suggested by this most tragic and deplorable episode. What I rather wanted to say to you and to say to our friends and guests is, that, as peace approaches, when peace comes to be considered, and when that period of reconstruction comes when peace is arranged, all sorts of new difficulties are bound to arise which it will require the tact and the judgment of statesmen to get over, and, if I may say so, to our guests, the coöperation, the loyal and effective coöperation, of the great newspapers of the world, to see it carried through.

The poet, as we all know, has said that peace has her victories as well as war. Let me say that the victories of peace will be at least as hard to accomplish as the victories of war. They will put a great strain upon all the higher moral and intellectual qualities of the peoples concerned, and even the great struggle in which we have all been engaged.

I know, and I think you all know that I know, from watching to the best of my ability the utterances of the German Press, that what they count upon now, and what they have always counted upon, is jealousy and disagreement between their opponents. It is the sort of calculation which appeals to them. It is a sort of calculation which has a kind of external plausibility, and unless it be watched, may even have an element of reality in it. They say to themselves the union of the great English-speaking peoples is the most formidable factor we have had to deal with in this war; but that won't last. There are old causes of difference between these two great branches of one civilization. Both are at the moment great commercial and industrial nations. Both possess and aim at — and rightly aim at — a commerce spreading over the world. Britain, which used to be supreme in the matter of mercantile marine, now sees growing up on the other side of the Atlantic a mercantile marine of unlimited size. Here, say our German friends, here are elements which in a short time, when the first intoxication of victory is over, may well produce differences of opinion between our opponents, from which we shall profit. I believe myself that there never was a shallower miscalculation.

We members of the English-speaking Union do not regard ourselves as the missionaries and apostles of a losing or difficult cause. We regard ourselves as simply embodying, in an organization, a real union which already exists — a union which exists, which is growing and which, to the infinite benefit of the world, as I think, is predestined to grow for generations. I am one of those who believe that civilization is to be ministered to by permitting nations of different genius each to develop that genius in their own way, each, therefore, to contribute intellectual and moral pleasures of mankind, and I therefore do not wish to see all the world molded into one form of culture, and if I had the power I would not attempt to do what the Germans attempted to do, which is, to spread one particular type of culture over the whole of a reluctant humanity. That I think is folly.

But at the same time, let me add this, that while there are, and doubtless will always be, differences of outlook between the various branches of the English-speaking peoples, whether they belong to the peoples of the United States or to these small islands, or to the great self-governing Dominions of the British Empire, there will always be difference, born of differences of environment, born from historical causes, born of the countless subtle elements which do gradually produce that curious entity, national character.

Granting all that, there is, I believe, such a thing as the English-speaking method of looking at the great affairs of mankind, and that that outlook is of infinite value to the freedom and progress of the world, and can only be truly accom-

plished if there be inner harmony, inner affection and inner regard between all the elements of all the great English-speaking communities, of which everybody in this room is a citizen and member.

That is my conviction, and if there was or could be any doubt that that intimate union is natural, is right, is fruitful for the good of the world, and if there could have been any doubt that that union of hearts was destined to be permanent, those doubts would surely be dissipated by the events of the last few months.

Nothing after all binds people closer together than the consciousness of great deeds done in common, great acts of heroism performed side by side, great services to humanity carried out with brotherly coöperation. That consciousness all of us have now in the highest measure. That consciousness will grow and history will embalm it. It will become part of our national and international tradition, and it will make happier, easier, and far more glorious that union which we exist to promote, that union which is based upon mutual respect, a common love of freedom, a common language, common laws, common literature, and which has in it such infinite potential good for the benefit of mankind.

Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to ask you to drink with me to the health of the representatives of the great American Press who are now over here upon their visit. May every good fortune attend them, and may they go back with kindly thoughts of the country which desires nothing more than to give them generous hospitality.

XIV

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

[*Outlook*, January 1, 1919. By permission.]

O poète, il est dur que la nature humaine
Qui marche à pas comptés vers une fin certaine
Doive encore s'y trainer en portant une croix.
— ALFRED DE MUSSET.[1]

On August 2, 1914, a sweltering day in one of the hottest summers we have had, I was watching a cricket match between my own public school, Marlborough, and our traditional rival, Rugby. It was played at Lords, the huge cricket field in the heart of London, and, looking at the brilliant crowd that thronged the paths, a carnival of moving color, it would have taken a very far-sighted man to say that here was a nation on the brink of the greatest war in history. I was then only fifteen, little interested in anybody except myself and my friends, paying scant attention to foreign politics. All I can remember in the nature of a foreboding was a cartoon in *Punch* representing Austria as a big eagle attacking a much smaller bird, Serbia, a procedure which appeared to me to be rather dirty work. However, all that any one said on the subject was, 'O Lord, there's going to be another war in the Balkans! Why can't those people stop scrapping for a minute?' And then one turned back to talk about the Irish question, and the latest activities of the suffragettes, and what one was going to do in the holidays.

However, as the hours went by I began to become more interested. Here was certainly cause for excitement: Austria attacking Serbia, Russia backing up Serbia, France standing by Russia; and all the time, looming like a huge dark cloud in the background, Germany, whose very name during the last years had carried with it an atmosphere of suspicion in England. The fact that Europe was mobilizing had now thoroughly wakened England up from her peaceful summer dream; one seemed to hear already the distant sound of battle, all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

And two days later it had come. I shall never forget on the night of August 4 standing alone in Piccadilly Circus, staring and staring with eyes moist with excitement at the huge headline on the paper I had bought:

> ENGLAND AT WAR WITH GERMANY

The dense crowd of men and women drifted by like dumb things, silent and not understanding; now and then there would be cheers, a procession, flag waving, but these were times too deep for tears.

[1] These lines by de Musset we venture to translate as follows:

O poet, it is hard that Man,
Who plods with numbered steps towards an inexorable end,
While dragging his weary way under a heavy cross must bend.

For me the clash of petrol and patchouli, the green lights of the Criterion restaurant flickering down in silent criticism, the groups of men talking excitedly at the street corners, the women with their faces gibbering under the street lamps, all these were but fragments of a life that had turned in a few hours from carnival to kaleidoscope — a kaleidoscope in which life itself was the mirror and human beings the bits of colored glass.

And in the next few days we were indeed at war. The papers had passed from their brief moment of hysteria to the grim and sober attitude which was to carry us through four years of trial. From the conflicting memories of that first month it is hard to seize upon any one fact that stands out from the others; the papers were full of rumors which received as much attention as the actual happenings. Should we win at once, or only after a few months? That we should win was of course taken for granted. We all felt that one Englishman was worth a dozen Germans; we had not realized that modern war was a hideous parody of the old chivalry — a war in which one man sat in a dugout and by pressing a button destroyed a hundred of his kind four miles away. And then — how should we manage about food? I remember that certain unpatriotic people, quite possibly of German birth, laid in huge stocks of food in the event of a siege, only to be forced to disgorge them to sarcastic inspectors of police a few weeks later. Those were strange days. Posters fluttered their bright red and green in the streets appealing for 500,000 men; the lights on the coast were suddenly extinguished, and we stumbled about in the pitch-darkness of early autumn nights; training camps sprang up all over the country, bringing an influx of youth into quiet little country towns; while the boys of England threw themselves headlong into the struggle, chafing at having to train for even a few days in Kitchener's Army. And all the time in the back of one's mind the guns of Flanders sang their ceaseless song of death.

It is doubtful whether America will ever realize the desolation of those next few years. Apart from the sinister rolls of honor that scowled sullenly from the pages of every newspaper, apart from the personal losses, there were so many little annoyances. Imagine four years without an automobile. Petrol was *verboten* even in the most minute quantities, and taxis seemed prehistoric. Four years with hardly a match! We all carried about with us our flints and steels, and, when we had scraped till there was no flint left, fluttered around the candles that were lit in the dim clubs of London to light one's war-time cigars, like moths around a star. And then food — figure to yourself the plight of a land in which the Queen lent her hand to pulling up the rose trees round Buckingham Palace and planting potatoes instead; in which the noblest old parks of England were plowed up and their trees cut down in a desperate endeavor to counteract the effect of the loss of thousands of tons that were daily going to the bottom of the sea. Yes, food was certainly scarce, and when one could get it it was only after going through many tedious processes. The coupon system was as tiresome as it was ubiquitous. It takes all true romance from a good dinner when, after ordering the best meal obtainable, one is forced to draw from one's pocket minute scraps of paper which are scrupulously perused by the waiter, as though one were a convict. All the flourish, the fine gesture, vanishes. But this was a small annoyance compared to the genuine privations of the poor. There are few more depressing sights than a food queue. It is not inspiring to be one of several hundreds of women standing on a cold, drizzly day in a sordid London street, waiting for hours, coupon in hand, for one's four ounces of margarine, especially when one may have been up — or rather down — all the night before sheltering from an air raid.

Those air raids got to be 'a little too much of a good thing' after some time — they had to be taken into account in one's entertainments in the same way as the weather. Sometimes for several nights running London would be kept awake from soon after dinner till the small hours of the morning, listening to the alternate crashes of the guns and the sharp crack of the anti-aircraft, waking up to find shrapnel in its bath and its favorite cigarette shop in Piccadilly blown to pieces. However, the morale of the people was magnificent. I remember going to a theater in London one night, trusting that there would not be an air raid till I had heard a

certain song. The first act went off very happily, but just as the orchestra was tuning up for the second we heard outside the theater the distant booming of the guns. People eyed one another suspiciously from over their programs, wondering if it would be quite good taste to go. Apparently it was decided that it would n't, because every one stayed in spite of the fact that only a thin roof stood between the audience and eternity. The curtain went up and the leading lady came on and said, with a nervous little smile, that if the audience were willing to carry on, she was. They were, and when the crashes without absolutely drowned her voice we all rose and sang the chorus over and over again till it got quieter outside.

Throughout this war the Germans have been, if not fools, at any rate, asses. They thought that by bestiality of this sort they could quell the heart of a great people; they chose this way of trying to win the war when so many others were open to them. There are three distinct occasions on which any clear-sighted man must see that they threw their opportunities to the winds — August, 1914; April, 1915, and the early days of 1917. If Germany, instead of detaching, as she did, a considerable portion of her army to stem the flow of Russians into East Prussia, had struck with her whole deadly force at the line of the Allies staggering from Switzerland to the sea, there could have been little hope for Paris. At many times during that retreat there were gaps in the British and French lines, gaps which a more fully reinforced German army could hardly have failed to penetrate. It is now definitely known that more than once during the first few weeks the British and French armies were separated by a distance of over a mile. There was nothing between von Kluck and Paris. By some marvel that gap was not penetrated: thousands of Germans were hurried across to East Prussia, the line was strengthened and Paris was saved in the battle — the miracle — of the Marne.

But if they lost their opportunities in August, 1914, how much more did they lose them in April, 1915! In that month the Germans attacked on a front of about a mile with poison gas, the attack being delivered against the Canadians, and every man who came in contact with that gas lost his life. Now only suppose that in every fire-bay along their front line the Germans had installed a cylinder of chlorine, that they had waited till the wind was favorable, and had then let it off in a cloud of deadly yellow-gray over the parapets. The sober result of that would have been that every man in the British and French armies, being absolutely unprotected, would have been dead within an hour. Perhaps this was a crime too great even for Germany to contemplate; perhaps, as seems more likely, the Germans did not realize the force of the weapon which they possessed. In any case, the use of gas developed with sufficient lack of rapidity to enable us to get protection. At first men knocked the bottom out of a bottle filled it with damp earth, and breathed through that; then they employed such devices as damp socks, which they placed over their mouths, pieces of gauze soaked in washing soda, goggles and nose clips to protect against tear and sneezing gas, and finally a definite helmet was introduced, of gray flannel soaked in phenolhexamine, and this was gradually improved till perfect protection was obtained. In this way not only were the armies of the Allies saved from destruction, but a positive advantage was gained, for the Germans had overlooked the fact that for two-thirds of the year the wind blows across Europe into their own disagreeable faces.

But it was by forcing America into the war that they made their third and greatest mistake.

And 'forcing' is the only word that can be used. America was left with no alternative. Even Bernstorff, as he left the country, smiled in his cynical way and said that he did not blame America for entering the war. But the people of England, although they knew that great things were being done over here, could not realize the enormous extent of America's preparations unless they had actually seen them, as I did, with their own eyes. After two years' service in the British army, I came out to America as Secretary to the head of the British University Mission, and, driving down Fifth Avenue on October 10, I saw at once that here was an atmosphere that was pregnant with the scent of victory itself. It was the same all over America; it was a revelation.

America at war, the nation that some of us in our superficial way had regarded as a nation of materialists, showed herself as a nation that would not only live but die for an ideal. Everywhere plowshares were being beaten into swords; the enormous manufacture of aircraft, the city that had sprung up in a night at Hog Island, the armed camps that one met on every hand — all showed her determination; but what perhaps impressed me most were the thousands of vigorous young men that were training to take their part in the struggle. I had seen in my own battalion, in the summer of 1917, men with one eye, men with one arm, epileptics, men spitting blood, in the last stages of consumption, men who could not tell you their own names, imbeciles, dragged into the army and in some cases sent out to the front line. It was not callousness or carelessness on the part of the British medical authorities; it was sheer necessity. There was no one else left, and, for all we know, those poor maimed, half-witted creatures may have saved the world. But imagine what it was, coming from such a spectacle, to see filing past in their thousands the glorious young manhood of the United States, and hearing in 'Over There' the same will to victory that first echoed four years ago as the first thousands of Kitchener's Army sang 'Tipperary' as they marched through the rain down the gray, crowded streets of London. It seemed to bring a new hope, a new spirit; but again it was not new, it was the old spirit that had shone out in the retreat from Mons and had flamed like a beacon to the world in the battle of the Marne.

It had taken a long time to bring about, but once in the war, there was an end to all delay for America. The other day, in a library at Harvard, I was reading a dusty old folio of *King Henry IV*, and came across this passage:

> ...ver such a power
> ...or any preparation
> Was levied in the body of a land,
> For when you should be told "They do prepare,"
> The tidings come that they are all arrived.'

And arrived they are, for not only the cry *'Weltmacht oder Niedergang,'* World Power or Downfall, but the future of the world, was settled once and for all when on the fields of France the Star-Spangled Banner flew to victory side by side with the standards of St. Denis and St. George.

XV

THE WAR'S INFLUENCE ON NAVAL DESIGN

[*Scientific American*, February 8, 1919. By permission.]

It is too early as yet to predict what effect the experience gained during the war will have in modifying future naval designs in a broad way. Whether it will produce radical changes in our ideas of the relative values of the various types of fighting ship, it is too early to say positively, but the present indications are that a fighting fleet will consist, for many years to come, of battleships, battle-cruisers, well-armed scout cruisers, and destroyers.

Coming down to details, it is not our purpose to go elaborately into the matter just now, but rather to point out some of the lessons which apply more particularly to first-line fighting ships — that is, the dreadnought battleships and battle-cruisers.

The great increase in the length of capital ships due to the rapid development of the battle-cruiser, brings to the front the problem of stiffness and longitudinal strength. During the war the British had battle-cruisers in action and on patrol work, that were over 800 feet in length. The experience gained suggests that special attention must be paid to the matter of the girder strength, or the resistance to bending stresses of these great ships. The problem is rendered more difficult by the natural desire of the line officers who fight the ship, to have their vessel present as small a target as possible to the enemy, especially in respect to its height above the water-line. It was a matter of remark among the officers of our own fleet that when the surrendered German battleships and battle-cruisers came in sight, and particularly when they came abeam, they gave an impression of sitting very low in the water. The battle-cruisers *Renown* and *Repulse* give the same

impression. This low freeboard and absence of lofty super-structures is all to the good in rendering it difficult for the enemy to score hits; but from a structural standpoint, it is all to the bad; for if we lengthen the ship without making a corresponding increase in her depth, we lose in girder depth and consequently lose enormously in girder strength — lose in fact as the square of the depth.

Closely associated with this is the tendency of late years among naval designers to flare their ships out above the water line at the bow, with a view to throwing the broken water away from the ship and preventing the blurring of the periscopes and gun-sight telescopes. In moderate seas no harmful effect is felt from these flared bows, but when these high-speed ships are driven hard into a heavy sea, the sudden increased displacement in the forward sections brings a sudden increase in the bending moments on the ship that is almost dynamic in its effect.

These conditions may be met partly by abolishing the flaring bows, thereby softening, as it were, the lifting of a wave, and by doubling up the plating and decks of the molded structure for a considerable distance amidships. Another method would be to carry the hull proper, one deck higher amidships.

Probably there is no more difficult task set before the naval architect than that of designing such huge vessels as our new battle-cruisers, 875 feet in length over all and of 35 knots speed. Their draft is subject to rigid limitations, their freeboard must be kept reasonably low. Consequently, compared with a trans-Atlantic liner like the *Aquitania* or the *Leviathan*, they are very shallow for their great length. Furthermore, unlike the commercial ship, their enormous loads, due to the guns of 15- or 16-inch caliber with their immensely heavy barbettes, turrets, and magazines, are concentrated at certain specified points along the ship. To this is added the enormous weight of engines and boilers sufficient to give them their 180,000 or more horsepower.

The effect of this heavy concentration of weight and of the stresses due to the recoil of heavy guns, was shown in the case of the 35-knot ships of the *Furious* class, built during the war by the British. These vessels, of great length and comparatively shoal draft, were unable to stand the recoil of the two 18-inch guns, one forward and one aft, which were tried experimentally in the first ship of the class. The racking effect of the hull structure was such, we understand, that they were removed and 15-inch guns were substituted.

Another lesson of the war is the supreme importance of protecting the vitals of the ship against big-gun, high-explosive shell fire. It took the actual test of battle to show how searching is the flash of a bursting high-explosive shell of large caliber. The flaming gases of the explosion white hot and under enormous pressure search out the interior of the ship for unexpected distances. This was observed and commented upon by survivors from the *Blucher* which was sunk in the battle of Dogger's Bank early in the war. In the case of three British battle-cruisers at Jutland, the flash of 11- and 12-inch shells that came through the roofs or walls of the turrets, as the case might be, found its way down to the powder in the handling rooms in the bottom of the ship and set off the whole magazine. This happened in spite of the fact that the hoists to the guns were provided with cut-offs in the form of steel doors. Future construction will take note of this.

Necessarily these battle-cruisers are lightly armored compared with battleships. The protective value of armor was shown by way of contrast in the case of a battleship of the *Queen Elizabeth* class, which came under the fire of half-a-dozen German battleships. Although the ship was struck over 30 times by big shells delivered at moderate ranges, she came through without vital injury.

XVI

TRADITION

JOSEPH CONRAD

[*Daily Mail*, London, Eng., March 8, 1918. By permission.]

Work is the law. Like iron that lying idle about degenerates into a mass of useless rust, like water that in an unruffled pool sickens into a stagnant and corrupt state, so without action the spirit of men

turns to a dead thing, loses its force, ceases to inspire us to leave some trace of ourselves on this earth. The sense of the above lines does not belong to me. It may be found in the note-books of one of the greatest artists that ever lived, Leonardo da Vinci. It has a simplicity and a truth which no amount of subtle comment can destroy.

The Master who had meditated so deeply on the rebirth of arts and sciences, on the inward beauty of all things — ships' lines, women's faces — and on the visible aspects of nature was profoundly right in his pronouncement on the work that is done on the Earth. From the hard work of men are born the sympathetic consciousness of a common destiny, the fidelity to right practice which makes great craftsmen, that sense of right conduct which we may call honor, the devotion to our calling and the idealism which is not a misty, winged angel without eyes, but a divine figure of terrestrial aspect with a clear glance and with its feet resting firmly on the earth on which it was born.

And work will overcome all evil, except ignorance which is the condition of humanity and, like the ambient air, fills the space between the various sorts and conditions of men, which breeds hatred, fear, and contempt between the masses of mankind and puts on men's lips, on their innocent lips, words that are thoughtless and vain.

Thoughtless, for instance, were the words that (in all innocence, I believe) came on the lips of a prominent statesman making in the House of Commons an eulogistic reference to the British Merchant Service. In this name I include men of diverse status and origin, who live on and by the sea, by it exclusively, outside all professional pretensions and social formulas, men for whom not only their daily bread but their collective character, their personal achievement, and their individual merit come from the sea. Those words of the statesman were meant kindly; but, after all, this is not a complete excuse. Rightly or wrongly, we expect from a man of national importance a larger, at the same time a more scrupulous precision of speech, for it is possible that it may go echoing down the ages. His words were:—

'It is right when thinking of the Navy not to forget the men of the Merchant Service, who have shown — and it is more surprising because they have had no traditions towards it — courage as great, etc., etc.'

And then he went on talking of the execution of Captain Fryatt, an event of undying memory, but less connected with the permanent, unchangeable conditions of sea service than with the wrong view German minds delight in taking of Englishmen's psychology. The enemy, he said, meant by this atrocity to frighten our sailors away from the sea.

'What has happened?' he goes on to ask. 'Never at any time in peace have sailors stayed so short a time ashore or shown such a readiness to step again into a ship.'

Which means, in other words, that they answered to the call. I should like to know at what time of history the English Merchant Service, the great body of merchant seamen, had failed to answer the call. Noticed or unnoticed, ignored or commended, they have answered invariably the call to do their work, the very conditions of which made them what they are. They have always served the nation's needs through their own invariable fidelity to the demands of their special life; but with the development and complexity of material civilization they grew less prominent to the nation's eye among all the vast schemes of national industry. Never was the need greater and the call to the service more urgent than today. And those inconspicuous workers on whose qualities depends so much of the national welfare have answered it without dismay, facing risk without glory, in the perfect faithfulness to that tradition which the speech of the statesman denies to them at the very moment when he thinks fit to raise their courage . . . and mention his surprise!

The hour of opportunity has struck — not for the first time — for the Merchant Service; and if I associate myself with all my heart in the admiration and the praise which is the greatest reward of brave men I must be excused from joining in any sentiment of surprise. It is perhaps because I have not been born to the inheritance of that tradition which has yet fashioned the fundamental part of my character in my young days that I am so consciously aware of it and venture to vindicate its existence in this outspoken manner,

Merchant seamen have always been what they are now, from their earliest days, and before the Royal Navy had been fashioned out of the material they furnished for the hands of kings and statesmen. Their work has made them, as work undertaken with single-minded devotion makes men, giving to their achievement that vitality and continuity in which their souls are expressed, tempered and measured through the succeeding generations. In its simplest definition the work of merchant seamen has been to take ships entrusted to their care from port to port across the seas; and, from the highest to the lowest, to watch and labor with devotion for the safety of the property and the lives committed to their skill and fortitude through the hazards of innumerable voyages.

That was always the clear task, the single aim, the simple ideal, the only problem for an unselfish solution. The terms of it have changed with the years, its risks have worn different aspects from time to time. There are no longer any unexplored seas. Human ingenuity has devised better means to meet the dangers of natural forces. But it is always the same problem. The youngsters who were growing up at the sea at the end of my service are commanding ships now. At least I have heard of some of them who do. And whatever the shape and power of their ships the character of the duty remains the same. A mine or a torpedo that strikes your ship is not so very different from a sharp, uncharted rock tearing her life out of her in another way. At a greater cost of vital energy, under the well-nigh intolerable stress of vigilance and resolution, they are doing steadily the work of their professional forefathers in the midst of multiplied dangers. They go to and fro across the oceans on their everlasting task; the same men, the same stout hearts, the same fidelity to an exacting tradition created by simple toilers who in their time knew how to live and die at sea.

Allowed to share in this work and in this tradition for something like twenty years, I am bold enough to think that perhaps I am not altogether unworthy to speak of it. It was the sphere not only of my activity but, I may safely say, also of my affections; but after such a close connection it is very difficult to avoid bringing in one's own personality. Without looking at all at the aspects of the Labor problem, I can safely affirm that I have never, never seen British seamen refuse any risk, any exertion, any effort of spirit or body up to the extremest demands of their calling. Years ago — it seems ages ago — I have seen the crew of a British ship fight the fire in the cargo for a whole sleepless week and then, with her decks blown up, I have seen them, still continue the fight to save the floating shell. And at last I have seen them refuse to be taken off by a vessel standing by, and this only in order 'to see the last of our ship,' at the word, at the simple word, of a man who commanded them, a worthy soul, indeed, but of no heroic aspect. I have seen that. I have shared their days in small boats. Hard days. Ages ago. And now let me mention a story of today.

I will try to relate it here mainly in the words of the chief engineer of a certain steamship which, after bunkering, left Lerwick bound for Iceland. The weather was cold, the sea pretty rough, with a stiff head wind. All went well till next day about 1.30 P. M., the captain sighted a suspicious object far away to starboard. Speed was increased at once to close in with the Faroes and good look-outs were set fore and aft. Nothing further was seen of the suspicious object, but about half-past three without any warning the ship was struck amidships by a torpedo which exploded in the bunkers. None of the crew was injured by the explosion, and all hands, without exception, behaved admirably.

The chief officer with his watch managed to lower the No. 3 boat. Two other boats had been shattered by the explosion, and though another lifeboat was cleared and ready, there was no time to lower it, and 'some of us jumped while others were washed overboard. Meantime the captain had been busy handing lifebelts to the men and cheering them up with words and smiles, with no thought of his own safety.' The ship went down in less than four minutes. The captain was the last man on board going down with her, and was sucked under. On coming up he was caught under an upturned boat to which five hands were clinging. 'One lifeboat,' says the chief engineer, 'which was floating empty in the distance was cleverly maneuvered to our assistance by the stew-

ard, who swam off to her pluckily. Our next endeavor was to release the captain, who was entangled under the boat. As it was impossible to right her, we set to to split her side open with the boat hook, because by awful bad luck the head of the ax we had flew off at the first blow and was lost. The work took thirty minutes, and the extricated captain was in a pitiable condition, being badly bruised and having swallowed a lot of salt water. He was unconscious. While at that work the submarine came to the surface quite close and made a complete circle round us, the seven men which we counted on the conning tower laughing at our efforts.

'There were eighteen of us saved. I deeply regret the loss of the chief officer, a fine fellow and a kind shipmate showing splendid promise. The other men lost — one A.B., one greaser, and two firemen — were quiet, conscientious, good fellows.'

With no restoratives in the boat, they endeavored to bring the captain round by means of massage. Meantime the oars were got out in order to reach the Faroes, which were about 30 miles dead to windward, but after about nine hours' hard work they had to desist, and, putting out the sea-anchor, they took shelter under the canvas boat-cover from the cold wind and torrential rain. Says the narrator: 'We were all very wet and miserable, and decided to have two biscuits all round. The effects of this and being under the shelter of the canvas warmed us up and made us feel pretty well contented. At about sunrise the captain showed signs of recovery, and by the time the sun was up he was looking a lot better, much to our relief.'

After being informed of what had been done the revived captain 'dropped a bombshell in our midst' by proposing to make for the Shetlands, which were *only* 150 miles off. 'The wind is in our favor,' he said. 'I will take you there. Are you all willing?' This — comments the chief engineer — 'from a man who but a few hours previously had been hauled back from the grave!' The captain's confident manner inspired them, and they all agreed. Under the best possible conditions a boat-run of 150 miles in the North Atlantic and in winter weather would have been a feat of no mean merit, but in the circumstances it required a man of uncommon nerve and skill to make such a proposal. With an oar for a mast and the boat-cover cut down for a sail they started on their dangerous journey, with the boat compass and the stars for their guide. The captain's undaunted serenity buoyed them all up against despondency. He told them what point he was making for. It was Ronas Hill — 'and we struck it as straight as a die.'

The chief engineer commends also the ship steward for the manner in which he made the little food they had last, the cheery spirit he manifested, and the great help he was to the captain by keeping the men in good humor. That trusty man had 'his hands cruelly chafed with the rowing, but it never damped his spirits.'

They made Ronas Hill (as straight as a die), and the chief engineer cannot express the feeling of gratitude and relief they all experienced when they set their feet on the shore. He praises the unbounded kindness of the people in Hillswick. 'It seemed to us all like *Paradise Regained*,' he says, concluding his letter with the words:

'And there was our captain, just his usual self, as if nothing had happened, as if bringing the boat that hazardous journey and being the means of saving eighteen souls was to him an everyday occurrence.'

Such is the chief engineer's testimony to the continuity of the old tradition of the sea, which made by the work of men has in its turn created for them their simple ideal of conduct.

XVII

MATERIALISM AND IDEALISM IN AMERICA

GEORGE SANTAYANA

[*Landmark*, London, Eng., January, 1919. By permission.]

The language and traditions common to England and America are like other family bonds; they draw kindred together at the greater crises of life, but they also occasion at times a little friction and fault-finding. The groundwork of the two Societies is so similar, that each nation, feeling almost at home with the other, may instinctively resent what hinders it

from feeling at home altogether. Differences will tend to seem anomalies that have slipped in by mistake and through somebody's fault. Each will judge the other by his own standards, not feeling, as in the presence of complete foreigners, that he must make an effort of imagination and put himself in another man's shoes.

In matters of morals, manners and art the danger of comparisons is not merely that they may prove invidious, by ranging qualities in an order of merit which might wound somebody's vanity; the danger is rather that comparisons may distort comprehension, because good qualities all differ in kind, and free lives differ in spirit. Comparison is the expedient of those who cannot reach the heart of the things compared; and no philosophy is more external and egotistical than that which places the essence of a thing in its relation to something else. In truth, at the center of every natural being there is something individual and incommensurable, a seed with its native impulses and aspirations, shaping themselves as best they can in their given environment. Variation is a consequence of freedom, and the slight but radical diversity of souls is what makes freedom precious.

Instead of instituting, then, any express comparisons, I would invite you, in so far as such a thing is possible for you or for me, to transport yourselves with me into the inner life of the American, to feel and enact his character dramatically, and to see how it dictates to him his judgment on himself and on all things, as they appear from his new and unobstructed station.

I speak of the American in the singular, as if there were not millions of them, north and south, east and west, of both sexes, of all ages, and of various races, professions and religions. Of course the one American I speak of is mythical; but to speak in parables is inevitable in such a subject, and it is perhaps as well to do so frankly. There is a sort of poetic ineptitude in all human discourse when it tries to deal with natural and existing things. Practical men may not notice it, but in fact human discourse is intrinsically addressed not to natural existing things but to ideal essences, poetic or logical terms which thought may define and play with. When fortune or necessity diverts our attention from this congenial ideal sport to crude facts and pressing issues, we turn our frail poetic ideas into symbols for those terrible irruptive things. In that paper money of our own stamping, the legal tender of the mind, we are obliged to reckon all the movements and values of the world.

The universal American I speak of is one of these symbols; and I should be still speaking in symbols and creating moral units and a false simplicity, if I spoke of classes pedantically sub-divided, or individuals ideally integrated and defined. As it happens, the symbolic American can be made largely adequate to the facts; because, if there are immense differences between individual Americans — for some Americans are black — yet there is a great uniformity in their environment, customs, temper, and thoughts. They have all been uprooted from their several soils and ancestries and plunged together into one vortex, whirling irresistibly in a space otherwise quite empty. To be an American is of itself almost a moral condition, an education, and a career. Hence a single ideal figment can cover a large part of what each American is in his character, and almost the whole of what most Americans are in their social outlook and political judgments.

The discovery of the new world exercised a sort of selection among the inhabitants of Europe. All the colonists, except the negroes, were voluntary exiles. The fortunate, the deeply-rooted, and the lazy remained at home; the wilder instincts or dissatisfaction of others tempted them beyond the horizon. The American is accordingly the most adventurous, or the descendant of the most adventurous, of Europeans. It is in his blood to be socially a radical, though perhaps not intellectually. What has existed in the past, especially in the remote past, seems to him not only not authoritative, but irrelevant, inferior and outworn. He finds it rather a sorry waste of time to think about the past at all. But his enthusiasm for the future is profound; he can conceive of no more decisive way of recommending an opinion or a practice than to say that it is what everybody is coming to adopt. This expectation of what he approves or approval of what he expects makes up his optimism. It is the necessary faith of the pioneer.

Such a temperament is of course not maintained in the nation merely by inheritance. Inheritance notoriously tends to restore the average of a race and plays incidentally many a trick of atavism. What maintains the temperament and makes it national is social contagion or pressure — something immensely strong in democracies. The luckless American who happens to be born a conservative, or who is drawn to poetic subtlety, pious retreats, or gay passions, nevertheless has the categorical excellence of work, growth, enterprise, reform, and prosperity dinned into his ears; every door is open in this direction and shut in the other; so that he either folds up his heart and withers in a corner — in remote places you sometimes find such a solitary gaunt idealist — or else he flies to Oxford or Florence or Montmartre to save his soul — or perhaps not to save it.

The optimism of the pioneer is not limited to his view of himself and his own future; it starts from that; but feeling assured, safe, and cheery within, he looks with smiling and most kindly eyes on everything and everybody about him. Individualism, roughness, and self-trust are supposed to go with selfishness and a cold heart, but I suspect that is a prejudice. It is rather dependence, insecurity, and mutual jostling, that poison our placid gregarious brotherhood; and fanciful passionate demands upon people's affections, when they are disappointed, as they soon must be, breed ill-will and a final meanness. The milk of human kindness is less apt to turn sour if the vessel that holds it stands steady, cool and separate, and is not too often uncorked. In his affections the American is seldom passionate, often deep, and always kindly. If it were given me to look into the depths of a man's heart, and I did not find goodwill at the bottom, I should say without any hesitation: you are not an American. But as the American is an individualist his goodwill is not officious. His instinct is to think well of everybody, and to wish everybody well, but in a spirit of rough comradeship, expecting every man to stand on his own legs and to be helpful in his turn. When he has given his neighbor a chance he thinks he has done enough for him; but he feels it is an absolute duty to do that. It will take some hammering to drive a coddling socialism into America.

As self-trust may pass into self-sufficiency, so optimism, kindness and goodwill may grow into a general habit of doting on everything. To the good American many subjects are sacred; sex is sacred, women are sacred, children are sacred, business is sacred, America is sacred, Masonic lodges and college clubs are sacred. This feeling grows out of the good opinion he wishes to have of these things, and serves to maintain it. If he did not regard all these things as sacred he might come to doubt sometimes if they were wholly good. Of this kind too is the idealism of single ladies in reduced circumstances who can see the soul of beauty in ugly things, and are perfectly happy because their old dog has such pathetic eyes, their minister is so eloquent, their garden with its three sun-flowers is so pleasant, their dead friends were so devoted, and their distant relations are so rich.

Consid.. now the great emptiness of America, not merely the primitive physical emptiness, surviving in some regions, and the continental spacing of the chief natural features, but also the moral emptiness of a settlement where men and even houses are easily moved about and no one, almost, lives where he was born or believes what he has been taught. Not that the American has jettisoned these impedimenta in anger; they have simply slipped from him as he moves. Great empty spaces bring a sort of freedom to both soul and body. You may pitch your tent where you will; or if ever you decide to build anything, it can be in a style of your own devising. You have room, fresh materials, few models, and no critics. You trust your own experience, not only because you must, but because you find you may do so safely and prosperously; the forces that determine fortune are not yet too complicated for one man to explore. Your detachable condition makes you lavish with money and cheerfully experimental; you lose little if you lose all, since you remain completely yourself. At the same time your absolute initiative gives you practice in coping with novel situations, and in being original; it teaches you shrewd management. Your life and mind will become dry and direct, with few decorative flourishes. In your works everything will be stark and pragmatic; you will not understand why any-

body should make those little sacrifices to instinct or custom which we call grace. The fine arts will seem to you academic luxuries, fit to amuse the ladies, like Greek and Sanskrit; for while you will perfectly appreciate generosity in men's purposes, you will not admit that the execution of these purposes can be anything but business. Unfortunately the essence of the fine arts is that the execution should be generous too, and delightful in itself; therefore the fine arts will suffer, not so much in their express professional pursuit — for then they become practical tasks and a kind of business — as in that diffused charm which qualifies all human action when men are artists by nature. Elaboration, which is something to accomplish, will be preferred to simplicity, which is something to rest in; manners will suffer somewhat; speech will suffer horribly. For the American the urgency of his novel attack upon matter, his zeal in gathering its fruits, precludes meanderings in primrose paths; means must be economical, and symbols must be mere symbols. If his wife wants luxuries, of course she may have them, and if he has vices, that can be provided for him too; but they must all be set down under those headings in his books.

At the same time the American is imaginative; for where life is intense, imagination is intense also. Were he not imaginative he would not live so much in the future. But his imagination is practical and the future it forecasts is immediate; it works with the clearest and least ambiguous terms known to his experience, in terms of number, measure, contrivance, economy, and speed. He is an idealist working on matter. Understanding as he does the material potentialities of things, he is successful in invention, conservative in reform, and quick in emergencies. All his life he jumps into the train after it has started and jumps out before it has stopped and he never once gets left behind or breaks a leg. There is an enthusiasm in his sympathetic handling of material forces which goes far to cancel the illiberal character which it might otherwise assume. The good workman hardly distinguishes his artistic intention from the potency in himself and in things which are about to realize that intention. Accordingly his ideals fall into the form of premonition and prophecies; and his studious prophecies often come true. So do the happy workmanlike ideals of the American. When a poor boy, perhaps he dreams of an education, and presently he gets an education, or at least a degree: he dreams of growing rich, and he grows rich — only more slowly and modestly, perhaps, than he expected; he dreams of marrying his Rebecca, and even if he marries a Leah instead, he ultimately finds in Leah his Rebecca after all. He dreams of helping to carry on and to accelerate the movement of a vast, seething, progressive society, and he actually does so. Ideals clinging so close to nature are almost sure of fulfilment. The American beams with a certain self-confidence and sense of mastery; he feels that God and nature are working with him.

In America there is a tacit optimistic assumption about existence, to the effect that the more existence the better. The soul-less critic might urge that quantity is but a physical category, implying no excellence, but at best an abundance of opportunities both for good and for evil. But the young soul, being curious and hungry, views existence *a priori* under the form of the good: its instinct to live implies a faith that most things it can become or see or do will be worth while. Respect for quantity is accordingly something more than the childish joy and wonder at bigness: it is the fisherman's joy in a big haul, the good uses of which he can take for granted. Such optimism is amiable. Nature cannot afford that we should begin by being too calculating or wise, and she encourages us by the pleasure she attaches to our functions in advance of their fruits, and often in excess of them; as the angler enjoys catching his fish more than eating it, and often waiting patiently for the fish to bite misses his own supper. The pioneer must devote himself to preparations; he must work for the future, and it is healthy and dutiful of him to love his work for its own sake. At the same time unless reference to an ultimate purpose is at least virtual in all his activities, he runs the danger of becoming a living automaton, vain and ignominious in its mechanical constancy. Idealism about work can hide an intense materialism about life. Man, if he is a rational being, cannot live by bread alone nor be a laborer merely: he must eat and work in view of an ideal harmony which

overarches all his days, and which is realized in the way they hang together or in some ideal issue which they have in common. Otherwise, though his technical philosophy may call itself idealism, he is a materialist in morals: he esteems things, and esteems himself, for mechanical uses and energies. Even sensualists, artists, and pleasure-lovers are wiser than that, for though their idealism may be desultory or corrupt, they attain something ideal, and prize things only for their living effects, moral though perhaps fugitive. Sensation, as I have already suggested, when we do not take it as a signal for action, but arrest and peruse what it positively brings before us, reveals something ideal — a color, shape, or sound; and to dwell on these presences, with no thought of their material significance, is an esthetic or dreamful idealism. To pass from this idealism to the knowledge of matter is a great intellectual advance, and goes with dominion over the world; for in the practical arts the mind is adjusted to a larger object, with more depth and potentiality in it; which is what makes people feel that the material world is real, as they call it, and that the ideal world is not. Certainly the material world is real; for the philosophers who deny the existence of matter are like the critics who deny the existence of Homer: if there was never any Homer there must have been a lot of other poets no less Homeric than he; and if matter does not exist, a combination of other things exists which is just as material. But the intense reality of the material world would not prevent it from being a dreary waste in our eyes, or even an abyss of horror, if it brought forth no spiritual fruits. In fact it does bring forth spiritual fruits, for otherwise we should not be here to find fault with it, and to set up our ideals over against it. Nature is material, but not materialistic; it issues in life, and breeds all sorts of warm passions and idle beauties. And just as sympathy with the mechanical travail and turmoil of nature, apart from its spiritual fruits, is moral materialism, so the continual perception and love of these fruits is moral idealism — happiness in the presence of immaterial objects and harmonies, such as we envisage in affection, speculation, religion, and all the forms of the beautiful.

The circumstances of his life hitherto have necessarily driven the American into moral materialism: for in his dealings with material things he can hardly stop to enjoy their sensible aspects, which are ideal, nor proceed at once to their ultimate uses, which are ideal too. He is practical as against the poet, and worldly as against the clear philosopher or the saint. The most striking expression of this materialism is usually supposed to be his love of the almighty dollar; but that is a foreign and unintelligent view. The American talks about money, because that is the symbol and measure he has at hand for success, intelligence, and power; but as to money itself he makes, loses, spends, and gives it away with a very light heart. To my mind the most striking expression of his materialism is his singular preoccupation with quantity. If, for instance, you visit Niagara Falls, you may expect to hear how many cubic feet or metric tons of water are precipitated per second over the cataract; how many cities and towns (with the number of their inhabitants) derive light and motive power from it; and the annual value of the further industries that might very well be carried on by the same means, without visibly depleting the world's greatest wonder or injuring the tourist trade. That is what I confidently expected to hear on arriving at the adjoining town of Buffalo: but I was deceived. The first thing I heard instead was that there are more miles of asphalt pavement in Buffalo than in any city in the world.

Nor is this insistence on quantity confined to men of business. The President of Harvard College, seeing me once by chance soon after the beginning of a term, inquired how my classes were getting on; and when I replied that I thought they were getting on well, that my men seemed to be keen and intelligent, he stopped me as if I was about to waste his time: 'I meant,' said he, 'I meant *what is the number* of students in your classes.'

Here I think we may perceive that this love of quantity often has a silent partner, which is diffidence as to quality. The democratic conscience recoils before anything that savors of privilege; and lest it should concede an unmerited privilege to any pursuit or person, it reduces all things as far as possible to the common denominator of quantity. Numbers cannot lie; but if it came to comparing the ideal

beauties of philosophy with those of Anglo-Saxon, who should decide? All studies are good — why else have universities? — but those must be most encouraged which attract the greatest number of students. Hence the President's question. Democratic faith, in its diffidence about quality, throws the reins of education upon the pupil's neck, as Don Quixote threw the reins on the neck of Rosinante, and bids his divine instinct choose its own way.

The American has never yet had to face the trials of Job. Great crises, like the Civil War, he has known how to surmount victoriously; and when he has surmounted the present crisis victoriously also, it is possible that he may relapse, as he did in the other case, into an apparently complete absorption in material enterprise and prosperity. But if serious and irremediable tribulation ever overtook him, what would his attitude be? It is then that we should be able to discover whether materialism or idealism lies at the base of his character. Meantime his working mind is not without its holiday. He spreads humor pretty thick and even over the surface of conversation, and humor is one form of moral emancipation. He loves landscape, he loves mankind, and he loves knowledge; and in music at least he finds an art which he unfeignedly enjoys. In music and landscape, in humor and kindness, he touches the ideal more truly, perhaps, than in his ponderous academic idealisms and busy religions — for it is astonishing how much even religion in America (can it possibly be so in England?) is a matter of meetings, building-funds, schools, charities, clubs, and picnics. To be poor in order to be simple, to produce less in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful and may leave us less burdened with unnecessary duties and useless possessions — that is an ideal not articulate in the American mind; yet here and there I seem to have heard a sigh after it, a groan at the perpetual incubus of business and shrill society. What does it profit a man to free the whole world, if his soul is not free? Moral freedom is not an artificial condition, because the ideal is the mother-tongue of both the heart and the senses. All that is requisite is that we should pause in living to enjoy life, and should lift up our hearts to things that are pure goods in themselves, so that once to have found and loved them, whatever else may betide, may be a happiness that nothing can sully. This natural idealism does not imply that we are immaterial but only that we are animate and truly alive. When the senses are sharp and joyous, as in the American, they are already half liberated; and when the heart is warm, like his, and eager to be just, its ideal destiny is hardly doubtful. Time and its own pulses will give it wings.

E. HUMOROUS AND OCCASIONAL ARTICLES

Humorous writing is much more the result of natural disposition and of point of view than of specific training and rule. The fact, however, that every newspaper devotes space ranging in extent from a corner to a column to writing that is occasional and humorous in character, and that there are numerous weekly periodicals devoted solely to this form of writing, is sufficient evidence of a popularity as widespread as it has been perennial. Some American writers of national repute, such as Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and O. Henry, began their literary careers with obscure newspaper contributions of a humorous character. The daily paper or the monthly magazine of the majority of American colleges affords the student who has any ability or desire for humorous writing abundant opportunity to try his hand and to develop his skill.

A rough distinction between Humor and Wit is perhaps desirable, though these two phases of the Comic may often be found together in the same piece of writing. Humor is largely a matter of point of view; it is an outlook on life largely determined by temperament. Wit is manifested by a fine facility for apt speech, by the unexpected, quick-turned and appropriate remark, by the sparkling, keen-cut saying. The former calls for broad emotional sympathy; the latter, for quick intellectual perception.

The writer-in-training will have to be on constant guard against an insidious temptation to cheapness, coarseness, and exaggeration. Crude vulgarity of conception and tiresome repetition of superficial mannerisms he will have continually to strive against. Genuine humor is not a literary trick, nor is it a matter that can be reduced to a formula or recipe. It implies freshness and sincerity in point of view, and should demand real and conscious literary skill in expression, so long as this effort does not deaden that spontaneity which is one of the greatest charms of humor.

For obvious reasons examples of the ubiquitous 'joke' or humorous paragraph and the interesting but disjointed 'column' are omitted from this section. The examples here included range from the somewhat lengthy treatment of a serious subject with a light and humorous touch, as in 'The Devil and the Deep Sea' or 'System versus Slippers,' to the comparatively brief paragraph about so trivial a subject as 'Hairpins' or 'The Improved Baby.' The occasional article, often humorous in character, is suggested, like the informal essay which in many respects it resembles, by some topic of passing interest, or by some sporadic idea capable of brief development. It is interesting, informal, light, and provocative of thought by suggestion rather than by explicit didactic method.

I

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

STEPHEN B. LEACOCK

[*University Magazine*, December, 1910. By permission of author and publisher.]

The Devil is passing out of fashion. After a long and honorable career he has fallen into an ungrateful oblivion. His existence has become shadowy, his outline attenuated, and his personality displeasing to a complacent generation. So he stands now leaning on the handle of his three-pronged oyster fork and looking into the ashes of his smothered fire. Theology will have none of him. Genial clergy of ample girth, stuffed with the buttered toast of a rectory tea, are preaching him out of existence. The fires of his material hell are replaced by the steam heat of moral torture. This even the most sensitive of sinners faces with equanimity. So the Devil's old dwelling is dismantled and stands by the roadside with a sign-board bearing the legend, 'Museum of Moral Torment, These Premises to Let.' In front of it, in place of the dancing imp of earlier ages, is a poor, make-believe thing, a jack-o'-lantern on a stick, with a

turnip head and candle eyes, labeled 'Demon of Moral Repentance, Guaranteed Worse than Actual Fire.' The poor thing grins in its very harmlessness.

Now that the Devil is passing away, an unappreciative generation fails to realize the high social function that he once performed. There he stood for ages a simple and workable basis of human morality; an admirable first-hand reason for being good, which needed no ulterior explanation. The rude peasant of the Middle Ages, the illiterate artisan of the shop, and the long-haired hind of the fields, had no need to speculate upon the problem of existence and the tangled skein of moral enquiry. The Devil took all that off their hands. He had either to 'be good' or else he 'got the fork,' just as in our time the unsuccessful comedian of amateur night in the vaudeville houses 'gets the hook.' Humanity, with the Devil to prod it from behind, moved steadily upwards on the path of moral development. Then having attained a certain elevation, it turned upon its tracks, denied that there had been any Devil, rubbed itself for a moment by way of investigation, said that there had been no prodding, and then fell to wandering about on the hilltops without any fixed idea of goal or direction.

In other words, with the disappearance of the Devil there still remains unsolved the problem of conduct, and behind it the riddle of the universe. How are we getting along without the Devil? How are we managing to be good without the fork? What is happening to our conception of goodness itself?

To begin with, let me disclaim any intention of writing of morality from the point of view of the technical, or professional, moral philosopher. Such a person would settle the whole question by a few references to pragmatism, transcendentalism, and esoteric synthesis — leaving his auditors angry but unable to retaliate. This attitude, I am happy to say, I am quite unable to adopt. I do not know what pragmatism is, and I do not care. I know the word transcendental only in connection with advertisements for 'gents' furnishings.' If Kant, or Schopenhauer, or Anheuser Busch have already settled these questions, I cannot help it.

In any case, it is my opinion that now-a-days we are overridden in the specialties, each in his own department of learning, with his tags, and label, and his pigeonhole category of proper names, precluding all discussion by ordinary people. No man may speak fittingly of the soul without spending at least six weeks in a theological college; morality is the province of the moral philosopher who is prepared to pelt the intruder back over the fence with a shower of German commentaries. Ignorance, in its wooden shoes, shuffles around the portico of the temple of learning, stumbling among the litter of terminology. The broad field of human wisdom has been cut into a multitude of little professorial rabbit warrens. In each of these a specialist burrows deep, scratching out a shower of terminology, head down in an unlovely attitude which places an interlocutor at a grotesque conversational disadvantage.

May I digress a minute to show what I mean by the inconvenience of modern learning? This happened at a summer broading house where I spent a portion of the season of rest, in company with a certain number of ordinary, ignorant people like myself. We got on well together. In the evenings on the veranda we talked of nature and of its beauties, of the stars and why they were so far away — we did n't know their names, thank God — and such like simple topics of conversation.

Sometimes under the influence of a double-shotted sentimentalism sprung from huckleberry pie and doughnuts, we even spoke of the larger issues of life, and exchanged opinions on immortality. We used no technical terms. We knew none. The talk was harmless and happy. Then there came among us a faded man in a coat that had been black before it turned green, who was a Ph.D. of Oberlin College. The first night he sat on the veranda, somebody said how beautiful the sunset was. Then the man from Oberlin spoke up and said: 'Yes, one could almost fancy it a pre-Raphaelite conception with the same chiaroscuro in the atmosphere.' There was a pause. That ended all nature study for almost an hour. Later in the evening, some one who had been reading a novel said in simple language that he was sick of having the hero always come out on top. 'Ah,' said the man from Oberlin, 'but does n't that precisely correspond with Nitch's idea' (he meant, I suppose, Nietzsche, but he pro-

nounced it to rime with 'bitch') 'of the dominance of man over fate?' Mr. Hezekiah Smith who kept the resort looked round admiringly and said, 'Ain't he a *terr?*' He certainly was. While the man from Oberlin stayed with us, elevating conversation was at an end, and a self-conscious ignorance hung upon the veranda like a fog.

However, let us get back to the Devil. Let us notice in the first place that because we have kicked out the Devil as an absurd and ridiculous superstition, unworthy of a scientific age, we have by no means eliminated the supernatural and the super-rational from the current thought of our time. I suppose there never was an age more riddled with superstition, more credulous, more drunkenly addicted to thaumaturgy than the present. The Devil in his palmiest days was nothing to it. In despite of our vaunted material commonsense, there is a perfect craving abroad for belief in something beyond the compass of the believable.

It shows itself in every age and class. Simpering Seventeen gets its fortune told on a weighing machine, and shudders with luxurious horror at the prospective villainy of the Dark Man who is to cross her life. Senile Seventy gravely sits on a wooden bench at a wonder-working meeting, waiting for a gentleman in a 'Tuxedo' jacket to call up the soul of Napoleon Bonaparte, and ask its opinion of Mr. Taft. Here you have a small tenement, let us say, on South Clark Street, Chicago. What is it? It is the home of Nadir the Nameless, the great Hindoo astrologer. Who are in the front room? Clients waiting for a revelation of the future. Where is Nadir? He is behind a heavily draped curtain, worked with Indian serpents. By the waiting clients Nadir is understood to be in consultation with the twin fates, Isis and Osiris. In reality Nadir is frying potatoes. Presently he will come out from behind the curtain and announce that Osiris has spoken (that is, the potatoes are now finished and on the back of the stove) and that he is prepared to reveal hidden treasure at forty cents a revelation. Marvelous, is it not, this Hindoo astrology business? And any one can be a Nadir the Nameless, who cares to stain his face blue with thimbleberry juice, wrap a red turban round his forehead, and cut the rate of revelation to thirty-five cents. Such is the credulity of the age which has repudiated the Devil as too difficult of belief.

We have, it is true, moved far away from the Devil; but are we after all so much better off? Or do we, in respect of the future, contain within ourselves the promise of better things? I suppose that most of us would have the general idea that there never was an age which displayed so high a standard of morality, or at least of ordinary human decency, as our own. We look back with a shudder to the blood-stained history of our ancestors; the fires of Smithfield with the poor martyr writhing about his post, frenzied and hysterical in the flames; the underground cell where the poor remnant of humanity turned its haggard face to the torch of the entering gaoler; the madhouse itself with its gibbering occupants converted into a show for the idle fools of London. We may well look back on it all and say that, at least, we are better than we were. The history of our little human race would make but sorry reading were not its every page imprinted with the fact that human ingenuity has invented no torment too great for human fortitude to bear.

In general decency — sympathy — we have undoubtedly progressed. Our courts of law have forgotten the use of the thumbkins and boot; we do not press a criminal under 'weights greater than he can bear' in order to induce him to plead; nor flog to ribbands the bleeding back of the malefactor dragged at the cart's tail through the thoroughfares of a crowded city. Our public, objectionable though it is, as it fights its way to its ball games, breathes peanuts and peppermint upon the offended atmosphere, and shrieks aloud its chronic and collective hysteria, is at all events better than the leering oafs of the Elizabethan century, who put hard-boiled eggs in their pockets and sat around upon the grass waiting for the 'burning' to begin.

But when we have admitted that we are better than we were as far as the *facts* of our moral conduct go, we may well ask as to the principles upon which our conduct is based. In past ages there was the authoritative moral code as a guide — thou shalt and thou shalt not — and behind it the pains, and the penalties, and the three-pronged oyster fork. Under that influence, humanity, or a large part of it, slowly and painfully acquired the moral

habit. At present it goes on, as far as its actions are concerned, with the momentum of the old beliefs.

But when we turn from the actions on the surface to the ideas underneath, we find in our time a strange confusion of beliefs out of which is presently to be made the New Morality. Let us look at some of the varied ideas manifested in the cross sections of the moral tendencies of our time.

Here we have first of all the creed and cult of self-development. It arrogates to itself the title of New Thought, but contains in reality nothing but the Old Selfishness. According to this particular outlook the goal of morality is found in fully developing one's self. Be large, says the votary of this creed, be high, be broad. He gives a shilling to a starving man, not that the man may be fed but that he himself may be a shilling-giver. He cultivates sympathy with the destitute for the sake of being sympathetic. The whole of his virtue and his creed of conduct runs to a cheap and easy egomania in which his blind passion for himself causes him to use external people and things as mere reactions upon his own personality. The immoral little toad swells itself to the bursting point in its desire to be a moral ox.

In its more ecstatic form, this creed expresses itself in a sort of general feeling of 'uplift,' or the desire for internal moral expansion. The votary is haunted by the idea of his own elevation. He wants to get into touch with nature, to swim in the Greater Being, 'to tune himself,' harmonize himself, and generally to perform on himself as on a sort of moral accordion. He gets himself somehow mixed up with natural objects, with the sadness of autumn, falls with the leaves and drips with the dew. Were it not for the complacent self-sufficiency which he induces, his refined morality might easily verge into simple idiocy. Yet, odd though it may seem, this creed of self-development struts about with its head high as one of the chief moral factors which have replaced the authoritative dogma of the older time.

The vague and hysterical desire to 'uplift' one's self merely for exaltation's sake is about as effective an engine of moral progress as the effort to lift one's self in the air by a terrific hitching up of the breeches.

The same creed has its physical side. It parades the Body, with a capital B, as also a thing that must be developed; and this, not for any ulterior thing that may be effected by it but presumably as an end in itself. The Monk or the Good Man of the older day despised the body as a thing that must learn to know its betters. He spiked it down with a hair shirt to teach it the virtue of submission. He was of course very wrong and very objectionable. But one doubts if he was much worse than his modern successor who joys consciously in the operation of his pores and his glands, and the correct rhythmical contraction of his abdominal muscles, as if he constituted simply a sort of superior sewerage system.

I once knew a man called Juggins who exemplified this point of view. He used to ride a bicycle every day to train his muscles and to clear his brain. He looked at all the scenery that he passed to develop his taste for scenery. He gave to the poor to develop his sympathy with poverty. He read the Bible regularly in order to cultivate the faculty of reading the Bible, and visited picture galleries with painful assiduity in order to give himself a feeling for art. He passed through life with a strained and haunted expression waiting for clarity of intellect, greatness of soul, and a passion for art to descend upon him like a flock of doves. He is now dead. He died presumably in order to cultivate the sense of being a corpse.

No doubt, in the general scheme or purpose of things the cult of self-development and the botheration about the Body may, through the actions which it induces, be working for a good end. It plays a part, no doubt, in whatever is to be the general evolution of morality.

And there, in that very word evolution, we are brought face to face with another of the wide-spread creeds of our day, which seek to replace the older. This one is not so much a guide to conduct as a theory, and a particularly cheap and easy one, of a general meaning and movement of morality. The person of this persuasion is willing to explain everything in terms of its having been once something else and being about to pass into something further still. Evolution, as the natural scientists know it, is a plain and straightforward matter, not so much a theory as a view of a succession of facts taken in organic relation. It assumes no purposes

whatever. It is not — if I may be allowed a professor's luxury of using a word which will not be understood — in any degree teleological.

The social philosopher who adopts the evolutionary theory of morals is generally one who is quite in the dark as to the true conception of evolution itself. He understands from Darwin, Huxley, and other great writers whom he has not read, that the animals have been fashioned into their present shape by a long process of twisting, contortion, and selection, at once laborious and deserving. The giraffe lengthened its neck by conscientious stretching; the frog webbed its feet by perpetual swimming; and the bird broke out in feathers by unremitting flying. 'Nature' by weeding out the short giraffe, the inadequate frog, and the top-heavy bird encouraged by selection the ones most 'fit to survive.' Hence the origin of species, the differentiation of organs — hence, in fact, everything.

Here, too, when the theory is taken over and mis-translated from pure science to the humanities, is found the explanation of all our social and moral growth. Each of our religious customs is like the giraffe's neck. A manifestation such as the growth of Christianity is regarded as if humanity broke out into a new social organism, in the same way as the ascending amœba breaks out into a stomach. With this view of human relations, nothing in the past is said to be either good or bad. Everything is a movement. Cannibalism is a sort of apprenticeship in meat-eating. The institution of slavery is seen as an evolutionary stage towards free citizenship, and 'Uncle Tom's' overseer is no longer a nigger-driver but a social force tending towards the survival of the Booker Washington type of negro.

With his brain saturated with the chloroform of this social dogma, the moral philosopher ceases to be able to condemn anything at all, measures all things with a centimeter scale of his little doctrine, and finds them all of the same length. Whereupon he presently desists from thought altogether, calls everything bad or good an evolution, and falls asleep with his hands folded upon his stomach murmuring 'survival of the fittest.'

Anybody who will look at the thing candidly, will see that the evolutionary explanation of morals is meaningless, and presupposes the existence of the very thing it ought to prove. It starts from a misconception of the biological doctrine. Biology has nothing to say as to what ought to survive and what ought not to survive, it merely speaks of what does survive. The burdock easily kills the violet, and the Canadian skunk lingers where the humming-bird has died. In biology the test of fitness to survive is the fact of survival itself — nothing else. To apply this doctrine to the moral field brings out grotesque results. The successful burglar ought to be presented by society with a nickle-plated 'jimmy,' and the starving cripple left to die in the ditch. Everything — any phase of movement or religion — which succeeds, is right. Anything which does not is wrong. Everything which is, is right; everything which was, is right; everything which will be, is right. All we have to do is to sit still and watch it come. This is moral evolution.

On such a basis, we might expect to find, as the general outcome of the new moral code now in the making, the simple worship of success. This is exactly what is happening. The morality which the Devil with his oyster fork was commissioned to inculcate was essentially altruistic. Things were to be done for other people. The new ideas, if you combine them in a sort of moral amalgam — to develop one's self, to evolve, to measure things by their success — weigh on the other side of the scale. So it comes about that the scale begins to turn and the new morality shows signs of exalting the old-fashioned Badness in place of the discredited Goodness. Hence we find saturating our contemporary literature the new worship of the Strong Man, the easy pardon of the Unscrupulous, the Apotheosis of the Jungle, and the Deification of the Detective. Force, brute force, is what we now turn to as the moral ideal, and Mastery and Success as the sole tests of excellence. The nation cuddles its multi-millionaires, cinematographs itself silly with the pictures of its prize fighters, and even casts an eye of slantwise admiration through the bars of its penitentiaries. Beside these things the simple Good Man of the older dispensation, with his worn alpaca coat and his obvious inefficiency, is nowhere.

Truly, if we go far enough with it, the Devil may come to his own again, and more than his own. not merely as Head

Stoker, but as what is called an End in Himself.

I knew a little man called Bliggs. He worked in a railroad office, a simple, dusty, little man, harmless at home and out of it till he read of Napoleon and heard of the thing called a Superman. Then somebody told him of Nitch, and he read as much Nitch as he could understand. The thing went to his head. Morals were no longer for him. He used to go home from the office and be a Superman by the hour, curse if his dinner was late, and strut the length of his little home with a silly irritation which he mistook for moral enfranchisement. Presently he took to being a Superman in business hours, and the railroad dismissed him. They know nothing of Nitch in such crude places. It has often seemed to me that Bliggs typified much of the present moral movement.

Our poor Devil then is gone. We cannot have him back for the whistling. For generations, as yet unlearned in social philosophy, he played a useful part — a dual part in a way, for it was his function to illustrate at once the pleasures and the penalties of life. Merriment in the scheme of things was his, and for those drawn too far in pleasure and merriment, retribution and the oyster fork.

I can see him before me now, his long, eager face and deep-set, brown eyes, pathetic with the failure of ages — carrying with him his pack of cards, his amber flask, and his little fiddle. Let but the door of the cottage stand open upon a winter night, and the Devil would blow in, offering his flask and fiddle, or rattling his box of dice.

So with his twin incentives of pain and pleasure he coaxed and prodded humanity on its path, till it reached the point where it repudiated him, called itself a Superman, and headed straight for the cliff over which is the deep sea. *Quo vadimus?*

II

SYSTEM VERSUS SLIPPERS

GEORGE BURWELL DUTTON

[*Unpopular Review*, April, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

'The doctrine of efficiency is a modern offshoot of the doctrine of total depravity,' drawled my neighbor.

I looked incredulous. I knew that was the way he wanted me to look. But I did n't have any difficulty in conforming to his desires.

'Ye-es,' he continued, 'it all goes back to the doctrine of total depravity. Man is born to sin, as — as the sparks fly upward,' he concluded triumphantly.

'Trouble, not sin, is, I think, the Biblical phrasing,' I interposed mildly.

'All amounts to the same thing. Man is born to trouble. Trouble is the result of sin. If there were no sin there would be no trouble. Ergo, man is born to sin, — and so forth.'

He stopped to puff at his pipe.

'But the doctrine of efficiency? — How —'

'I was coming to that. What does the doctrine of efficiency mean? Only this: Just naturally you do a thing the wrong way. You have to struggle, to discipline yourself, to overcome your natural tendencies, in order to do a thing the right way: that is, with the smallest expenditure of energy. You are naturally perverse, wasteful — which is, economically speaking, sinful. You are born in economic sin, and you live in economic sin, till 'long comes the doctrine of efficiency and teaches you system, and so plucks you, a brand from the burning. It corrects your wasteful ways, it teaches you how to conserve your energies, it makes you live an economically righteous life. The doctrine of efficiency is based upon an economic statement of the doctrine of total depravity. The theological doctrine says, all men are by nature sinners; the economic says, all men are by nature inefficient — that is, are economic sinners. Even sin is economic in this age. All men by nature do their tasks wastefully, unsystematically; but they may be saved by adopting the methods of efficiency. There: that 's modern theology for you.'

And he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went home.

I am not certain about my neighbor's view of the doctrine of efficiency. He may be right, and then again he may not. But this I do know, that the preachers of the doctrine of efficiency are many — and efficient. Plan and system are extended to all things. One cannot take up a magazine without being confronted by reproachful directions for increasing one's efficiency. *Busy-bodies' Magazine* tells

you of the tremendous waste of time involved in the present methods of peanut-roasting. *Dunce's Monthly* proclaims loudly the benefits to humanity that will infallibly result from adopting more efficient methods of operating a hurdy-gurdy. Diagrams and pictures stare at us from every page. We learn the waste of energy and the number of useless motions involved in the ordinary way of getting on a street-car. We find out how to carve a turkey with the fewest possible slashes. Now, all this may be desirable and necessary. We may be so 'rushed for time,' to use the expressive colloquialism, that every energy must be conserved. Nevertheless, I object; I am economically depraved.' I long for the looser ways of my forebears. System chafes me. It is unyielding. Like a dress shirt, it holds me clamped. I prefer a dressing-gown and slippers — blessed symbols of mild unrestraint. Perhaps I ought not to feel this way. Perhaps I ought not to object to learning the proper method of filling my fountain-pen — that is a task, the sooner over, the better. Perhaps, I ought not to object to learning the least exhausting way of buttoning my collar — though every right-minded man prizes the privilege of indignation at a recalcitrant button — and what button is recalcitrant once the appropriate system is mastered? But, be all this as it may, I do protest seriously against having to learn the most efficient way of filling my pipe!

I was not always of this mind. Like other misguided mortals of limited vision, I was disposed to welcome the new doctrines. I read with avidity the proper method of shoveling snow. I rejoiced at finding out just what and how few motions it was necessary to go through to connect a water-pipe. I was filled with indignation when I observed how wasteful of his energy was my plumber — and I paying for it! The prodigality of the man who carried in my coal filled me with despair.

Nay, more, I made some small effort to apply the doctrine of efficiency to my own pursuits. I am a humble teacher of English in a small New England college. I have many themes to correct. I had contented myself with taking up a pen and indicating errors and corrections with red ink — 'squirting the red ink,' my students vulgarly called it. But this was not systematic; it was not efficient; it was too natural. So I became self-conscious in my work. I studied it. I analyzed it. Soon I found that there were certain criticisms and directions that I wrote and rewrote many times daily. So I purchased rubber stamps. Then I found that I wasted much valuable time in laying hold of the right rubber stamp; so I purchased little hooks, and hung the rubber stamps in a row, and assigned a definite hook to each stamp, and memorized the positions of the stamps on the hooks, and looked upon my work, and thought it good. This involved the expenditure of much time and energy, but I was introducing system, I was becoming efficient.

Turning my attention to other details, I found that I wasted much time — often two minutes — in looking for papers. So I had the college carpenter construct a case of pigeon-holes and place it beside my desk. I devoted an afternoon to labeling the pigeon-holes and filing my papers. Then I spent fifteen minutes a day — by this time I had a clock in my little office and timed my every action — fifteen minutes a day in filing new letters and documents — sometimes it was only thirteen minutes, roughly speaking. But I did not begrudge this time, for it meant that I was taking another step toward efficiency.

What need to relate in detail all of the other measures that I took for the efficient administration of my duties? I installed files for all of the themes. I moved my books from my home into my little office, lining the walls with shelves — where they were not already lined with pigeon-holes. I had a swinging shelf constructed for my typewriter, and attached it to my desk. I bought a machine for sharpening pencils. I introduced the latest approved pattern of a card-index file. There was a place for everything, and everything in its place — though it took most of my time to put it there. But I was introducing efficiency into my work; system and order are the first laws of efficiency; and I spared no labor in putting them into effect.

Recently, however, a slave of efficiency visited me, and I have received a rude awakening. I have discovered that I am not really efficient.

My friend is a man with surprised hair and peering eyes. He has the appearance of seeing everything — and he does. He

came with me to my recitation room one morning, and looked around in seeming idleness while I was busy planning the seating list for the new term. Then he began to talk. His comments irritated me, I must admit. I am rather proud of my recitation room. Past worthies on the wall blink in the electric light, and scenes significant in literary history confront the wandering eyes of the restless present. However, my friend received no imaginative stimulus. He was blind to all that. But Spenser's ruff and Johnson's wig — these called forth his scorn. How could a man work, handicapped by such frills? I mildly pointed out that the gentlemen concerned did accomplish something of importance, but he ignored me. He went up to an old print of 'The Fortune Playhouse,' of which I am decidedly fond. In the foreground two men are loading a cart with kegs. Did my friend admire the ancient architecture of the building? Did he appreciate the quaint garb of the men? Did it all serve to make the past more intimate, to bring it a little nearer? Not at all. His indignation was aroused. The cart was parallel with the walk. Why was n't it backed up to the walk? Think of how much effort was wasted in rolling those kegs around in the street to the end of the cart! He could not see the theater for the cart!

I was somewhat impatient at his attitude. But after all, could he be blamed? He thought in terms of efficiency, because efficiency was his business. Others could admire quaintness, others could dream themselves into the past, but he was an apostle with a flaming mission: to see and to correct all waste of energy. And indeed I had that which he could appreciate. I ushered him into my little office. There it was, in immaculate order. The fresh April sunshine gleamed from the polished handles of the rows of rubber stamps. The pigeon-holes gaped, ready to devour their prey in orderly fashion. Variegated inks and pencils lay on the desk ready for use at a moment's notice. It all looked so business-like! To be sure, for a moment I recalled uneasily my neighbor's remark, 'You can't always tell from a cat's looks how far it will jump.' But this 'cat' did have such an impressive appearance. I felt sure it could jump far — and efficiently. Everything had an air of preparedness, like that of a fire-engine in an engine-house. I expanded in anticipation of praise.

My friend snorted. 'Huh! What old fossils you teachers are! You would n't last a day in an efficiency shop!' Then he showed me why. The row of stamps was not properly placed; I had to turn around to reach some of them. My theme files were so shallow that the projecting themes drooped and obscured the labels. My clock was behind me, and I had to crane my neck to see it. My desk was not in the best light. I was dumbfounded.

He continued relentlessly. My pigeon-holes were placed too high. They were indeed beside my desk, but I had to rise to reach them. That meant a loss, on an average, of two and three-fifths seconds. There were sixteen pigeon-holes. Perhaps I had to use each an average of three times in the course of a day's work. My friend is what he would term 'a handy man' with figures. He reckoned for a few moments.— That meant a loss of *one hundred and twenty-five seconds a day!*

'Think of it!' he cried. 'One hundred and twenty-five seconds! In less than one-tenth of the time you waste here a man could run a hundred yards, and —'

'But I don't want to run a hundred yards,' I interposed, somewhat resentfully, 'and if I did, *I* could n't run it in that time.'

'Never mind.' He brushed aside my objections, and continued his calculations. There are six days in a working week — I refuse to work Sundays, although some teachers have to — and thirty-six working weeks in a year — and how many years one might use in the reckoning, who can tell? Why, by properly placing those pigeon-holes, I might save enough time to take a trip to Europe, according to this efficiency agent.— Of course, I have n't money enough, and if I had, how to combine these scattered moments into a unified whole would offer another problem — but that is all beside the question. The moments were there, in potential emptiness. One does n't refuse a cup because one lacks the wine to fill it.

'Let me see you at work,' commanded he of the peering eyes. Meekly I sat down at my desk. Where were my themes? Oh, yes, they were up there on a shelf, across the room. Abjectly I arose. My friend looked at me reproachfully. I reached up for the themes. *Why*

had n't that shelf been placed lower? How many tenths of a second had I lost by that upward reach? I shivered, and clumsily knocked down a book. I had to stoop to pick it up. More time lost! I took up the themes again, savagely. The rubber band was old. It broke under the unwonted strain of my fervor. There was a flutter of white papers. Blunderingly I bent forward to gather them up. Why was n't the floor built higher? Stupid piece of inefficient planning.— Why was I so high above it? Why was n't I built more efficiently?

Red-faced and scant-breathed I arose and threw the themes on my desk. My friend had considerately turned his back; but even that was eloquent.

'Oh, hang the themes!' I burst out. 'And — and — let 's go for a walk!'

That episode was bad enough, but it was n't the worst. My friend stayed with me several days, and they were stirring days for me. Ostensibly he had come for a rest — nerves all frayed — wanted to vegetate for a while — thought he 'd come to a quiet place. Now our college community is quiet, in all conscience. They tell the story of one man who once cut some figure in the world of affairs, who was prevailed upon to accept a professorship and live among us, that he announced that he was going to 'give up active life and "retire" to teach at —— College.' I think that was a somewhat undeserved slur on our faculty. I know I have to work, and I know my colleagues do. We don't feel that we have retired from active life. Still, I must admit that there is n't quite the same tension prevalent in what a visiting President of the United States tritely termed 'these academic shades,' as there is, say, in the Stock Exchange, or in Congress at the culmination of a tariff debate. Consequently I had hoped that my friend would be soothed, and would relax and yield himself to passive enjoyment. He did n't have to correct themes. Why should n't he enjoy himself? But he could n't. That terrible doctrine of efficiency was with him all the time, and gave him — and us — no rest. System, system — the word was constantly on his lips — and, what was worse, in his heart.

He carried it into all his pleasures — and mine. I like to play cards. That is, I like to use a game of cards as an excuse for idle revery or gossip. I play a leisurely game, a comfortable sort of a game, a slouching, be-slippered, relaxing game, restful beyond words. If I happen to forget that my partner played a jack of clubs three tricks previous, and consequently neglect to take the proper measures, I don't mind, and I don't want others to. care. But my friend would have none of this. He had complicated 'leads' and elaborate systems. He played feverishly and snapped at me constantly for my neglectfulness. Cards were real. cards were earnest, and there was no idle dreaming permitted. I gasped a sigh of relief when a game was ended. He played, as he worked, relentlessly.

One day we went on a tramp in the hills. I am not systematic on a tramp. I don't like to plan my route in advance; I prefer to follow the unexpected allurement of shady by-paths, the invitation of an unknown winding road, the beckoning of unexplored fields. To be sure, I usually get lost, and frequently get bedraggled by some unforeseen stream or slough; but I like to get lost; it has such inviting possibilities. Not so my friend. He demanded maps, a definite objective point, a clear itinerary, and no side-trips. I yielded, but with rebellion smoldering in my heart.

Now I suppose I shall lay myself open to the reproaches of a multitude of very worthy persons when I confess that my dislike of system and rigidity is not confined to my choice of routes. Far from it. I abhor system in appreciation. I can enjoy the contour of a hill without knowing its geological formation. The soft glow of green in the April landscape brings me pleasure which would be contaminated by conscientious attempts to recall the scientific explanation of the function of chlorophyl in bud and blade. I love to watch the great clouds drifting lazily through a blue sea of air; but I don't care to master the nomenclature of meteorology. Nay, worst of all in these days of widespread 'bird-lore,' I can enjoy the dark flash of a bluebird's flight, but am only irked by classified lists of names and descriptions; and I am infuriated by the attitude of those who make of every walk a contest to see how many new varieties of birds may be identified and classified — as if the great Kingdom of Out-of-doors were a mere museum of specimens and curiosities, to be grouped

and labeled by every observer! Out upon those misguided creatures who mistake nomenclature for knowledge and classification for understanding; who strut through a starry evening, proud because they can clap Arcturus on the back and call him familiarly by name.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Of course I do not scorn the labors of my scientific colleagues; their work, which goes far deeper than names, is necessary and beneficial. I merely sympathize with them because to them so much of the universe is a symbol of labor. And I fail to see the necessity of making it a symbol of labor for myself, when I may rather see in it a garden of beauty and a place of contemplation and rest. In all this I suppose I am an ignoramus blindly stumbling through unsuspected riches of wisdom. I suppose I am a sinner turning my back upon the road of repentance. But I am perverse. I abominate those busybodies who would filch from us our few remaining careless hours and would rob them of the wayward prodigality that is their charm. For my part, I refuse to card-catalog my pleasures.

Needless to say, my friend was disgusted with me. He was as innocent of classified knowledge of the countryside as I, but he felt that he was excusable. He had spent his life in the city, and there he had observed with care the phenomena that had fallen under his gaze. I had not made similar good use of my opportunities. If I admired the delicate tracery of a silhouetted tree, he wanted to know its name and use. If I paused to hear the music of a tumbling brook, he wanted to estimate its volume and bemoaned the waste of power. To the spiritual significance, the soothing influence, of rural sights and sounds, he was insensible. At my lack of systematized knowledge he was disgusted. That walk was not a success.

Well, my friend has left me. I can't say I'm sorry. I like him, of course — but at a distance. A great peace has fallen upon me. I can correct my themes in my office without nervously counting my every motion. I can relax once more, cast aside the rigid garb of systematic activity, and once more don smoking-jacket and slippers, down-at-the-heel preferably. I can sit down in the evening and listen to the gobbling croak of a frog without being reproached for my inability to classify it accurately in the animal kingdom.

My next-door neighbor is a great comfort to me. He 'came over' last night, and while we sat before the open fire that robbed the sharp evening air of its chill, we discussed the whole matter comfortably.

'System in recreation!' he exclaimed disgustedly when we had talked a while. 'To play by plan! Why, your friend would destroy all the spontaneity of life, its fine, careless rapture.'

'Do you recall what Dr. Johnson said of such a man?' I queried. '"Sir, he is an enthusiast by rule." I despise enthusiasts by rule.'

'But of course that is n't all there was to your experience,' my neighbor remarked presently. 'Your visitor, after all, was more concerned with work than play. And in work, method and system have their place.'

'More place than they deserve,' I grumbled. 'Enthusiasts by rule infest all our activities. Systematization has become over-systematization. Too often we can't see the product for the machinery. We are victims to a pseudo-efficiency that merely clogs and retards achievement; that defeats its own ends.'

'On the other hand,' replied my friend mildly, 'I suppose that system, rightly used, does save time. I suppose that genuine efficiency does permit of greater production. However, its advocates don't consider all sides of the question. In some pursuits increase of production would be a calamity. Shall our factories, by increased efficiency, be enabled to produce more phonographs? Heaven forbid! Their efficiency is already terrible!

'And there are many occupations,' I broke in, 'in which the time saved to the workman by system would be useless, because it comes in titbits. It can't be massed. And it must be massed, to be most effective. Suppose,' I added petulantly, 'that I *could* go to Europe in the time I might save by correcting themes

efficiently; I can't go to Europe for ten minutes a day. And I've got to use my ten minutes on the day I save them. They can't be stored up each day, till a respectable quantity accumulates.'

'No, of course. Yet, my friend, one might pick holes in your argument. The minutes may not be valueless, even though they can't be spent in Europe.'

'Oh, there are some good things about efficiency,' I hastened to interpose. 'I presume I might add the ten minutes to my daily game of golf.'

'Still, you object?'

'I object to excess of efficiency. Ultimately, the time saved by introducing more system into work is to be used in recreation. Why not strain less at our work, and make recreation of it?'

My friend nodded thoughtfully.

'At any rate,' I continued, 'if I want to do my allotted task in leisurely fashion, occasionally lingering over it to enjoy the fine flavor of achievement, I claim the right to do so. I take the time from my golf, but after six hours of work I go to my golf with steadier nerves than the man who has worked five hours at high tension. Your five-hour man with his superficial efficiency is victim of an obsession: speed. He spends himself in his work in order that he may gain time for — a sanatorium. He loses sight of his goal. To change a little the somewhat antiquated refrain, he doesn't care where he's going; he is satisfied if he is speeding on his way.'

I stopped, a bit out of breath with my earnestness. My friend was silently staring into the heart of the leisurely fire. After a moment he turned to me quizzically.

'Is this to be a defense of dilettanteism?'

'Not at all,' I exclaimed with some heat. Then I smiled at my own fervor. 'Dilettantes are beneath defense. But my plea is for moderation; for a truer sense of values. I protest against a misplaced emphasis upon output, a feverish demand for results, at no matter what expenditure of nervous energy. I protest, too, against a systematization that would reduce individuals to automatons; a mechanical efficiency that stereotypes the workman and standardizes his product. To offer freer play to personality may well be worth the sacrifice of a little efficiency.'

III

THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE

[*Sun*, New York, January 30, 1901. Reprinted in *Casual Essays of the Sun*, 1905. By permission.]

The King has no solitary preëminence in never dying. He shares his mortal immortality with another potentate and great public character, the Oldest Graduate. There is always an Oldest Graduate; and always there are heirs waiting for the succession. Mr. Benjamin D. Silliman, distinguished and fortunate in so many other regards, was also for some time the Oldest Living Graduate of Yale; and now that honor belongs to Judge Cutler of '29, who lives in Waterbury, where they make the watches. May these be wound up for many a day before he yields his crown to the heir apparent. At ninety-three the Oldest Living Graduate is or should be but a boy. After waiting seventy odd years for his title, he will be in no hurry to give it up. He should enjoy it to the full, be merciful in his reminiscences, and look with an indulgent pity on the lads of ninety and ninety-one who want his job.

For, flower unloved of Amaryllis though it be, this honor is greatly prized. The survivor in this Tontine has beaten all his contemporaries at college. He can say to Time, as Beranger said:

> 'Old Postilion, hold up, hold up;
> Let us drink a stirrup cup.'

It is too much for this glory to go to a man otherwise famous, as Mr. Silliman was or as Horace Binney was. The latter, an illustrious lawyer whose fame is perhaps as dim now as that of most great lawyers who have not held high political office, was graduated at Harvard in 1797, if we remember well, and he was the oldest living Harvard man for some time before he was cut off in '95. An Oldest Living Graduate who has no other fame than that is to be preferred. Such was Joseph Head of Harvard, of 1804. He lived in some little town. With his bent form, his Van Winkle beard, his long staff, he looked what he was as he marched among the younger generations in the yard on Commencement Day, 'the oldest living grad-oo-ate,' as he pronounced it after the fashion of his rural youth. Good old Joseph Head, if that

was his name! One thinks with kindness of him, and all his predecessors; and of his successors in the procession.

In every college from A to Z something of affection attaches to the college elder and leader of the line. Of ordinary distinction the graduate may grow tired, be it his or that of a classmate. Of the class of 1825 at Bowdoin, of 1829 at Harvard, of 1853 at Yale, it has been possible to hear too much. At Brunswick, in 1875, Mr. Blaine happily expressed the weariness which the constant celebration of the celebrated brings. 'I am glad to hear,' he said, 'that those members of the class of 1825 who are illustrious on earth are happy in heaven.'

The graduate whose ambition it is to become the Oldest Living Graduate scorns all loud and easier fames. In seclusion and with perfect modesty of spirit, he sets before himself early the high goal. He accepts philosophically all detriments which Fate and Fortune send. 'I am no longer young,' he says to himself, 'but why should I wish to be? Everybody who stays in the game must get old, and how few can become the Oldest Living Graduate! I am not handsome, witty, eloquent, or even popular. I don't have to be, in my business, which is that of living to be the O. L. G. My classmate, Hooker Haynes, has made most of the money there is in the world. My classmate, Brattle Holyoke, has married most of the rest. I don't need money in my business. Byles is a bishop, Dwight is a senator. Bill Trumbull is a trust. I have n't any office. I don't direct anything. I have little property and less hair. But I think I can outlive every man in my class and I mean to do it. Let them last into the nineties if they can. I 'll take an even hundred, and one to carry, if necessary.'

The young chaps just out of college may not know this harmless ambition at first. They are too young — confound 'em! We remember hearing George Bancroft, sixty years after his graduation, imparting the fact to a freshman. The freshman gaped and gasped in wonder. How was it possible for a man to have been graduated sixty years ago? If Nebuchadnezzar had come into the room and tried to sell a book on vegetarianism, that freshman could not have been more surprised. But youth 's the stuff will not endure. It does n't take the truly wise graduate long to find the most reasonable object of desire. He nourishes the gentle vision in his heart. He sees himself a well-preserved ancient of ninety-eight, with a face like a Baldwin apple and still tolerable legs. His goldheaded cane is less a staff than a part of his make-up; 't is a representative of the monumental pomp of age. He wears, for effect, a tall hat of the fashion of fifty years before. He prides himself on the cut of his frock coat. His surviving hair is soft and white. A perfect gentleman of the old school. 'Young gentlemen,' says the Oldest Living Graduate, 'I ascribe my remarkable health and long life to the fact that for seventy-five years I have never smoked nor drank. Boys,' he says to a few striplings of ninety odd assembled around the punch bowl, 'I attribute my good health and looks to the fact that for eighty years I have taken a nip of good old stuff regularly every day. But I never overdid it as you do.'

We once knew an Oldest Living Graduate who would walk on the railroad track, although he was nearly a hundred and deaf as a post. This is encouraging for beginners, as it seems to show that the O. L. G. is born, not made by training. Only a very few years ago there happened to live in the same town the Oldest Living Graduate and the next-to-the-oldest living graduate. They were great cronies and as lively as crickets. But each watched the distressingly robust health of the other with some alarm. 'William is looking a leetle peaked,' John would say; 'I 'm afraid he won't live through the winter.' 'John 's failin',' William would say; 'he ought n't be out in the cold so much at his age.' And both lived in health to the very edge of the hundred. The man who will devote himself with a single mind to becoming the Oldest Living Graduate deserves to be happy.

IV

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

[*Century Magazine*, November, 1913. By permission.]

The most overrated summer sport in the world is outdoor sleeping.

I speak on this subject with some feel-

ing, as, in August last, I tested it on a week-end visit with my friend Jones at his little mosquito ranch in the White Mountains. I can now understand why sleeping under a roof, in a real bed, is insufferable to a man who has been camping all summer: what he misses is the keen excitement, the constant entertainment, the suspense, of a night in the woods. As soon as he lies down in a real bed he becomes so utterly bored that he promptly falls asleep, only to wake up in the morning and find that he has missed the whole night.

The moment I arrived at Jones's camp on Saturday afternoon I realized that he was the victim of the outdoor-sleeping fad. He was so under its spell that he immediately took me out to show me my cot. It was a frail, anemic canvas thing that screamed and creaked protests whenever it was moved or sat upon. It stood on a roofless sleeping-porch. Over it was the branch of a tender tree and over that was the open sky.

'Here,' said Jones, expansively, 'is where you're to sleep. This region is the most wonderful place for sleeping in all the world. I get actually to look forward to the nights; I tumble in eagerly at ten o'clock, and don't know another thing till morning.'

'You never know very much,' I meditated inwardly, picking a yellow caterpillar off my cot. 'How about blankets and things?' It took a vast amount of imagination to think of blankets, for the thermometer showed several degrees of fever.

'Oh, I'll give you all you want, and lots of mosquito-netting, too,' Jones said. 'You can make your bed just as you like; that's half the fun of the thing.'

'Ah, yes.'

Way down in my heart I had a foreboding that it would be rather *more* than half the fun. 'Wonderful!' I simulated. 'I have n't slept outdoors for years.'[1]

'Good!' said Jones.

Through the long evening I kept a stout heart and a cheery face; I even joked callously about the coming night, just as men sometimes joke about death and insanity and the dentist. I ate a heavy dinner, for breakfast looked very, very far away. Then I played three-handed auction with Jones and his wife. I was as merry as ever. No one should say that I had blanched with fear. At nine-forty, Jones yawned.

'Why, it's nearly ten,' said Mrs. Jones. 'I had no idea it was so late.'

'I was just going to suggest turning in,' Jones observed. 'I'll get your blankets and netting, if you like.'

I rose, and with a steady voice bade my hostess good night. The time had come.

Jones got the things, and we went out on the sleeping-porch, where he dumped them on my cot. The temperature had gone down a degree or two, but the air was still a long way from cool. The winds were still slumbering. A mosquito was meditatively volplaning about.

'Is there anything else you want?' said Jones as he left me in what, in reasonable circumstances, would have been my bedroom, but was now merely the world at large.

'Nothing,' I said, with fortitude. 'Good night.'

I went into the house and ten minutes later I emerged, attired in a neat, but gaudy pair of pajamas. A lamp lighted my labors. The game was on; the mosquitos and I were alone.

I shall withhold the tedious details of bed-making. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art: don't let the feet escape; sacrifice everything else. If a single toe projects, the blankets will be up and about your neck before you know it. Then I folded a spare blanket into a pillow. Next came the *magnum opus* — hanging the mosquito-netting.

Here I confronted several alternatives. First, there is the Romanesque style, in which one hangs the netting on a hoop and then projects the face precisely under the hoop, keeping it there all night. This style is somewhat like sleeping with an inverted waste-basket on the face, and is based on the fallacious notion that insects bite only the head. Now I could show you — but never mind.

Then there is the Renaissance style. You suspend the netting gracefully by one or two points from a branch or some such supposed fixture, and let it depend in elegant festoons to the floor, securing the corners by lamps, vases, pitchers, or shoes. This method adequately answers the question, 'What shall we do with the wedding present Aunt Alice gave us?'

There is also the Perpendicular Gothic

[1] Strictly true, though I had spent several nights outdoors.

style — four posts erected at the corners of the cot, with netting draped over them. This, I decided, required too much construction, and I swung back to the Renaissance. Securing some string, after a short, dark, and eventful journey in the house, I hitched the string to the netting, tied it to a branch, made a beautiful pyramidal tent, and squirmed inside with all the delicate deliberation of a jackstraw-player. At last I was on the creaking cot, and my tent still stood!

The laws of physics tell us that breezes pass through netting. This merely goes to show that physics has a big future. I had distinctly felt a slight zephyr outside; but now, as I balanced on my shoulder-blades on a Spartan blanket, I thought that the heat had become even more breathless; I felt that I was being suffocated.

Is n't there some wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die?

But I was not going to give up; I forced myself to draw a long sigh of relief, and said to myself: 'Oh, what wonderful air! How I shall sleep!' Yes, how?

I humped about a few times — creaking as I have never creaked before — till I thought I was more comfortable, pulled up a blanket cautiously, kicked it off warmly, rolled back into my original position, moved down six inches so that my head just reached the pillow, thought about mosquitoes awhile, moved up four inches, thought about pillows, and then suddenly, with a great start, realized that I was n't asleep. The fact stood out in my brain in huge, staring capitals: YOU ARE WIDE AWAKE; YOU ARE NOT EVEN SLEEPY. It was clear that my nerves needed soothing if I was to get any sleep at all.

People recommend many ways of soothing the nerves, but at times they are all disappointing. I thought of sheep jumping over a fence until all the sheep in my head had gone lame. I counted up to three hundred and seventy-four, which must be pretty nearly the world's record, but I noted no good results. At the end of an hour I was wider awake than ever and considerably more uncomfortable.

About this time I began discovering laws of physics.

I. When a man lies on his side on a cot, his weight is evenly distributed between his ear and his hip-bone.

II. For every dead mosquito in the hand there are two live ones in the bush that will be along presently.

III. The use of netting rests on the theory that it offers an obstruction to mosquitoes. This was first proved false in 1066, but people still —

Well, to tell the truth, that 's as far as I got. I inadvertently fell asleep in the middle of law number three. Physics is the loser. I blame only myself.

At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bedtime and lasts for several hours, I was awakened by the birds, which were making a dreadful din above me in the trees. I found that four mosquitoes were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face — great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me till I could have hidden myself for embarrassment. Presently a friend of theirs, bloated with drink, sailed down and sat beside them, singing a triumphant bloodlust song in a harsh, drunken tenor. He was plainly a degenerate going the pace that kills.

They say that if you look a wild animal in the eye he will turn away uneasily. I tried this on Macbeth, the new arrival — I called him Macbeth because he murdered sleep — but he was unabashed. I even spoke to him sternly, told him to go home and take his friends away with him, asked him what sort of place this was for a chap with a family; I appealed to his better self. Macbeth's only reply was to crawl insolently through a tear in the netting and come straight at me. His song of triumph rose in sharp crescendo till he struck my nose; then it ceased. I was just reaching to kill him, even at the risk of disfiguring myself for life, when suddenly and without warning the netting gave way completely and fell about my ears. Can you imagine a worse predicament than to be pinned under so much wreckage with a mosquito that you personally dislike?

Well, I climbed out, rearranged my tent (while Macbeth's friends got at my ankles), sneaked in under the edge again, lay down once more, and looked about warily for Macbeth. He was nowhere to be seen. I suspected some treachery, and on the off chance slapped the back of my neck quickly and with tremendous force, but with no corpse to show for it.

From that moment to this I have never seen Macbeth. It is all very sad. I al-

most wish now that I had n't been so harsh with him.

After I had given him up for lost, I took count of the insect life about me, and discovered a delightful game, called Insides versus Outsides. At 4 A. M. the score stood as follows: Insides, three mosquitoes, one spider; Outsides, one ant, one daddy-long-legs, two mosquitoes. A vigorous campaign then began, the Insides trying to get out, the Outsides trying to get in.

At 4:30 A. M., owing largely to my efforts, the aspect of things was somewhat changed, the score standing: Insides, one mosquito; Outsides, one wasp, six mosquitoes, two unclassified. (Mind you, I 'm no etymologist; I don't pretend to know these eight-legged, hairy lads by name.)

The list of dead and injured was simply appalling.

After awhile I tired of this game, but the mosquitoes were all for keeping it up indefinitely. Only when a breeze sprang up did they begin to reel home in twos and threes to sleep off their jag. Then, once again, I shut my eyes in the hope that sleep would knit the 'ravell'd sleave of care.' It seemed, however, that the elements were all against knitting. The sun at that moment came up through the trees and shone straight into my eyes.

This worried me not so much on my own account as on Jones's; I hated the thought of his coming out with his wife at breakfast-time and finding me dead of a sunstroke on his porch.

Then I remembered that people don't die of sunstroke. They only fainted and lost their minds.

Shortly after this I must have fainted, for I woke up to find I had been unconscious for at least two hours!

The last thing I remembered, before the coma set in, was killing a spider on my stomach at five forty-five.

It was now eight o'clock. The sun had moved round and I could hear the kitchen-pump going, and see the housemaid, indoors, hiding matches, and sweeping the dust under the rugs.

I felt sleepy, but otherwise moderately well.[1]

Presently Jones came out in his bath-robe, and asked me how I had slept. I told him that that was just what I 'd been wondering myself, and he wanted to know whether the mosquitoes had been thick.

I said no, not too thick to get through the netting, and we both laughed and joked about the night as though it were the funniest thing in the world.

That 's the way in such crises, when the terrible strain is over.

I avoided another night's excitement by telegraphing myself to come home at once on the most urgent business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were awfully cordial, and laid emphasis on the fact that in the future my cot would always be waiting for me on the porch. I explained that my business would be very exacting for a few years, and I doubted if I would ever be able to get away again.

I still cling to the old-fashioned idea that night is the time for sleeping, and not for hunting and recreation.

[1] Law of physics: sunstrokes are not *necessarily* fatal.

V

HAIRPINS

[*Sun*, New York, May 19, 1902. Reprinted in *Casual Essays of the Sun*, 1905. By permission.]

The comprehensive merits of the hairpin are known to all observant men. Its special value in surgery is asserted by a writer in *American Medicine*. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin. He can wire bones with it, probe and close wounds, pin bandages, compress blood vessels, use it 'to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage,' and as a curette for scraping away soft material. And no doubt the women doctors can do a great deal more with that most gifted and versatile of human implements. Anthropologists have never done justice to the hairpin. It keeps civilization together. In the hands of girls entirely great it is much mightier than the sword or, for that matter, the plow. What is the plow but a development of the forked stick, and what is the forked stick but a modification of the hairpin? If there was any necessity, a woman could scratch the ground successfully now. In fact, there is no work or play in which something may not be accomplished by means of it.

Dullards will tell you that women are n't so inventive as men, don't take out

so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is doable can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a sliver, fasten a door, hang up a plate or a picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fish-hook, an awl, a gimlet, or a chisel, a paper-cutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn over a flapjack, caulk a hole in a pair of trousers, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut patterns, tighten windows, clean a watch, untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing, reduce the asthma of tobacco pipes, pry shirt studs into buttonohles too small for them, fix a horse's harness, restore damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory beer stoppers, improvise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, jab tramps, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes, sew, knit, and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to; she needs no other instrument.

If a woman went into the Robinson Crusoe line she would build a hut and make her a coat of the skin of a goat by means of the hairpin. She will revolutionize surgery with it in time. Meanwhile the male chirurgeons are doing the best they can; but it is not to be believed that they have mastered the full mystery of the hairpin.

VI

THE IMPROVED BABY

[*Sun*, New York, September 2, 1903. Reprinted in *Casual Essays of the Sun*, 1905. By permission.]

The chief experts in child study and infant psychology are men. The amount of valuable advice and directions given to mothers by good, motherly men is surprising. Whenever there is a Congress of Mothers, Dr. Granville Stanley Hall and Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie are sure to unload stores of mother lore upon their listeners. Such is the unfailing wisdom of men. The infants of today must be old before their time. Much is expected of babes to whose welfare so many great masculine minds are contributing.

Dr. H. C. Carpenter lectured at a meeting of Philadelphia mothers the other day. He told them 'How to Take Care of the Baby,' and he showed that usually the baby is far from well taken care of. Mothers are not serious enough:

'"Don't play with the baby." Nothing could be more injurious to the infant's nervous system than to excite it with the customary entertainments with which fond mothers and admiring friends bore the helpless victim. It is a common error to imagine that because the child responds with a wonderlook, a laugh, or even a shriek of apparent delight, that it is being amused. Quite the contrary — it is not only being plagued, but is sustaining, in nine cases out of ten, an irreparable injury.'

Why are there not more Shakespeares, Bacons, Mabies, and Carpenters? Because most babies are irreparably injured. Baby's intellectuals are not properly and systematically developed. He may seem to be enjoying himself when he coos and crows and shrieks with apparent delight, but he is not. He is pained. In isolation and aloofness he is trying to study his surroundings and the psychology of his nurse and relations. They will not let him think. They interfere with the growth of his mental processes. They turn him away from his lofty cogitations by their impertinent and trivial endearments. They warp his nature from its solemn bent. They kill his mind. Let him grow and meditate. He has the floor. Give him the opportunity to develop himself.

'Don't talk baby talk,' says Dr. Carpenter. Certainly not. Why should a baby understand broken, any better than whole, English? Why will mothers use that strange nursery Chinook, 'Did um shakum dady,' and so on? The man's vocabulary is shrunken on account of this habit. His bump of language is flattened. Long words for Little Ones; that's the talk. 'John Henry, my valued progeny, I shall discourse to you for a few moments on the subject of Conservation of Energy.' 'Marthy Ann, let me dissuade you from your fruitless conation to ingurgitate your rattle. The impenetrability of matter is

one of the earliest subjects which should engage your attention.'

'One should avoid telling young children such exciting stories as "Jack the Giant Killer."' Explain, if you choose, that it is absurd to suppose that Jack or anybody else would kill giants. Giants get large salaries. They are too valuable to kill. Don't tell stories of any kind. Read the *Gazetteer* to Baby. It will calm his nervous system and give him much statistical and geographical information.

VII

THE PORTER'S TIP

[*Chicago Tribune*, May 9, 1915. By permission.]

Probably the two bits which the spendthrift American traveler, having luxuriated under blankets of a peculiar rigidity, the composition of which is known only to the Pullman company, and having dressed without fracturing his skull, bestows upon the porter who tendered such creature comforts as may exist in a sleeping car, hits at some important props in our economic welfare.

Chairman Walsh and the committee on industrial relations evidently suspect that an evil hides behind this quarter which the average traveler deposits with the person who dusted him thus effectively. It may be making the Pullman company rich by making possible an avoidance of paying proper wages. It may be destroying the self-respect of the porter, but we doubt it, experience never having discovered one who did not look as if he had all the self-respect of a person with a bank account.

We suspect that the first sleeping car porter who got the first two bits from a traveler nearly fell over in astonishment and was unable to express himself adequately. We suspect that the whole system was originated by the travelers themselves and that they will continue to hand out two bits in the morning regardless of what changes are made in the wage scale.

Naturally we want the money to go to the porters and not to the Pullman company, and for that reason we might insist that the company pay wages that would be adequate if there were not gratuities or would refund the latter to the passenger in the form of lower rates.

But we also suspect that the habit of tipping the porter is something not to be explained by any orthodox economic theory; that it inheres in the grandiloquence of the average traveler who wishes to consider himself a person important enough, in the peculiarly important circumstances of his travel, to hand out two bits to an obliging gentleman of color and that he would resent any legislative fussiness which deprived him of this expression of his own generosity and solvency. As to the colored person who takes the tip, we suspect that his self-respect is proof against this subtle suggestion. Anyway he earns the fee and it makes gracious the person who gives it.

There are very few remnants of the feudal system. Why destroy the one convenient method by which a person of modest income and small authority can, for a moment, attain and realize the subtleties of the grand estate? Purchasable at two bits the sensation is cheap. Many a man has spent a $20 bill and had his egotism flattered less.

VIII

HOW TO THROW OFF AN ARTICLE

[*Punch*, London, Eng., January 8, 1919. By permission.]

'Do you really write?' said Sylvia, gazing at me large-eyed with wonder. I admitted as much.

'And do they print it just as you write it?'

'Well, their hired grammarians make a few trifling alterations to justify their existence.'

'And do they pay you quite a lot?'

'Sixpence a word.'

'Oo! How wonderful!'

'But not for every word,' I added hastily, 'only the really funny ones.'

'And they send it to you by checks?'

'Rather. I bought a couple of pairs of socks with the last story; even then I had something left over.'

'And how do you write the stories?'

'Oh, just get an idea and go right ahead.'

'How wonderful! Do you just sit down and write it straight off?'

I just — only just — pulled myself up in time as I remembered that Sylvia was

an enthusiast of twelve whose own efforts had already caused considerable comment in the literary circles described round the High School. I felt this entitled her to some claim on my veracity.

'Sylvia,' I cried, 'I shall have to make a confession. All those stories you have been good enough to read and occasionally smile over are the result of a cold-blooded mechanical process — and the help of a dictionary of synonyms.'

'Oo! How wonderful! Do show me how.'

'Very well. Since you are going to be a literary giantess it is well that you should be initiated into the mysteries of producing what I shall call the illusion of spontaneity. Now take this story here. Here on this old envelope is THE IDEA.'

'Oo! Let me see. I can't read a word.'

'Of course you can't; nobody could. Rough copies are divided into classes as follows: —

'No. 1. Those I can read, but nobody else can.

'No. 2. Those I can't read myself after two days.

'No. 3. Those my typist can read.

'This story is about a certain Brigade Major who is an inveterate leg-puller. Some Americans are expected to be coming for instruction. Well, before they arrive the Brigade Major has to go up to the line, and on his way he meets a man with a very new tin hat who asks him in a certain nasal accent we have all come to love if he has seen anything of a party of Americans. Spotting him as a new chum, the Brigade Major offers to show him round the line, and proceeds to pull his leg and tells him the most preposterous nonsense. For instance, on a shot being fired miles away he pretends they are in frightful danger, and leads him bent double round and round trenches in the same circle.'

'What a shame!'

'Was n't it? Well, when he gets tired he asks the American if he thinks he has learnt anything. The American says, "Gee, I 've been out here two years now, but I guess you 've taught me a whole heap I did n't know. I 'm a Canadian tunneller, you know, and I 've got to show some Americans our work, but I guess I 've had a most interesting time with you."

'Ha! ha!'

'Well now, to put the story into its form. Here 's Copy No. 1, on this old envelope. "Americans coming — Brigade Major sees American looking for party — pulls his leg — pretends to being in frightful danger — American is Canadian who has been out two years." See? Copy No. 2. Here we begin to fill in. Describe Brigade headquarters and previous leg-pulls of Brigade Major. Make up details of what he tells the American — "That 's a trench. That thing you fell over is a coil of wire. This is a sunken road — we sunk it, etc., etc." Copy No. 3, additions and details, little touches of local color, revision of choice of words, heartrending erasions. And here, my child,' I concluded, bringing out the beautiful, clean, smooth typed copy — 'here is the finished work itself, light, pleasant, fluent, humorous and, most important of all, spontaneous.'

'Oo! But how awfully cold-blooded. I thought you smiled to yourself all the time you wrote it.'

'My dear girl, it takes hours. If I smiled continually all that length of time the top of my head would come off.'

'Is n't it wonderful? Fancy building it all up from jottings on an old envelope! What 's that piece of paper you took out of the typed copy?'

'Oh, that 's nothing to do with the literary side of it,' I said, crumbling up the little memorandum, which said that the Editor presented compliments and regretted that he was unable to make use of the enclosed contribution. L.

IX

THE NEW REPORTING

[*Punch*, London, Eng., December 18, 1918. By permission.]

[A suggestion by one who feels that the conventional 'Applause' and 'Hear, Hear' convey an inadequate idea of the variety and color of the interjections at an average election meeting.]

'Gentlemen, we are now, if I may say so — (disturbance in north-east corner of the hall, with shouts of "Oo are you a-shovin' of?" and various inconsequent repartees) — we are now in the proud and

fortunate position of having overthrown our enemies — ("*You* did n't do much!" followed by a free fight under the platform) — and having established, let us hope — (piercing woman's voice: "Wot abaht my son Jack?") — once and for all — (small boy bursts into vociferous lamentation as his father explains to him the precise domestic program for the evening if he does n't sit still) — upon a sure and lasting foundation — (here Albert MacIsaacs, junior, gives his celebrated imitation of a donkey's "Hee-haw," which is received with prolonged applause and shouts of "Encore!") — those principles of justice and tolerance — (jumping cracker in the gallery) — equality and fair play — ("The old 'un 's drinking your glass of water, guv'nor!") — which have always been and, I trust, will always be the glory of the British Empire — (loud cheers from the two front rows, evidently stationed there for the purpose) — and which it is now our hope and desire — (bass voice from the back: "Wot abaht beer?" and murmurs of interest and approval) — to extend to the world at large. (Subdued cheers from the two front rows, who realize that their previous demonstration was premature.) These sentiments, gentlemen, are not my own — ("Never thought they were") — they are the nation's — ("Are you going to hang BILL KAISER?") — they are in the air — (shower of flour and pepper from the gallery) — they cry aloud in the streets — (sudden commotion as a small dog, violently kicked from behind, runs yelping down the passage) — they will not be silenced — (concertina solo, with unauthorized variations as the instrument is swayed to and fro by rival factions) — they are shared by the humble Slav and the lowly Jugo — ("Three cheers for the Jugos!") — as well as by that illustrious and far-seeing statesman — (great uproar, during which two Bolsheviks, one unimpeachable patriot, and one timid man who was between them are removed to hospital) — Professor Masaryk; and we may be as sure as we are that tomorrow's sun will rise — ("Wait and see!" followed instantly by shrill cat-calls and a voice, "Where 's poor old Asquith?") — that these principles will prevail — ("Oo poached the bad egg?" and much laughter as a local joke runs in whispers round the hall) — and even in our own time — (diversion by an elector's baby, who shrieks for nourishment and is consoled amid a movement of sympathetic interest in the vicinity) — Truth and Right will take their place, supreme and unchallenged, upon the throne of the universe.' (Dead silence, for the front benches are not going to be taken in this time.)

X

THE WAY TO TIPPERARY

A. E. COPPARD

[*Manchester Guardian*, Eng., October 31, 1918. By permission.]

It *is* a long way to Tipperary, and I suppose it was the song that sent me there. Curious, is it not, the insignificant motives that inspire some complicated efforts?

'Let you be giving me a penny, sir,' said the old woman to me. I had but just started upon that sunny journey, and she hailed me.

'Let you be giving me a penny, sir.' I gave it.

'May the great God take ye to Heaven, sir,' said she, and then I wished I 'd given her a shilling, for, thought I, if I get to Heaven for a penny the Lord Himself might forgive me a great deal for the odd eleven-pence.

And, indeed, then I am specially blessed, for as the old woman went wending away I stood looking back at her, and there by the highway I saw a little group of farm buildings and trees just sitting across the top of a low bank, so very green, soft as silk it was, with no blemish upon it. Across that green some white ducks went a-traveling; the wind blew their voices to me. There was, too, a line of poplar sprigs, very slender and fan-like, their stems no bigger than altar candles, and they sighed like women in their grieving.

I got out a post card, one of those rarely tinted and admirably chased with a golden edge, which I carry for the purpose, and, licking my pencil stub like a greengrocer's boy, I made a poem, one of those things with no rhyme in it, and with rhythms like a mangled corkscrew, with some lines as short as a full stop and some unending ones on which you peg out very

sweet notions as indiscriminately as a washerwoman hangs out her underwear, and then magnify with an exclamation mark!

'Go on, now,' said I to myself then, and go on I did, like a sheep. It is not uncommon to feel yourself convincingly bullied by yourself into doing the thing you would not want to do. I 'd love to be standing in that place, with a coin of gold in my hand, this very minute, until I 'd become a pillar of salt with looking at it; but I went on until I came to the borheen.

Now a borheen is a lean lane full of deceitful notions, with hedges as high as a workhouse wall and brambles like the midriff of a great fish. Within a borheen the traveling stranger is beset as completely as the slice of meat in a sandwich; no more view of the surrounding world, no more will of his direction. Does a serpent twist? Then a borheen is a serpent bereft of its reason. What is the longest thing in the world? A borheen, for it 's longer than a sad Sunday. In ten miles or in twenty miles you may happen upon a cabin. You approach it, you drop a glance over the half-door, and you perceive an old, old woman sitting on some steps leading to a loft. There may be a pig sitting before her, apparently worshiping her, and there will certainly be hens, very furtive hens, and a cauldron. The old woman regards you with apprehension, with awe. You ask to be directed, and she tells you to go on and inquire at the next house. You indulge this vain pursuit for as long as your sanity survives, or until you meet a pig coming towards you. There will be no more than just room for him to pass you, and so you will stand like one Christian meeting another, or like any man with a gush of charity in his breast. But this pig will fear you; he will turn tail, and behold you have a pig upon your hands, for, wherever you go now, you have upon you the appearance of driving that poor pig before you. You will endeavor to conciliate him, or persuade him of your passionate friendship, but there is no mortal man can appease a pig, and it not wanting. He will behave like a Kaffir, and finally you will dislike him, and tell him so.

'A great nuisance was that pig to me,' I said when I regained freedom upon the high road once more, 'and a great pity that I only bought a penny worth of blessing of that good old woman. I 'll go no more into those borheens, so go upon your journey now.' And I was just going when I heard the stir of a vast noise behind me. A great gray ass was standing in the road and braying as if he were the king of all asses, as indeed he was, for, look you, along the road a car came flying with military persons in it. The horn went Honk! Honk! but the ass went He! Haw! and lay down in the road before them, lashing his heels as if he 'd tear the skin off the sky, and screaming triumphantly as the car came to a stop upon his very neck.

'Get out of it, or we 'll break your heart,' yelled the soldiers, and the car pumped noises at him like a big gun, but the ass trailed his carcass in the road with no fear at all, until some one leaped out of the car, kicked him where there was no dignity, and then pushed him into the borheen, where, I thought, if he meets that little pig of mine it will not be Greek meeting reek, for it 's just Ajax to a sunflower that he will destroy my little pig and devour him.

'But go on now,' said I to myself, and I walked on into Tip, where I got some interesting food — but it was queer feeding. Better a fly in the ointment, believe me, than one in the blancmange. You will always have a cozy for the teapot in Ireland, and a slop basin, but there will be something odd and incinerated about the teapot; there will always be insects in the milk, cracks in the cup, and things in the sugar basin besides sugar!

'Waiter,' I said, 'this tea is very weak!'

'It is, begod, sir? Then I 'll just put another half-pound in it,' and taking from his waistcoat pocket a thimbleful of tea wrapped in a screw of paper that had once contained tobacco, he emptied it into my teapot, saying soothingly, 'There, sir, now it 'll be all right.'

In the evening I went into a bar. She had eyes as soft as darkness and a voice like a singing swallow. 'A drop!' I cried to her, for she was reading a book and did not heed me. When she had given me the whiskey she resumed her book.

'May I be stricken to my doom this minute,' said I quite to myself, 'if it is not poetry, and new poetry, that girl is

reading.' At that a handsome young man came in and stood before her.

'Good evening, Mary.'

'What is it you're wanting, Peter?'

'Stout,' said he; 'and what is it you're reading, Mary?'

'Poetry,' said she; 'listen to this, Peter.' And she read out, in the soft voice that was like the singing of swallows, some verses by T. M. Kettle. Mary went on reading the poems, and there was no laughter upon the handsome young man. We were both filled with delight.

Pleasant thoughts I had that night as I pulled the bedclothes up to my neck, for pleasant it is to sleep in a country where the very donkeys are valiant and even the barmaids woo you to the Muses.

F. CONTROVERSIAL ARTICLES AND LETTERS

This section, like the preceding one, is really a branch of exposition. Many editorial articles are obviously controversial, though the tendency is for them to become less so except in occasional accesses of party strife. The difference between the purely expository article and the expository-controversial seems to lie in this — that while the writer of the former has a single eye to the reader, the writer of the latter has in view also sometimes 'a shadowy third,' sometimes a declared opponent. The controversial writer's constant endeavor is to pierce the joints of his opponent's armor,— less metaphorically, to point out the weaknesses of the opposing case or the fallacies involved in its arguments or assumptions. The controversialist naturally sets forth his own case too as strongly and cogently as he can, but he must have in mind, not merely the immediate effect upon his reader, but the possible openings he may leave for the adversary's counter-attack; he breathes the atmosphere of battle.

The articles in this section divide themselves into three groups: the first (I to III) centers round what is somewhat vaguely called socialism; the second (IV and V) treats two phases of what is no less vaguely called the woman question; and the third (including all the rest), deals with various issues arising in connection with the Great War. Whatever, in each case, may be the reader's sympathies, he should not fail to note the skill with which each writer states his own view, and scores at the expense of his imagined or realized antagonist. It is possible to admire and enjoy the brilliant sword-play of a controversial writer without sympathizing with the cause for which he fights. Indeed, it is only after observing the shrewd devices of the tried champions of debate that the young aspirant to the honors of the lists can venture into them without certainty of discomfiture. The first thing, undoubtedly, is to have a good cause to fight for, or at least one that commends itself to the writer's inmost conviction; but he must also know how to defend his cause according to the art of war.

I

THE CASE FOR EQUALITY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[*Metropolitan*, December, 1913. Reprinted by courtesy of the publishers.]

When I speak of The Case for Equality I mean human equality; and that, of course, can only mean one thing: it means equality of income. It means that if one person is to have half a crown, the other is to have two and sixpence. It means that precisely. You, Mr. Chairman, have spoken of equality of opportunity. The difficulty about that is that it is entirely and completely and eternally impossible. How are you going to give everybody in this room equal opportunities with me of writing plays? The thing is, I say, a ghastly mockery. In one sense it might be said: 'Well, any of us are welcome to try our hands at play-writing.' I might say that and smile. But I am quite safe in saying that to the majority of you it is just exactly like saying to a beggar: 'Well, my friend, Mr. Barnato made a large fortune; you have the same opportunities as Mr. Barnato; go and make that fortune,' at which Mr. Barnato would smile; but it is of no use at all to the beggar. The fact is that you cannot equalize anything about human beings except their incomes. If in dealing with the subject you would only begin by facing that fact, it would save you a very great deal of trouble in the form of useless speculation. I have chosen this subject for to-night because it is an extremely practical and important political subject. You have been for a long time using the power of Parliament to redistribute income in this country more or less. The very moment the Income Tax

was introduced by Sir Robert Peel, somewhere in the 'forties — 1842, I think — from that moment you were beginning to effect a redistribution of income. If you just glance over the subsequent succession of Chancellors of the Exchequer, you will find them all redistributing income unconsciously, until you come to Sir William Harcourt with his death duties, Mr. Asquith with his discrimination between earned and unearned income, and Mr. Lloyd-George with his Supertax, all doing it consciously. The object of supertaxation, and the object of the threatened land taxation, is to effect a further redistribution of income in this country. There is another point which has not been quite so closely observed as that. The working classes have been using their power, at first indirectly, and of late years directly through the Labor Party in Parliament, to effect a redistribution. This used to be a redistribution in kind. Instead of getting money, the working classes got municipal dwellings; they got education; they got sanitation; they got the clearing away of slum areas; and this mass of municipal work was largely paid for by rating richer people than themselves, and by grants-in-aid, which came from the Income Tax, from which the working classes were exempt themselves. Thus they were deliberately transferring wealth from one class to another by Parliamentary power. They were redistributing part of the national income, and diverting it in their own direction. This went on for many years; but a few years ago they took an entirely new departure. Instead of saying, 'We will get more schools out of you; we will get more houses out of you; we will get more plumber's work out of you,' they suddenly took the step which was sooner or later inevitable, and said: 'We will have some money out of you. We will have some money straight out of your pockets into our pockets to do what we like with.' There was an apparent precedent for this in Poor Law outdoor relief, or the giving of public money to poor persons on the ground that they are poor. But when you passed Old Age Pensions, then, for the first time, you had money paid down without regard to the differences between one person and another. It was not given exclusively to the people who were poor, except that there was a certain limit of income, which was really rather a concession to the snobbery of the people who did not like to take it than a real essential difference of principle. The fact remains that a few years ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer began to put his hand into the national pocket, and to give every person aged seventy of the working class, without reference to his ability or sex, if he claimed it and had not a certain income at the time he claimed it, the sum of 5s. a week. The recipients of that 5s. a week included among them every possible variety of character. They all have exactly the sum of 5s. a week, no more and no less. Here is a process which has begun, and a process which we all know is going to go on. We know that that 5s. a week will not remain at 5s. a week. We know that it will be presently 10s. a week. (Dissent.) I should have thought that everybody here present would know that in New Zealand at the present time it is 10s. a week; and that the Labor Party know it; and that it is 10s. a week at an earlier age than the age of seventy. If any man present is simple enough to believe that it is going to stay at 5s. a week, I ask him to retire to the smoking-room downstairs, because he is congenitally (I must say it, though I say it without malice) incapable of understanding any address that I possibly can give. I take it now you are all convinced that it will not stay at 5s. a week; and I hope there will be no hesitation about this also; that the Supertax is not going to remain at what it is at present. I think you must all admit, though some of you may deplore it, that the Supertax is going to go up, which means a further redistribution of income in this country.

Having put the matter on a thoroughly practical basis, I now want to ask you whether you have made up your mind what is going to be the final result of this process; because if you are not like the mere opportunists who are outside the Political and Economic Circle and in the smoking-room downstairs — if you really are serious in your pretensions as members of this Circle, you must either have made up your minds already on that point, or you must be in the process of making up your minds; you must be asking yourselves what is the final level to be? I am here to-night to say that I have quite made up my mind as to the only possible solution of the question. I am going to show you that my solution, which is the solution of an

equal distribution, is one which has overwhelming practical arguments in its favor.

Perhaps the strongest argument to people who are not very fond of abstract thought, is that equality of income is the only plan that has ever been successful, the only plan that has ever been possible. It is the plan that has always prevailed; and it is prevalent at the present time to a greater extent than any other rule of distribution. The moment you begin to try and think of any other, you are met with such difficulties and such absurdities that, however reluctant you may be to come to the solution of equality, you are finally driven to it by the elimination of every other solution, except, of course, the solution of the mere brute scramble that we have at the present time. If you take our Civil Service and our Military Service, you find that equal pay is the rule. If you take our trades, you find in every class of society a certain conception of what constitutes a becoming livelihood in that class of society; and everybody in it aims at and claims an income representing that standard. Nobody seriously asks to have more than the other persons of his class. Every soldier of the same rank gets practically the same pay; every policeman of the same rank gets the same pay; every colonel gets the same pay; every general gets the same pay; and every judge gets £5000 a year. You do not find Mr. Justice Darling getting up and saying: 'I really think that because I have put a little humor into the proceedings, I ought to have an extra allowance.' Nor do you find that the judges who put a little extra stupidity and cruelty into the proceedings, ever suggest that their salaries should be reduced on that ground; nor do the people who admire and uphold their cruelty and stupidity propose that they should get any more.

Now suppose you do not agree, suppose you think there should be some other standard applied to men, I ask you not to waste time arguing about it in the abstract, but bring it down to a concrete case at once. Let me take a very obvious case. I am an exceedingly clever man. There can be absolutely no question at all in my case that in some ways I am above the average of mankind in talent. You laugh; but I presume you are not laughing at the fact, but only because I do not bore you with the usual modest cough, and pretend to consider myself stupid. Very well. Take myself as an absolute, unquestionable case. Now pick out somebody not quite so clever. How much am I to have, and how much is he to have? I notice a blank expression on your countenances. You are utterly unable to answer the question. In order to do so, you would have to compare us in some quantitative way. You would have to treat human capacity as a measurable thing; but you know perfectly well it is not a measurable thing. Taking some person whom we will call X, an average man, you may think I am fifty times as clever as X; and you may think that I, perhaps, ought to have fifty times as big an income. But if anybody asks you: 'Where did you get that numerator of fifty from, and what does your denominator represent?' you will be compelled to give it up. You cannot settle it. The thing is impossible. You cannot do it. Every attempt you make in that way reduces itself to absurdity in your hands; and that silly dream of the nineteenth century which began with: 'The career open to the talents,' the idea that every man could get his value; all that is the vainest Utopian dream; and the most ridiculous, the most impracticable idea that ever came into the head of men. The reason it has been talked about so much, is that the people who were talking about it had no serious intention of ever bringing it into practice and never pleaded it in practice except as an excuse for giving somebody less than themselves. It would have been far more sensible to go at the question in the old mystic, religious way; when you would have immediately seen that all human souls are of infinite value, and all infinities equal.

It is now plain that if you are going to have any inequalities of income, they must be arbitrary inequalities. You must say flatly that certain persons are to have more than others, giving no reason for it. I am quite sure again, from the expression of your faces, that you have not any reasons. Well, I will give you one. As you know, obedience and subordination are necessary in society. You cannot have a civilized society unless tolerably large bodies of men are willing to obey other men, even by executing orders that they do not themselves understand. That is the real foundation of our traditional feudal inequality. In order to make a common man obey some other man, you had to take

some means of making that other man an uncommon man; and the simplest way was to set him apart from common men by giving him more money, by putting him in a different sort of dress, by making him live in a different sort of house, by setting up a convention that under no circumstances could his son marry the daughter of the common man, or the common man's son marry his daughter. In short, you resorted to idolatry to secure subordination in society; for the man so set apart became literally an idol. I do not deny that idolatry served its turn; but I suggest to you that modern democracy and modern conditions are exploding it. The very idols themselves have made the fatal mistake of allowing the invention of photography and the half-tone process to destroy the glamour on which the whole social structure is based. So long as you have a peer or millionaire who is known only by name and by reputation, people may believe him to be a great man, quite unlike themselves; but the moment you put his portrait into the papers, it is all up: the show is given away. The time has gone by for the old privacy, the old mystery, the old seclusion; that is how our idols are beginning to get found out in all directions. The whole movement of Liberalism in the history of the world — I do not mean the Liberalism of Parliament, or the Liberalism even of this Club, which, as you know, has very little to do with Liberalism at all — the history of Liberalism in the world, when you understand it thoroughly, has been the history of Iconoclasm. In America they will not allow their ambassadors to put on the uniform that European ambassadors wear; and they will not allow their judges to assume the ridiculous costume our judges put on to persuade people that a judge is not a man, but Justice incarnate; and they do not allow their President to put a crown on his head, in order to produce illusions as to its interior. I think you will admit that nowadays, in spite of the costumes of our judges, and in spite of our crowns, there is very little of such illusion left. As a matter of fact, the popularity of our last two monarchs has been due, I think you will agree with me, not at all to a belief in them as extraordinary and supernatural persons, but to the precisely contrary belief in them as rather good fellows much like ourselves. I am glad you agree with me; because that disposes of the last and only argument in favor of inequality of income: absolutely the last and only one.

Now I come to the objections to inequality, which have been too little considered in this country. I am going to show you that there is an overwhelming political objection to it. I will then show you that there is a still more overwhelming economic objection to it; and I will finish by showing you that there is a biological objection to it which, in my opinion, outweighs all the others. Let us begin with the political objection. As long as you have inequality of income, you may have Franchise Acts, and you may have votes for men, and votes for women, and you may have votes for babies if you like, but there will be no such thing as real democracy in this country. There will be class government of the very worst description. There will be class government based on plutocracy, as there is at the present time; and there will be no possible real representation of the people in Parliament. It does not matter how high the characters of the members may stand. I will take two gentlemen who are at the head of Parliamentary life at the present time. Take Mr. Asquith on the one hand, and Mr. Balfour on the other. How can Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith represent men with £300 a year; much less men with £50 or £60 a year? How can they pursue in Parliament the interests of men with only a very small fragment of their income? I say, furthermore, that even if they wanted to do it, they would not be let do it. I say they are subject to public opinion. I say that public opinion is manufactured at the present time by newspapers; and I say that the newspapers are absolutely in the hands of the plutocracy. The extent to which they are in the hands of the plutocracy I could illustrate in fifty ways; but you cannot be so destitute of intelligence — I have no right to assume that you are lacking in intelligence at all — as not to feel this every day of your life. If you do not feel it, there is nothing that I could say which would convince you of it; but the extent to which our newspapers are under the personal control of the plutocracy, I may illustrate by a harmless little incident.

A little while ago I had the pleasure of holding a public debate in Queen's Hall with Mr. Hilaire Belloc. It was reported

at some length in all the newspapers of London. It was considered an event of sufficient public importance to occupy from one to three columns — the three columns were in a highly conservative paper in London. All over the country the newspapers had reports. But there were two papers that made absolutely no mention of the debate. One of them was the *Times* and the other was the *Daily Mail.* It has remained a profound mystery why those papers took absolutely no notice of a debate of which they were informed, and at which they were represented by their reporters. The only conjecture that was made on the subject was based on the fact that one of the speakers, by an unfortunate slip, mentioned Lord Northcliffe not as Lord Northcliffe but as Mr. Harmsworth. Now, gentlemen, I am not so absurd as to suppose that Lord Northcliffe went down to the offices of these two papers of his, and said: 'This blasphemer has called me "Mr. Harmsworth," as if I were not Lord Northcliffe; never mention him in my papers again.' I do not believe anything of the kind; but I am perfectly prepared to believe that the gentlemen in his employment may have been so under the influence of Lord Northcliffe's position, and may have been themselves so unjustly mistrustful of Lord Northcliffe's breadth of mind, that they may have thought it safer on the whole not to mention the debate, in which they would have had to report that deplorable slip; and so got out of the difficulty by not mentioning it at all. Any of you who are in public life must know that the moment you take part in any anti-plutocratic movement you are boycotted by the newspapers. Nothing is reported and worked up in the newspapers except the interests of the plutocracy. Those papers form public opinion. Public opinion cannot be formed in any other way. The consequence is that you have no genuinely popular government in this country. I will give you just one other instance which comes back to my memory: it is also a personal one. I once went to a meeting on the temperance question. That meeting was addressed by me; and it was addressed by a bishop. Under ordinary circumstances, when a meeting is addressed by me and addressed by a bishop, the bishop is very fully reported; and I am somewhat briefly reported. On this occasion, it happened that I said something, being a lifelong teetotaler, and the meeting talking a great deal of nonsense about the publicans, in defense of the publican. The bishop did not speak in defense of the publican. He spoke in the conventional manner against the liquor trade. The consequence was that in the *Times* next day my speech was reported at full length; and the only thing that was mentioned about the bishop was that 'the Bishop of Kensington then addressed the meeting.' When Bishop Gore, who was then Bishop of Birmingham, delivered a most eloquent protest in London against the assumption that political science, any more than religion, was on the side of industrial sweating he fared worse than the Bishop of Kensington: for he was not mentioned at all except by one morning paper, which shortly afterward changed its editor.

Gentlemen, leaving the question of the press, you know that every one of you wants to get into Parliament. I have never yet met a member of the National Liberal Club who did not intend to get into Parliament at some time, except those who, like our Chairman, are there already. Well, most of you will get no further than taking part in other men's election meetings. You will hardly ever have an opportunity of speaking on behalf of a man who really represents your opinions. Nine times out of ten, for the sake of what you call the Liberal Party, you will be speaking on behalf of a rich man. You will be answering for his magnificent Liberal principles; you will be explaining his views on the Welsh Church, and on Home Rule, and on Free Trade. And the gentleman on whose behalf you are speaking, and who will be returned if your oratory is successful, will be sitting there on the platform wondering what on earth you are talking about, but perfectly prepared to foot the bill, to pay the expenses, to bribe the constituency on the chance of getting into Parliament. Doubtless, when he gets into Parliament, he will go into whatever lobby the Liberal whip tells him is the proper lobby to go into. That is what you get in the shape of democracy; and that is all you ever will get as long as you have inequality of income.

Now I come to the economic objection; and you will all now please put on your best expressions, being all of you political economists. Now, gentlemen, I am really

a political economist. I have studied the thing. I understand Ricardo's law of rent and Jevons's law of value. I can also tell you what in its essence sound economy means for any nation. It means, gentlemen, just what sound economy means for any individual; and that is that whatever powers the individual has of purchasing or producing, shall be exercised in the order of his most vital needs. Let me illustrate. Suppose you find a man starving in the streets. You are sympathetic: you give that man sixpence. Suppose that man, instead of buying some bread and eating it, buys a bottle of scent to perfume his handkerchief with, and then dies of starvation, but with the satisfaction of having his handkerchief perfumed! You will admit that that man is an unsound economist, will you not? You will even declare that he is a lunatic? Well, allow me to tell you, gentlemen, that is exactly what this country is doing at the present time. It is spending very large sums on perfuming its handkerchief while it is starving, and while it is rotting. How are you going to remedy that? As long as you have inequality of income, that mad state of things is compulsory. If one man has not enough money to feed his children properly, and another man has so much that after feeding and clothing and lodging himself and his family as luxuriously as possible he has still a large surplus fund, you will find that the richer man will take his surplus purchasing power into the market, and by that purchasing power set the labor of the country, which ought to be devoted to producing more food for people who have not enough food, to the production of 80 horse-power motor-cars, and yachts and jewels, and boxes at the opera, and to the construction of such towns as Nice and Monte Carlo. The thing is inevitable. Production is determined by purchasing power and always will be. If you were to attempt to do away with money and with purchasing power, then you would have, in order to satisfy your nation, to ascertain what every man particularly wants and likes; and as that would be impossible, you would have to give every man exactly the same thing, with the consequence that the man who wanted a race-horse as a luxury would get a gramophone, and the man who wanted a gramophone would get a race-horse. In order to enable men to determine production according to their own tastes, you must give a man his income in the shape of purchasing power. By that purchasing power he determines production; and if you allow the purchasing power of one class to fall below the level of the vital necessities of subsistence, and at the same time allow the purchasing power of another class to rise considerably above it into the region of luxuries, then you find inevitably that those people with that superfluity determine production to the output of luxuries, while at the same time the necessities that are wanted at the other end cannot be sold, and are therefore not produced. I have put it as shortly as possible; but that is the economic argument in favor of equality of income. All the arguments which have been brought forward against it, and all the more personal considerations in favor of inequality, seem to me, as an economist, to be practically swept away by the overwhelming weight of that economic objection.

I now come to the biological reasons for equality. I do not know, gentlemen, what may be the outcome of your experience in progressive political work, but I must confess to you here that I, having devoted more than thirty years, the most active part of my life, to political questions in their most serious aspect — not to the ridiculous game, not half as interesting as golf, which you call party politics and with which you debauch your intellects and waste your time, but to the genuine problems of the condition of the country and the condition of the people: in short, to the life of the country — I must confess to you that all my experience and all my thought on the subject have left me with very grave doubts as to whether mankind, as it exists at present, is capable of solving the political and economic problems which are presented to the human race by its own multitudinous numbers. If you take a few persons like ourselves, and put them into a new colony, in a climate which is not too rough, to make little pioneer villages like the pioneer villages in the days before Capitalism overwhelmed America, in that village you may get a reasonable and decent kind of life; a rough life, but a natural life; not in any very high sense a civilized life, and certainly not a cultured life; but a tolerably human kind of life. But the moment you attempt to go beyond the village stage, the moment you attempt

to create the complicated political, social and industrial organization required by our great modern empires and cities, the human constituents of these communities are hopelessly beaten by the problems created by that organization, and by their own numbers. Our House of Commons, to do it justice, does not even pretend to know what it is legislating about. Read its speeches on the subject, and you will find that it practically gives up the problem. It goes on in a hand-to-mouth fashion trying to remedy grievances, making five or six new messes every time it clears up an old one. You see measure after measure brought out, accompanied by extensions of the franchise; but all the time we are going more deeply into the mire, and increasing the evils I have been fighting all my life. Although people are constantly assuming that these evils are being got rid of, I assure you that they are not being got rid of at all; and the reason of that, it seems to me, is that we are not capable of getting rid of them. We are a stupid people; and we are a bad looking people. We are ugly; we have narrow minds; and we have bad manners. A great deal of that is due to the effect of being brought up in a society of inequality. I know perfectly well what happened to myself. I can remember one of my earliest experiences in life was my father finding me playing with a certain little boy in the street, and telling me I was not to play with that little boy, giving me to understand that he was a very inferior and objectionable kind of little boy. I had not found him so. I asked my father 'Why?' He said: 'His father keeps a shop.' I said to my father: 'Well, but you keep a mill.' Therefore my father pointed out to me that he sold things wholesale, and that this little boy's father sold things retail; and that, consequently, there was between me and that boy a gulf which could never be respectably bridged; and that it was part of my duty and part of my honor to regard that boy as an inferior, which I did ever after, in so far as I could safely do so, having regard to the fact that the boy was a more vigorous and larger boy than myself. I was also taught, being an Irish Protestant boy, what Protestant children are habitually taught in Ireland: that the great bulk of my fellow countrymen, being Roman Catholics, were condemned to eternal damnation. Perhaps you can see that this was blasphemy; but in my opinion the doctrine that the wholesaler should excommunicate the retailer was a much more dangerous blasphemy. At all events, when you are brought up, as you inevitably are in a society like ours, with that sort of blasphemy being continually dinned into your ears; when you are taught to be unsocial at every point, and brought up to be unsocial, then any little chance that your natural endowments at your birth may have left you of being able to grapple with the enormous problems of our modern civilization — problems that demand from you the largest scope of mind, the most unhesitating magnanimity, the most sacred recognition of your spiritual and human equality with every person in the nation — is utterly destroyed. That is why I doubt whether these problems can be solved by us, brought up in that way. To solve them, you need a new sort of human being.

And now we have come to what we call Eugenics. Ever since the time of Plato — and I dare say the subject was practically as old in Plato's time as it is now — sensible men have always said: 'Why cannot we breed men with the same care that we breed horses?' (Hear, hear.) Several gentlemen say 'Hear, hear.' Have they ever tried it? You must always test yourselves, when you have these ideas, by asking yourselves how would you begin. Suppose we could go as a deputation to Parliament, and were allowed to address Parliament at the bar of the House, and impressed them with the importance of this problem to such an extent that they passed an Act and sent it through the Lords and got the Royal Assent, indemnifying us and giving us power practically, we here, to make an attempt at breeding; to pick out a mother and father and try to produce a better sort of human being; we should not know where to begin. You see it is all very well when you come to breed a horse, because when you want to breed a horse you know the sort of horse you want. If you want a race-horse, all you care about is that the horse should be a very fast horse. If you want a draught horse, you know that all you want is a powerful horse. You do not bother about the horse's soul; you do not bother very much about its temper; you do not care whether it is a good horse in the pulpit sense of the word. You want a horse

that will go round a race-course in a shorter time than any other horse. Or you want a horse that will carry a hundredweight more than any other horse you can get hold of. It is quite simple, because you know the sort of horse you want. But do you know the sort of man you want? You do not. You have not the slightest idea. You do not even know how to begin. You say: 'Well, after all we do not want an epileptic. We do not want an alcoholic.' (It is a barbarous word, but drunken people are now called alcoholics.) But for all you know to the contrary, the Superman may be a self-controlled epileptic, fed exclusively on proof spirit, and consuming perhaps ten gallons a day. You laugh; but the thing is entirely possible. You do not know what a healthy man is. All your doctors are not able to tell you. All they can tell you is that if you bring them a healthy man, they will very soon have him in bed. Still less do you know, gentlemen, what is a good man. Take a vote as to whether I am a good man or not. Some people will tell you that my goodness is almost beyond that of any other living person. They will even tell you that I am the only hope of religion in this country. You will not have to go very far to find persons who are of exactly the contrary opinion. I tell you that you really do not know. I think the very first thing you have to do is to face the fact that you do not know, and that in the nature of things you never can know. Your capacity does not run to it. You have no clue, as far as your own judgment is concerned; and, therefore, you are thrown back on the clue that Nature gives you.

Let me propose to you an experiment which I am always proposing to large audiences in this country. I ask you tomorrow in the afternoon, if it is a fine afternoon, to walk down Park Lane or Bond or Oxford Street, or any well-frequented thoroughfare, and to look carefully at all the women you see coming along and to take a note of how many of those women you would care to be married to. If we are to judge by the utterances of some of our Moral Reform Societies, the members when they walk down Oxford Street, are so wildly and irresistibly attracted by every woman they meet, old or young, that nothing but the severest and most stringent laws restrain them from instant rapine. I cannot imagine how any man gets himself into such a deplorable condition of mind as to believe that this is true of himself, much less of any other human being. There may be some men of low type, who are nearly indiscriminate in their appetites; but I am perfectly certain, with regard to the great majority of men, that they may very often walk down Oxford Street without meeting one single woman to whom they could tolerate the idea of being married; and they will in any case be fortunate (because I like the sensation when it comes to me) if, on the most crowded day and in the finest weather, they meet two women for whom they feel that curious physiological attraction which we all recognize as the sex attraction. That attraction means something. If that attraction meant something destructive and ruinous to the human race, the human race would have been wiped out of existence long ago. It is what you call the Voice of Nature. You fall in love, as the saying is. You see a woman whom you have never spoken to, about whom you know absolutely nothing at all; you do not know her character, and you do not know her aims; but you look at her and fall in love with her. If you were a free person in a free society, you would feel very strongly in love with her; but nowadays you seldom feel more than that timid little — what shall I call it? — sort of sinking feeling, which is about as much as, in our present society, is left of any of our natural emotions. But you do feel some attraction. My contention is that this attraction is the only clue you have to the breeding of the human race, and I do not believe you will ever have any improvement in the human race until you greatly widen the area of possible sexual selection; until you make it as wide as the numbers of the community make it. Just consider what occurs at the present time. I walk down Oxford Street, let me say, as a young man. I see a woman who takes my fancy. I fall in love with her. It would seem very sensible, in an intelligent community, that I should take off my hat and say to this lady: 'Will you excuse me; but you attract me very strongly, and if you are not already engaged, would you mind taking my name and address and considering whether you would care to marry me?' Now I have no such chance at present.

Probably when I meet that woman, she is either a charwoman and I cannot marry her, or else she is a duchess and she will not marry me. I have purposely taken the charwoman and the duchess; but we cut matters much finer than that. We cut our little class distinctions, all founded upon inequality of income, so narrow and so small that I have time and again spoken to English audiences of all classes throughout the Kingdom, and I have said to every man and woman in the audience: 'You know perfectly well that when it came to your turn to be married, you had not, as a young man or a young woman, the choice practically of all the unmarried young people of your own age in our forty million population to choose from. You had at the outside a choice of two or three; and you did not like any of them very particularly as compared to the one you might have chosen, if you had had a larger choice.' That is a fact which you gentlemen with your knowledge of life cannot deny. The result is that you have, instead of a natural evolutionary sexual selection, a class selection which is really a money selection. Is it to be wondered at that you have an inferior and miserable breed under such circumstances? I believe that this goes home more to the people than any other argument I can bring forward. I have impressed audiences with that argument who were entirely unable to grasp the economic argument in the way you are able to grasp it, and who were indifferent to the political arguments. I say, therefore, that if all the other arguments did not exist, the fact that equality of income would have the effect of making the entire community intermarriageable from one end to the other, and would practically give a young man and young woman his or her own choice right through the population — I say that that argument only, with the results which would be likely to accrue in the improvement of the race, would carry the day.

I am sorry there are no ladies present here. There ought to have been, to have full justice done to the last argument. But the final argument which prevails with me is that it is half-past nine. I hope I have given you enough to talk about for some little time. I hope you understand that equality means equality of income. In justification of equality of income, I have given you a political argument, I have given you an economic argument, I have given you a biological argument; and now make what you can of it.

* * * * * * * *

II

THE CASE FOR INEQUALITY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

[*Metropolitan*, February, 1914. Reprinted by courtesy of the publishers.]

The only difficulty I find in answering Mr. Shaw when he is wrong is that I don't want to. It is sport to hear his purposeful fallacies running over the innocent sins of his generation, and mine. It 's a cruel sport, but it 's sport. And who would be a spoil-sport? Not I; not if the Superman would limit his hunting to his own country, where the libel laws make muckraking an intellectual game and British complacency requires that it be played by artists. But over here, in our country, muckraking is serious business. We are running down the truth that shall make us free. Mr. Shaw, addressing the Liberal Club of England on 'The Case for Equality,' is a gentleman shooting over his own preserves; the same man with the same case in the *Metropolitan Magazine* is a poacher. He is fair game for any of us; big game, but fair. I protest that Mr. Shaw should either stay at home, where the greater the truth is the greater the libel, or get down here with us to the hard but honest labor of raking up and marketing said truth. And why should he not deal in that precious commodity?

The truth divine is funnier than any man-made joke.

His joke on the Liberal Club shows that. The truth about the case for equality is more entertaining than Mr. Shaw's argument for it.

'When I speak of the Case of Equality,' he begins, 'I mean human equality.'

Now the joke in this thesis, the humorous truth divine about human equality is that we don't want it. By 'we' I mean not merely the editorial I; not myself alone; I mean Mr. Shaw also; and not only him and me, but Nature and human nature. And I certainly would include under that impersonal pronoun all those

who agree with him and me when I shall have made over for him the Superman's case for the Superman.

For my contention is that Mr. Shaw's case for human equality is an argument for human inequality; he doesn't know just how to get it, but that is what he means and wants.

'I say,' as he says — I say that we are striving, not for human equality, but for the opposite: human inequality. Not democracy; aristocracy is what we are after; or, to be more precise, aristocracies. Again I define 'we' as Nature, human nature and Shaw, and, with all the force Mr. Shaw puts into a doubtful statement, I say that we democrats work and argue for democracy as a means to aristocracy; the free, natural development of human inequality. We do, and we must. Nature compels us to.

Nature is working toward the development of variations in all species.

Human nature is a part of Nature. Man is a species. So man is being worked toward variations in his species. Human variations appear as human inequalities and the process we call evolution tends to develop them into greater and greater inequalities. Hence my conclusion:

It is human inequality, not human equality, that Nature makes for and makes our human nature work for.

No matter what men say, it is distinction and differences they want. But Mr. Shaw says it, sometimes; he says it in the bewildering course of his case for 'equality, meaning human equality.'

'I must confess,' he confesses, 'that all my experience and thought have left me with very grave doubts as to whether mankind as it exists at present is capable of solving the political and economic problems presented by its own multitudinous numbers. . . . To solve them you need a new sort of human being.'

This sigh for a new sort of human being is merely a literary expression of Nature's brutal demand for the further variation of the human species; for more inequality, or for the more unequal development of existing inequalities. That is an amusing, confusing thing to cry for in a plea for human equality; and I think the statement is upside down. We don't want the Superman to solve our political and economic problems. We want to solve our political and economic problems to get our Superman. But of this later. What I want to fix now is the point upon which Mr. Shaw and I and Nature agree:

We all want human inequality.

And that's why Mr. Shaw wants economic equality: because he wants human inequality. That is n't what he says; not all the time. As we have just seen, he sometimes puts it the other way. Most of the time, however, he has it right; most of his case is an argument for the solution of our economic problem in order to the development of the race.

And, 'of course' (as he says), this is the only way we can proceed. We can't create new sorts of human beings; we have to grow them; we have to evolve our superman out of mankind as it exists at present.

If Mr. Shaw (or anybody else) can't see that, I shall have to extend to him the invitation he gave to the 'congenitally incapable' members of the Liberal Club — 'to retire to the smoking-room downstairs.'

But Mr. Shaw does see that, sometimes he says it; and I think he means it all the time. It would be quibbling, therefore, to hold him to his exact words when we can, by an effort, get at his thought. Let's do that:

'When I speak of the case for equality,' he says, 'I mean human equality; and that, of course, can mean only one thing; it means equality of income.' And, as if to clinch my case, he adds: 'The fact is you cannot equalize anything about human beings except their incomes.'

So I will correct his thesis for him, and make him say what he says part of the time and means all of the time:

'When I speak of the case for equality, I mean human inequality; and that can mean but one thing: it means economic equality.'

My statement of his case is better because, first, it sounds more like Shaw than his own; second, it is nearer the truth; third, it illustrates what I said about the truth being funnier even than a Shaw jest, and there's a fourth reason which should have a paragraph by itself:

By reversing thus his main proposition, Mr. Shaw's argument becomes suddenly good; not precisely, but pretty good.

His case for equality (meaning human inequality) now faces the fundamental problem of the race: to develop the breeds

of men. And it gives Mr. Shaw's solution: economic equality. 'Equality of income' is his phrase, and he goes on to show that he means equal pay. 'It means,' he says, 'that if one person is to have half a crown, the other is to have two-and-sixpence. It means that precisely.'

That 's right. If we are to have human inequality, we must have economic equality. Not precisely; no; Mr. Shaw is precisely too precise there. But he is approximately right. He sees that the reason we have no aristocracies now is because we have only plutocracies. His happiest illustration is given under the unhappy head of 'Biological Reasons for Equality.' He agrees with me that we cannot make his 'new sort of human being'; he goes beyond me to say that we cannot even breed him as we do animals. The breeder of horses, he argues, knows the sort of horse he wants. But, says Mr. Shaw, 'you do not know the sort of man you want. . . . You have no clue, as far as your own judgment is concerned, and therefore you are driven back on the clue Nature gives.'

This clue to natural selection is the sex attraction. 'My contention,' he says, 'is that this attraction is the only clue you have to the breeding of the human race.' And he shows that the money standards of our plutocratic organization of society interfere with this natural instinct in all classes of society. 'You have,' he concludes, 'instead of a natural evolutionary sexual selection, a class selection which is really a money selection.'

One might quarrel with some of this. A pretty good case could be made for the improvement of some breeds of men under existing conditions. And I, for one, know some sorts of human beings I want; musicians, for example; artists generally, and Bernard Shaws; and I think the day may come when we shall know how to continue some such transmissible human inequalities. But I accept the main argument, that we cannot improve the stock fast or far so long as we breed as we do so generally now for money, position or other privilege. That is as absurd as breeding horses, not for speed or strength, but for the amount of money their owners possess.

And I quote sympathetically the close of his argument: 'Equality of income would have the effect of making the entire community intermarriageable from one end to the other and would practically give a young man or woman his or her choice right through the population with results likely to accrue in the improvement of the race.'

That 's right, too. Equality of income might do the trick. But is n't it impossible? And unnecessary?

Mr. Shaw says every other kind of human equality is impossible. Scientists say no precise equality occurs in Nature; not even among crystals; and, as for incomes, the inhuman inequality between thrift and joyousness would spoil that arrangement, unless economic opportunities were equalized. He says most human beings get 'equal pay' now; and he refers to the wages of labor, and the army, navy and civil lists. And he observes the leveling process of redistribution in pension legislation, in income and all super-taxation. There is no denying these facts; the tendency of political and social reform is toward the redistribution of wealth by force through confiscation. But all this makes, not for equality of incomes; not precisely; it makes only toward approximate equality. And in the wrong way; and here is where I take issue with Mr. Shaw on his whole case, whether he is for human equality, as he says, or for human inequality, as he also says.

Our evils are due, not to private wealth, but to excessive wealth and power in the hands of individuals. Equally bad, both must be prevented. Mr. Shaw would not prevent either. He proposes to redistribute accumulated wealth by some power greater than the state puts into the hands of statesmen now. This is implied in 'precisely equal incomes,' which only a highly organized governmental machine could establish. And even if that were done, it would n't stay done unless we had economic equality. And why attempt the impossible?

We can prevent excessive individual wealth by socializing the sources of unearned money. These are either natural resources or leaks through which social value flows into private pockets. In a word, we should abolish privileges; and, for the rest, let Labor democratize industry. These two courses would not increase centralized power; they would give us what Mr. Shaw wants: economic de-

mocracy; by giving us what he despises: equal opportunities — not to get rich, but to develop each his own gifts or inequalities freely. No man could get rich if he had access to no value except that which he produced, and I think that few would want to.

Men's activities and desires are determined, not only economic conditions, but by resultant social ideals, and long before economic equality was reached; with the passing of the sources and example of distinguishing riches, we would be free; free from the fear of poverty and power; free to form some other ideal than money. The aristocratic few seek distinction or satisfaction now in service or skilful work. Some such ideal would soon spread through a free society, and free the sex instinct to further by natural selection, human, instead of economic, inequalities.

III

SOCIALISM

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[*Outlook*, March 20 and 27, 1909. By permission of author and publishers.]

I — WHERE WE CANNOT WORK WITH SOCIALISTS

It is always difficult to discuss a question when it proves impossible to define the terms in which that question is to be discussed. Therefore there is not much to be gained by a discussion of Socialism *versus* Individualism in the abstract. Neither absolute Individualism nor absolute Socialism would be compatible with civilization at all; and among the arguments of the extremists of either side the only unanswerable ones are those which show the absurdity of the position of the other. Not so much as the first step towards real civilization can be taken until there arises some development of the right of private property; that is, until men pass out of the stage of savage socialism in which the violent and the thriftless forcibly constitute themselves co-heirs with the industrious and the intelligent in what the labor of the latter produces. But it is equally true that every step toward civilization is marked by a check on individualism. The ages that have passed have fettered the individualism which found expression in physical violence, and we are now endeavoring to put shackles on that kind of individualism which finds expression in craft and greed. There is growth in all such matters. The individualism of the Tweed Ring type would have seemed both commonplace and meritorious to the Merovingian Franks, where it was not entirely beyond their comprehension; and so in future ages, if the world progresses as we hope and believe it will progress, the standards of conduct which permit individuals to make money out of pestilential tenements or by the manipulation of stocks, or to refuse to share with their employees the dreadful burdens laid upon the latter by the inevitable physical risks in a given business, will seem as amazing to our descendants as we now find the standards of a society which regarded Clovis and his immediate successors as preëminently fit for leadership.

With those self-styled Socialists to whom 'Socialism' is merely a vaguely conceived catchword, and who use it to express their discontent with existing wrongs and their purpose to correct them, there is not much need of discussion. So far as they make any proposals which are not foolish, and which tend towards betterment, we can act with them. But the real, logical, advanced Socialists, who teach their faith as both a creed and a party platform, may deceive to their ruin decent and well-meaning but short-sighted men; and there is need of plain speaking in order accurately to show the trend of their teaching.

The immorality and absurdity of the doctrines of Socialism as propounded by these advanced advocates are quite as great as those of the advocates, if such there be, of an unlimited individualism. As an academic matter there is more need of refutation of the creed of absolute Socialism than of the creed of absolute individualism; for it happens that at the present time a greater number of visionaries, both sinister and merely dreamy, believe in the former than in the latter. One difficulty in arguing with professed Socialists of the extreme, or indeed of the opportunist, type, however, is that those of them who are sincere almost invariably suffer from great looseness of thought; for if they did not keep their faith nebulous, it would at once become abhorrent

in the eyes of any upright and sensible man. The doctrinaire Socialists, the extremists, the men who represent the doctrine in its most advanced form, are, and must necessarily be, not only convinced opponents of private property, but also bitterly hostile to religion and morality; in short, they must be opposed to all those principles through which, and through which alone, even an imperfect civilization can be built up by slow advances through the ages.

Indeed, these thoroughgoing Socialists occupy, in relation to all morality, and especially to domestic morality, a position so revolting — and I choose my words carefully — that it is difficult even to discuss it in a reputable paper. In America the leaders even of this type have usually been cautious about stating frankly that they proposed to substitute free love for married and family life as we have it, although many of them do in a roundabout way uphold this position. In places on the continent of Europe, however, they are more straightforward, their attitude being that of one of extreme French Socialist writers, M. Gabriel Deville, who announces that the Socialists intend to do away with both prostitution and marriage, which he regards as equally wicked — his method of doing away with prostitution being to make unchastity universal. Professor Carl Pearson, a leading English Socialist, states their position exactly:

'The sex relation of the future will not be regarded as a union for the birth of children, but as the closest form of friendship between man and woman. It will be accompanied by no child bearing or rearing, or by this in a much more limited number than at present. With the sex relationship, so long as it does not result in children, we hold that the State in the future will in no wise interfere, but when it does result in children, then the State will have a right to interfere.' He then goes on to point out that in order to save the woman from 'economic dependence' upon the father of her children, the children will be raised at the expense of the State; the usual plan being to have huge buildings like foundling asylums.

Mr. Pearson is a scientific man who, in his own realm, is as worthy of serious heed as Mr. Flinders Petrie, whom I mention later, is in his realm; and the above quotation states in naked form just what logical scientific Socialism would really come to. Aside from its thoroughly repulsive quality, it ought not to be necessary to point out that the condition of affairs aimed at would in actual practice bring about the destruction of the race within, at most, a couple of generations; and such destruction is heartily to be desired for any race of such infamous character as to tolerate such a system. Moreover, the ultra-Socialists of our own country have shown by their attitude towards one of their leaders, Mr. Herron, that, so far as law and public sentiment will permit, they are now ready to try to realize the ideals set forth by Messrs. Deville and Pearson. As for Mr. Herron, I commend to those who desire to verify what I have said, the article in the Boston *Congregationalist* of June 15, 1901; and to those, by the way, who have not the time to hunt up all the original authorities, I would commend a book called *Socialism; the Nation of Fatherless Children*, a book dedicated to the American Federation of Labor. The chapters on Free Love, Homeless Children, and Two Socialist Leaders are especially worth reading by any one who is for the moment confused by the statements of certain Socialist leaders to the effect that advanced Socialism does not contemplate an attack upon marriage and the family.

These same Socialist leaders, with a curious effrontery, at times deny that the exponents of 'scientific Socialism' assume a position as regards industry which in condensed form may be stated as, that each man is to do what work he can, or, in other words, chooses, and in return is to take out from the common fund whatever he needs; or, what amounts to the same thing, that each man shall have equal remuneration with every other man, no matter what work is done. If they will turn to a little book recently written in England called *The Case Against Socialism*, they will find by looking at, say, pages 229 and 300, or indeed almost at random through the book, quotations from recognized Socialist leaders taking exactly this position; indeed, it is the position generally taken — though it is often opposed or qualified, for Socialist leaders usually think confusedly, and often occupy inconsistent positions. Mrs. Besant, for instance, putting it pithily, says that we must come to the 'equal remuneration of all

workers'; and one of her colleagues, that 'the whole of our creed is that industry shall be carried on, not for the profit of those engaged in it, whether masters or men, but for the benefit of the community. . . . It is not for the miners, bootmakers, or shop assistants as such that we Socialists claim the profits of industry, but for the citizen.' In our own country, in *Socialism Made Plain*, a book officially circulated by the Milwaukee division of the Socialist party, the statement is explicit: 'Under the labor time-check medium of exchange proposed by Socialists, any laborer could exchange the wealth he produced in any given number of hours for the wealth produced by any other laborer in the same number of hours.' It is unnecessary to point out that the pleasing idea of these writers could be realized only if the State undertook the duty of taskmaster, for otherwise it is not conceivable that anybody whose work would be worth anything would work at all under such conditions. Under this type of Socialism, therefore, or communism, the government would have to be the most drastic possible despotism; a despotism so drastic that its realization would only be an ideal. Of course in practice such a system could not work at all; and incidentally the mere attempt to realize it would necessarily be accompanied by a corruption so gross that the blackest spot of corruption in any existing form of city government would seem bright by comparison.

In other words, on the social and domestic side doctrinaire Socialism would replace the family and home life by a glorified State free-lunch counter and State foundling asylum, deliberately enthroning self-indulgence as the ideal, with, on its darker side, the absolute abandonment of all morality as between man and woman; while in place of what Socialists are pleased to call 'wage slavery' there would be created a system which would necessitate either the prompt dying out of the community through sheer starvation, or an iron despotism over all workers, compared to which any slave system of the past would seem beneficent, because less utterly hopeless.

'Advanced' Socialist leaders are fond of declaiming against patriotism, or announcing their movement as international, and of claiming to treat all men alike; but on this point, as on all others, their system would not stand for one moment the test of actual experiment. If the leaders of the Socialist party in America should today endeavor to force their followers to admit all negroes and Chinamen to a real equality, their party would promptly disband, and, rather than submit to such putting into effect of their avowed purpose, would, as a literal fact, follow any capitalistic organization as an alternative.

It is not an accident that makes thoroughgoing and radical Socialists adopt the principles of free love as a necessary sequence to insisting that no man shall have the right to what he earns. When Socialism of this really advanced and logical type is tried as it was in France in 1792, and again under the Commune in 1871, it is inevitable that the movement, ushered in with every kind of high-sounding phrase, should rapidly spread so as to include, not merely the forcible acquisition of the property of others, but every conceivable form of monetary corruption, immorality, licentiousness, and murderous violence. In theory, distinctions can be drawn between this kind of Socialism and anarchy and nihilism; but in practice, as in 1871, the apostles of all three act together; and if the doctrines of any of them could be applied universally, all the troubles of society would indeed cease, because society itself would cease. The poor and the helpless, especially women and children, would be the first to die out, and the few survivors would go back to the condition of skin-clad savages, so that the whole painful and laborious work of social development would have to begin over again. Of course, long before such an event really happened the Socialistic régime would have been overturned, and in the reaction men would welcome any kind of one-man tyranny that was compatible with the existence of civilization.

So much for the academic side of unadulterated, or, as its advocates style it, 'advanced scientific' Socialism. Its representatives in this country who have practically striven to act up to their extreme doctrines, and have achieved leadership in any one of the branches of the Socialist party, especially the parlor Socialists, and the like, be they lay or clerical, deserve scant consideration at the hands of honest and clean-living men and women. What their movement leads to may be gathered from the fact that in the

last presidential election they nominated and voted for a man who earns his livelihood as the editor of a paper which not merely practises every form of malignant and brutal slander, but condones and encourages every form of brutal wrong-doing, so long as either the slander or the violence is supposed to be at the expense of a man who owns something, wholly without regard to whether that man is himself a scoundrel, or a wise, kind, and helpful member of the community. As for the so-called Christian Socialists who associate themselves with this movement, they either are or ought to be aware of the pornographic literature, the pornographic propaganda, which make up one side of the movement; a pornographic side which is entirely proper in a movement that in this country accepts as one of its heads a man whose domestic immorality has been so open and flagrant as to merit the epithet of shameless. That criminal nonsense should be listened to eagerly by some men bowed down by the cruel condition of much of modern toil is not strange; but that men who pretend to speak with culture of mind and authority to teach, men who are or have been preachers of the Gospel or professors in universities, should affiliate themselves with the preachers of criminal nonsense is a sign of either grave mental or moral shortcoming.

I wish it to be remembered that I speak from the standpoint of, and on behalf of, the wage-worker and the tiller of the soil. These are the two men whose welfare I have ever before me, and for their sakes I would do anything, except anything that is wrong; and it is because I believe that teaching them doctrine like that which I have stigmatized represents the most cruel wrong in the long run, both to wage-worker and to earth-tiller, that I reprobate and denounce such conduct.

We need have but scant patience with those who assert that modern conditions are all that they should be, or that they cannot be improved. The wildest or most vicious of Socialistic writers could preach no more foolish doctrine than that contained in such ardent defenses of uncontrolled capitalism and individualism as Mr. Flinders Petrie's *Janus*, a book which is absurd, but which, because of this very fact, is not mischievous, for it can arouse no other emotion than the very earnest desire that this particular archeological shoemaker should stick to his early-Egyption last. There are dreadful woes in modern life, dreadful suffering among some of those who toil, brutal wrong-doing among some of those who make colossal fortunes by exploiting the toilers. It is the duty of every honest and upright man, of every man who holds within his breast the capacity for righteous indignation, to recognize these wrongs, and to strive with all his might to bring about a better condition of things. But he will never bring about this better condition by misstating facts and advocating remedies which are not merely false, but fatal.

Take, for instance, the doctrine of the extreme Socialists, that all wealth is produced by manual workers, that the entire product of labor should be handed over every day to the laborer, that wealth is criminal in itself. Of course wealth is no more criminal than labor. Human society could not exist without both; and if all wealth were abolished this week, the majority of laborers would starve next week. As for the statement that all wealth is produced by manual workers, in order to appreciate its folly it is merely necessary for any man to look at what is happening right around him, in the next street, or the next village. Here in the city where the *Outlook* is edited, on Broadway between Ninth and Tenth Streets, is a huge dry goods store. The business was originally started, and the block of which I am speaking was built for the purpose, by an able New York merchant. It prospered. He and those who invested under him made a good deal of money. Their employees did well. Then he died, and certain other people took possession of it and tried to run the business. The manual labor was the same, the good-will was the same, the physical conditions were the same; but the guiding intelligence at the top had changed. The business was run at a loss. It would surely have had to shut, and all the employees, clerks, laborers, everybody turned adrift, to infinite suffering, if it had not again changed hands and another business man of capacity taken charge. The business was the same as before, the physical conditions were the same, the good-will the same, the manual labor the same, but the guiding intelligence had changed, and now everything once more prospered, and prospered

as had never been the case before. With such an instance before our very eyes, with such proof of what every business proves, namely, the vast importance of the part played by the guiding intelligence in business, as in war, in invention, in art, in science, in every imaginable pursuit, it is really difficult to show patience when asked to discuss such a proposition as that all wealth is produced solely by the work of manual workers, and that the entire product should be handed over to them. Of course, if any such theory were really acted upon, there would soon be no product to be handed over to the manual laborers, and they would die of starvation. A great industry could no more be managed by a mass-meeting of manual laborers than a battle could be won in such fashion, than a painters' union could paint a Rembrandt, or a typographical union write one of Shakespeare's plays.

The fact is that this kind of Socialism represents an effort to enthrone privilege in its crudest form. Much of what we are fighting against in modern civilization is privilege. We fight against privilege when it takes the form of a franchise to a street railway company to enjoy the use of the streets of a great city without paying an adequate return; when it takes the form of a great business combination which grows rich by rebates which are denied to other shippers; when it takes the form of a stock-gambling operation which results in the watering of railway securities so that certain inside men get an enormous profit out of a swindle on the public. All these represent various forms of illegal, or, if not illegal, then anti-social, privilege. But there can be no greater abuse, nor greater example of corrupt and destructive privilege, than that advocated by those who say that each man should put into a common store what he can and take out what he needs. This is merely another way of saying that the thriftless and the vicious, who could or would put in but little, should be entitled to take out the earnings of the intelligent, the foresighted, and the industrious. Such a proposition is morally base. To choose to live by theft or by charity means in each case degradation, a rapid lowering of self-respect and self-reliance. The worst wrongs that capitalism can commit upon labor would sink into insignificance when compared with the hideous wrong done by those who would degrade labor by sapping the foundations of self-respect and self-reliance. The Roman mob, living on the bread given them by the State and clamoring for excitement and amusement to be purveyed by the State, represent for all time the very nadir to which a free and self-respecting population of workers can sink if they grow habitually to rely upon others, and especially upon the State, either to furnish them charity, or to permit them to plunder, as a means of livelihood.

In short, it is simply common sense to recognize that there is the widest inequality of service, and that therefore there must be an equally wide inequality of reward, if our society is to rest upon the basis of justice and wisdom. Service is the true test by which a man's worth should be judged. We are against privilege in any form: privilege to the capitalist who exploits the poor man, and privilege to the shiftless or vicious poor man who would rob his thrifty brother of what he has earned. Certain exceedingly valuable forms of service are rendered wholly without capital. On the other hand, there are exceedingly valuable forms of service which can be rendered only by means of great accumulations of capital, and not to recognize this fact would be to deprive our whole people of one of the great agencies for their betterment. The test of a man's worth to the community is the service he renders to it, and we cannot afford to make this test by material considerations alone. One of the main vices of the Socialism which was propounded by Proudhon, Lassalle, and Marx, and which is preached by their disciples and imitators, is that it is blind to everything except the merely material side of life. It is not only indifferent, but at bottom hostile, to the intellectual, the religious, the domestic and moral life; it is a form of communism with no moral foundation, but essentially based on the immediate annihilation of personal ownership of capital, and, in the near future, the annihilation of the family, and ultimately the annihilation of civilization.

II — WHERE WE CAN WORK WITH SOCIALISTS

It is true that the doctrines of communistic Socialism, if consistently followed, mean the ultimate annihilation of civiliza-

tion. Yet the converse is also true. Ruin faces us if we decline steadily to try to reshape our whole civilization in accordance with the law of service and if we permit ourselves to be misled by any empirical or academic consideration into refusing to exert the common power of the community where only collective action can do what individualism has left undone, or can remedy the wrongs done by an unrestricted and ill-regulated individualism. There is any amount of evil in our social and industrial conditions of today, and unless we recognize this fact and try resolutely to do what we can to remedy the evil, we run great risk of seeing men in their misery turn to the false teachers whose doctrines would indeed lead them to greater misery, but who do at least recognize the fact that they are now miserable. At the present time there are scores of laws in the interest of labor — laws putting a stop to child labor, decreasing the hours of labor where they are excessive, putting a stop to unsanitary crowding and living, securing employers' liability, doing away with unhealthy conditions in various trades, and the like — which should be passed by the National and the various State Legislatures; and those who wish to do effective work against Socialism would do well to turn their energies into securing the enactment of these laws.

Moreover, we should always remember that Socialism is both a wide and a loose term, and that the self-styled Socialists are of many and utterly different types. If we should study only the professed apostles of radical Socialism, of what these men themselves like to call 'scientific Socialism,' or if we should study only what active leaders of Socialism in this country have usually done, or read only the papers in which they have usually expressed themselves, we would gain an utterly wrong impression of very many men who call themselves Socialists. There are many peculiarly high-minded men and women who like to speak of themselves as Socialists, whose attitude, conscious or unconscious, is really merely an indignant recognition of the evil of present conditions and an ardent wish to remedy it, and whose Socialism is really only an advanced form of liberalism. Many of these men and women in actual fact take a large part in the advancement of moral ideas, and in practice wholly repudiate the purely materialistic, and therefore sordid, doctrines of those Socialists whose creed really is in sharp antagonism to every principle of public and domestic morality, who war on private property with a bitterness but little greater than that with which they war against the institutions of the home and the family, and against every form of religion, Catholic or Protestant. The Socialists of this moral type may in practice be very good citizens indeed, with whom we can at many points coöperate. They are often joined temporarily with what are called the 'opportunist Socialists' — those who may advocate an impossible and highly undesirable Utopia as a matter of abstract faith, but who in practice try to secure the adoption only of some given principle which will do away with some phase of existing wrong. With these two groups of Socialists it is often possible for all farsighted men to join heartily in the effort to secure a given reform or do away with a given abuse. Probably, in practice, wherever and whenever Socialists of these two types are able to form themselves into a party, they will disappoint both their own expectations and the fears of others by acting very much like other parties, like other aggregations of men; and it will be safe to adopt whatever they advance that is wise, and to reject whatever they advance that is foolish, just as we have to do as regards countless other groups who on one issue or set of issues come together to strive for a change in the political or social conditions of the world we live in. The important thing is generally the next step. We ought not to take it unless we are sure that it is advisable; but we should not hesitate to take it when once we are sure; and we can safely join with others who also wish to take it, without bothering our heads overmuch as to any somewhat fantastic theories they may have concerning, say, the two hundredth step, which is not yet in sight.

There are many schemes proposed which their enemies, and a few of their friends, are pleased to call Socialistic, or which are indorsed and favored by men who call themselves Socialists, but which are entitled each to be considered on its merits with regard only to the practical advantage which each would confer. Every public man, every reformer, is bound to refuse to dismiss these schemes with the shallow statement that they are 'Socialis-

tic'; for such an attitude is one of mere mischievous dogmatism. There are communities in which our system of state education is still resisted and condemned as Socialism; and we have seen within the past two years in this country men who were themselves directors in National banks, which were supervised by the government, object to such supervision of railways by the government on the ground that it was 'Socialistic.' An employers' liability law is no more Socialistic than a fire department; the regulation of railway rates is by no means as Socialistic as the digging and enlarging of the Erie Canal at the expense of the State. A proper compensation law would merely distribute over the entire industry the shock of accident or disease, instead of limiting it to the unfortunate individual on whom, through no fault of his, it happened to fall. As communities become more thickly settled and their lives more complex, it grows ever more and more necessary for some of the work formerly performed by individuals, each for himself, to be performed by the community for the community as a whole. Isolated farms need no complicated system of sewerage; but this does not mean that public control of sewerage in a great city should be resisted on the ground that it tends toward Socialism. Let each proposition be treated on its own merits, soberly and cautiously, but without any of that rigidity of mind which fears all reform. If, for instance, the question arises as to the establishment of day nurseries for the children of mothers who work in factories, the obvious thing to do is to approach it with an open mind, listen to the arguments for and against, and, if necessary, try the experiment in actual practice. If it is alleged that small groups of farmers have prospered by doing much of their work in common, and by a kind of mutual insurance and supervision, why of course we should look into the matter with an open mind, and try to find out, not what we want the facts to be, but what the facts really are.

We cannot afford to subscribe to the doctrine, equally hard and foolish, that the welfare of the children in the tenement-house district is no concern of the community as a whole. If the child of the thronged city cannot live in decent surroundings, have teaching, have room to play, have good water and clean air, then not only will he suffer, but in the next generation the whole community will to a greater or less degree share his suffering.

In striving to better our industrial life we must ever keep in mind that, while we cannot afford to neglect its material side, we can even less afford to disregard its moral and intellectual side. Each of us is bound to remember that he is in very truth his brother's keeper, and that his duty is, with judgment and common sense, to try to help the brother. To the base and greedy attitude of mind which adopts as its motto, 'What is thine is mine,' we oppose the doctrine of service, the doctrine that insists that each of us, in no hysterical manner, but with common sense and good judgment, and without neglect of his or her own interests, shall yet act on the saying, 'What is mine I will in good measure make thine also.'

Socialism strives to remedy what is evil alike in domestic and in economic life, and its tendency is to insist that the economic remedy is all-sufficient in every case. We should all join in the effort to do away with the evil; but we should refuse to have anything to do with remedies which are either absurd or mischievous, for such, of course, would merely aggravate the present suffering. The first thing to recognize is that, while economic reform is often vital, it is never all-sufficient. The moral reform, the change of character — in which law can sometimes play a large, but never the largest, part — is the most necessary of all. In dealing with the marriage relation the Socialist attitude is one of unmixed evil. Assuredly woman should be guarded and honored in every way, her rights jealously upheld, and any wrong done her should be regarded and punished with severe judgment; but we must keep in mind the obvious fact that equality of consideration does not mean identity of function. Our effort should be to raise the level of self-respect, self-control, sense of duty in both sexes, and not to push both down to an evil equality of moral turpitude by doing away with the self-restraint and sense of obligation which have been slowly built up through the ages. We must bring them to a moral level by raising the lower standard, not by depressing the high. It is idle to prattle against the 'economic dependence' of woman upon man. In the ideal household — an ideal which I believe, though very far from being univer-

sally realized, is yet now more generally realized than ever before — there is really complete economic interdependence, as well as the high spiritual and moral interdependence which is more nearly attained in happy wedlock, in a permanent partnership of love and duty, than in any other relation of life which the world has yet seen. Rights should be forfeited by neither partner; and duties should be shirked by neither partner. The duty of the woman to be the child-bearer and home-keeper is just as obvious, simple, and healthful as the duty of the man to be the breadwinner and, if necessary, the soldier. Whenever either the man or the woman loses the power or the will to perform these obvious duties, the loss is irreparable, and, whatever may be the gain in ease, amiable softness, self-indulgent pleasure, or even artistic and material achievement, the whole civilization is rotten and must fall.

So with our industrial system. In many respects the wage system can be bettered; but screaming about 'wage slavery' is largely absurd; at this moment, for instance, I am a 'wage slave' of *The Outlook*. Under certain conditions and in certain cases the coöperative system can to a greater or less degree be substituted with advantage for, or, more often, can be used to supplement, the wage system; but only on condition of recognizing the widely different needs occasioned by different conditions, which needs are so diverse that they must sometimes be met in totally different ways.

We should do everything that can be done, by law or otherwise, to keep the avenues of occupation, of employment, of work, of interest, so open that there shall be, so far as it is humanly possible to achieve it, a measurable equality of opportunity, an equality of opportunity for each man to show the stuff that is in him. When it comes to reward, let each man, within the limits set by a sound and far-sighted morality, get what, by his energy, intelligence, thrift, courage, he is able to get, with the opportunity open. We must set our faces against privilege; just as much against the kind of privilege which would let the shiftless and lazy laborer take what his brother has earned as against the privilege which allows the huge capitalist to take toll to which he is not entitled. We stand for equality of opportunity, but not for equality of reward unless there is also equality of service. If the service is equal, let the reward be equal; but let the reward depend on the service; and, mankind being composed as it is, there will be inequality of service for a long time to come, no matter how great the equality of opportunity may be; and just so long as there is inequality of service it is eminently desirable that there should be inequality of reward.

We recognize, and are bound to war against, the evils of to-day. The remedies are partly economic and partly spiritual, partly to be obtained by laws, and in greater part to be obtained by individual and associated effort; for character is the vital matter, and character cannot be created by law. These remedies include a religious and moral teaching which shall increase the spirit of human brotherhood; an educational system which shall train men for every form of useful service — and which shall train us to prize common sense no less than morality; such a division of the profits of industry as shall tend to encourage intelligent and thrifty tool-users to become tool-owners; and a government so strong, just, wise, and democratic that, neither lagging too far behind nor pushing heedlessly in advance, it may do its full share in promoting these ends.

IV

THE JUSTICE AND DESIRABILITY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

[*Independent*, April 5, 1915. By permission.]

The men of three eastern States — Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey — will have an opportunity this fall to put themselves on record for or against woman suffrage. In each State a constitutional amendment extending the suffrage to women is to be submitted to the voters at the polls. What will the men of Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey do with the opportunity? Will they follow the enlightened example of the men of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington, California, Arizona, Kansas, Oregon, Alaska, Illinois, Montana and Nevada? Or will they choose to keep their States a while longer groping in the mists of reaction?

Women should vote for four good and sufficient reasons — and for one other reason greater than all four. And the four reasons are these:

It will be good for the women.
It will be good for the men.
It will be good for the family.
It will be good for the State.

In the first place, then, it will be good for women to vote — not, it should be noted, to have the right to vote, but *to vote*, for the suffrage is not only a privilege but an unescapable obligation — because it will broaden their mental and moral horizon. It will give them something new to think about; and there is no better, one might almost say no other, road to intellectual development than thinking. It will give them new responsibilities — responsibilities to their neighbors, to the community, to the State. There is no better road to moral development than the assumption and the bearing of responsibility.

In the second place, to have women vote will be good for men. It will put them on their mettle, for it would go hard with masculine pride to find the 'weaker sex' beating them at their own traditional task. It will make the men think too. For there is no greater incentive to clear thinking than, first, the necessity of explaining a matter to an inquiring mind and, second, the need of defending one's own position in argument. It will sharpen men's moral responsibility. For women have a way of going straight to the heart of things; and it might be a new and stimulating experience for a man to have to explain to his wife, or his mother or his daughter — as fellow voters — just why he was voting on the side of a corrupt boss or in favor of the liquor traffic or against the suppression of child labor.

In the third place, the voting of women will be good for the family. It will create a new bond of union among its members. Husband and wife with a common duty to the State will find themselves drawn closer together. The mother who goes to the polls with her son, the father who accompanies his daughter to the performance of their common civic task will find a new pleasure in their parenthood and a new outlook upon its possibilities. The son who grows up to find his mother a voter, informed on public affairs and intelligent to discuss them, will have a new appreciation of his mother's companionship, a broadened respect for womanhood.

In the fourth place, woman suffrage will be good for the State. The comment has been keenly made that the State, like the family, needs not only a father but a mother. Women, by the very nature of their being, and of their normal existence, are experts on certain vital subjects. And the State needs expert knowledge quite as much as it needs good intentions and sound principles. Municipal housekeeping could not but gain in efficiency from the participation in its affairs of those in the community whose peculiar business housekeeping is. Women will bring to the activities of government a new point of view, valuable because it is a sound point of view and no less valuable because it is a different point of view. On such subjects of the highest importance to the well-being of the State as education, working conditions for women, the purity of food, child labor, the liquor traffic, the social evil, and war, women have that to contribute in the way of special knowledge and special sympathy which the State can ill afford to be without.

Women have different qualities of mind from men. Men are, in theory at least and often in practice, reasoning beings. Women are creatures of intuition. Men plod to a conclusion; women leap to it. It is sometimes startling to observe how woman's intuition surpasses man's reason in soundness of result. But to whichever quality be awarded the palm for usefulness, there is no question that the two taken together are greatly more valuable than either alone.

But to come to the last and greatest reason of all. Partial suffrage — the suffrage of men alone — is a denial of democracy. Democracy will never be full and complete until every individual in the community has an equal right to determine how the affairs of the community shall be managed. Democracy — the rule of the people — is no democracy while half of the people are excluded from the ruling. The United States is a nation 'conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' There is no liberty while women are free only to be governed and not to govern. There is no equality which does not include political equality — and political equality for all persons regardless of sex.

V

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

IDA M. TARBELL

[*American Magazine*, March, 1912. Republished as Chapter III of *The Business of Being a Woman* (Macmillan Company), New York, 1913. By permission of author and publishers.]

Respect for the Creator of this world is basic among all civilized people. The longer one lives the more thoroughly one realizes the soundness of this respect. The earth and its works *are* good. Most human conceptions are barred by strange inconsistencies. The man who praises the works of the Creator as all wise not infrequently treats His arrangement for carrying on the race as if it were unfit to be spoken of in polite society. Nowhere does the modern God-fearing man come nearer to sacrilege than in his attitude toward the divine plan for renewing life.

A strange mixture of sincerity and hypocrisy, self-flagellation and lust, aspiration and superstition, has gone into the making of this attitude. With the development of it we have nothing to do here. What does concern us is the effect of this profanity on the Business of Being a Woman.

ON THE MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECT — UNINFORMED

The central fact of the woman's life — Nature's reason for her — is the child, his bearing and rearing. There is no escape from the divine order that her life must be built around this constraint, duty, or privilege, as she may please to consider it. But from the beginning to the end of life she is never permitted to treat it naturally and frankly. As a child accepting all that opens to her as a matter of course, she is steered away from it as if it were something evil. Her first essays at evasion and spying often come to her in connection with facts which are sacred and beautiful and which she is perfectly willing to accept as such if they were treated intelligently and reverently. If she could be kept from all knowledge of the procession of new life except as Nature reveals it to her there would be reason in her treatment. But this is impossible. From babyhood she breathes the atmosphere of unnatural prejudices and misconceptions which envelop the fact.

Throughout her girlhood the atmosphere grows thicker. She finally faces the most perilous and beautiful of experiences with little more than the ideas which have come to her from the confidences of evil-minded servants, inquisitive and imaginative playmates, or the gossip she overhears in her mother's society. Every other matter of her life, serious and commonplace, has received careful attention, but here she has been obliged to feel her way and, worst of abominations, to feel it with an inner fear that she ought not to know or seek to know.

If there were no other reason for the modern woman's revolt against marriage, the usual attitude toward its central facts would be sufficient. The idea that celibacy for woman is 'the aristocracy of the future' is soundly based if the Business of Being a Woman rests on a mystery so questionable that it cannot be frankly and truthfully explained by a girl's mother at the moment her interest and curiosity seek satisfaction. That she gets on as well as she does, results, of course, from the essential soundness of the girl's nature, the armor of modesty, right instinct, and reverence, with which she is endowed.

UNCONSCIOUS OF THE SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF HER MATE

The direct result of ignorance or of distorted ideas of this tremendous matter of carrying on human life is that it leaves the girl unconscious of the supreme importance of her mate. So heedlessly and ignorantly is our mating done to-day that the huge machinery of church and state and the tremendous power of public opinion combined have been insufficient to preserve to the institution of marriage anything like the stability it once had, or that it is desirable that it should have, if its full possibilities are to be realized. The immorality and inhumanity of compelling the obviously mismated to live together, grow on society. Divorce and separation are more and more tolerated. Yet little is done to prevent the hasty and ill-considered mating which is at the source of the trouble.

Rarely has a girl a sound and informed sense to guide her in accepting her companion. The corollary of this bad proposition is that she has no sufficient idea of

the seriousness of her undertaking. She starts out as if on a life-long joyous holiday, primarily devised for her personal happiness. And what is happiness in her mind? Certainly it is not a good to be conquered — a state of mind wrested from life by tackling and mastering its varied experiences, the *end,* not the beginning of a great journey. Too often it is that of the modern Uneasy Woman — the attainment of something *outside* of herself. She visualizes it, as possessions, as ease, a 'good time,' opportunities for self-culture, the exclusive devotion of the mate to her. Rarely does she understand that happiness in her undertaking depends upon the wisdom and sense with which she conquers a succession of hard places — calling for readjustment of her ideas and sacrifice of her desires. All this she must discover for herself. She is like a voyager who starts out on a great sea with no other chart than a sailor's yarns, no other compass than curiosity.

A YOUNG BRIDE'S AXIOMS

The budget of axioms she brings to her guidance she has picked up helter-skelter. They are the crumbs gathered from the table of the Uneasy Woman, or worse, of the pharisaical and satisfied woman, from good and bad books, from newspaper exploitations of divorce and scandal, from sly gossip with girls whose budget of marital wisdom is as higgledy-piggledy as her own.

And a pathetically trivial budget it is:

'He must *tell* her everything.' 'He must always pick up what she drops.' 'He must dress for dinner.' 'He must remember her birthday.' That is, she begins her adventure with a set of hard-and-fast rules — and nothing in this life causes more mischief than the effort to force upon another one's own rules!

That marriage gives the finest opportunity that life affords for practising not rules but principles, she has never been taught. Flexibility, adaptation, fair-mindedness, the habit of supplementing the weakness of the one by the strength of the other, all the fine things upon which the beauty, durability, and growth of human relations depend — these are what decide the future of her marriage. These she misses while she insists on her rules; and ruin is often the end. Study the causes back of divorces and separations, the brutal criminal causes aside, and one finds that usually they begin in trivial things — an irritating habit or an offensive opinion persisted in on the one side and not endured philosophically on the other; a petty selfishness indulged on the one side and not accepted humorously on the other — that is, the marriage is made or unmade by small, not great things.

HOME A REAL ECONOMIC PARTNERSHIP

It is a lack of any serious consideration of the nature of the undertaking she is going into which permits her at the start to accept a false notion of her economic position. She consents that she is being 'supported'; she consents to accept what is given her; she even consents to ask for money. Men and society at large take her at her own valuation. Loose thinking by those who seek to influence public opinion has aggravated the trouble. They start with the idea that she is a parasite — does not pay her way. 'Men hunt, fish, keep the cattle or raise corn,' says a popular writer, 'for women to eat the game, the fish, the meat and the corn.' The inference is that the men alone render useful service. But neither man nor woman eats of these things until the woman has prepared them. The theory that the man who raises corn does a more important piece of work than the woman who makes it into bread is absurd.

The practice of handing over the pay envelope at the end of the week to the woman, so common among laboring people, is a recognition of her equal economic function. It is a recognition that the venture of the two is common and that its success depends as much on the care and intelligence with which she spends the money as it does on the energy and steadiness with which he earns it. Whenever one or the other fails trouble begins. The failure to understand this business side of the marriage relation almost inevitably produces humiliation and irritation. So serious has the strain become because of this false start that various devices have been suggested to repair it — Mr. Wells' 'Paid Motherhood' is one; weekly wages as for a servant is another. Both notions encourage the primary mistake that the woman has not an equal economic place with the man in the marriage.

IS HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY NARROWING?

Marriage is a business as well as a sentimental partnership. But a business partnership brings grave practical responsibilities, and this, under our present system, the girl is rarely trained to face. She becomes a partner in an undertaking where her function is spending. The probability is she does not know a credit from a debit, has to learn to make out a check correctly, and has no conscience about the fundamental matter of living within the allowance which can be set aside for the family expenses. When this is true of her she at once puts herself into the rank of an incompetent — she becomes an economic dependent. She has laid the foundation for becoming an Uneasy Woman.

It is common enough to hear women arguing that this close grappling with household economy is narrowing, not worthy of them. Why keeping track of the cost of eggs and butter and calculating how much your income will allow you to buy is any more narrowing than keeping track of the cost and quality of cotton or wool or iron and calculating how much a mill requires, it is hard to see. It is the same kind of a problem. Moreover, it has the added interest of being always an independent *personal* problem. Most men work under the deadening effect of impersonal routine. They do that which others have planned and for results in which they have no share.

WOMAN'S DUTY AS A CONSUMER

But the woman argues that her task has no relation to the State. Her failure to see that relation costs this country heavily. Her concern is with retail prices. If she does her work intelligently she knows the why of every fluctuation of price in standards. She also knows whether she is receiving the proper quality and quantity; and yet so poorly have women discharged these obligations that dealers for years have been able to manipulate prices practically to please themselves, and as for quality and quantity we have the scandal of American woolen goods, of food adulteration, of false weights and measures. No one of these things could have come about in this country if woman had taken her business as a consumer with anything like the seriousness with which man takes his as a producer.

Her ignorance in handling the products of industry has helped the monopolistically inclined trust enormously. I can remember the day when the Beef Trust invaded a certain Middle Western town. The war on the old-time butchers of the village was open. 'Buy of us,' was the order, 'or we 'll fill the storage house so full that the legs of the steers will hang out of the windows and we 'll give away the meat." The women of the town had a prosperous club which might have resisted the tyranny which the members all deplored, but the club was busy that winter with a study of the Greek drama! They deplored the tyranny, but they bought the cut-rate meat — the old butchers fought to a finish and the housekeepers are now paying higher prices for poorer meat and railing at the impotency of man in breaking up the Beef Trust!

If two years ago when the question of a higher duty on hosiery was before Congress any woman or club of women had come forward with carefully tabulated experiments, showing exactly the changes which have gone on of late years in the shape, color, and wearing quality of the 15-, 25-, and 50-cent stockings, the stockings of the poor, she would have rendered a genuine economic service. The women held mass-meetings and prepared petitions, instead, using on the one side the information the shopkeepers furnished, on the other that which the stocking manufacturers furnished. Agitation based upon anything but personal knowledge is not a public service. It may be easily a grave public danger. The facts needed for fixing the hosiery duty the women should have furnished, for they buy the stockings.

UP TO THE WOMAN

If the Uneasy American Woman were really fulfilling her economic functions today she would never allow a short pound of butter, a yard of adulterated woolen goods, to come into her home. She would never buy a ready-made garment which did not bear the label of the Consumer's League. She would recognize that she is a guardian of quality, honesty, and humanity in industry.

A persistent misconception of the nature and the possibilities of this practical side of the Business of Being a Woman runs through all present-day discussions of the changes in household economy. The

woman no longer has a chance to pay her way, we are told, because it is really cheaper to buy bread than to bake it, to buy jam than to put it up. Of course, this is a part of the vicious notion that a woman only makes an economic return by the manual labor she does. The Uneasy Woman takes up the point and complains that she has nothing to do. But this release from certain kinds of labor once necessary merely puts upon her the obligation to apply the ingenuity and imagination necessary to make her business meet the changes of an ever-changing world. Because the conditions under which a household must be run now are not what they were fifty years ago is no proof that the woman no longer has here an important field of labor. There is more to the practical side of her business than preparing food for the family! It means, for one thing, the directing of its wants. The success of a household lies largely in its power of selection. Today selection has given away to accumulation. The family becomes too often an incorporated company for getting things — with frightful results. The woman holds the only strong strategic position from which to war on this tendency as well as on the habits of wastefulness, which are making our national life increasingly hard and ugly. She is so positioned that she can cultivate and enforce simplicity and thrift, the two habits which make most for elegance and for satisfaction in the material things of life.

Whenever a woman does master this economic side of her business in a manner worthy of its importance she establishes the most effective school for teaching thrift, quality, management, selection — all the factors in the economic problem. Such scientific household management is the rarest kind of a training school.

HOME AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTER

Every home is perforce a good or bad educational center. It does its work in spite of every effort to shrink or supplement it. No teacher can entirely undo what it does, be that good or bad. The natural joyous opening of a child's mind depends on its first intimate relations. These are, as a rule, with the mother. It is the mother who 'takes an interest,' who oftenest decides whether the new mind shall open frankly and fearlessly. How she does her work depends less upon her ability to answer questions than her effort not to discourage them; less upon her ability to lead authoritatively into great fields than her efforts to push the child ahead into those which attract him. To be responsive to his interests is the woman's greatest contribution to the child's development.

I remember a call once made on me by two little girls when our time was spent in an excited discussion of the parts of speech. They were living facts to them, as real as if their discovery had been printed that morning for the first time in the newspaper. I was interested to find who it was that had been able to keep their minds so naturally alive. I found that it came from the family habit of treating with respect whatever each child turned up. Nothing was slurred over as if it had no relation to life — not even the parts of speech! They were not asked or forced to load themselves up with baggage in which they soon discovered their parents had no interest. Everything was treated as if it had a permanent place in the scheme to which they were being introduced. It is only in some such relation that the natural bent of most children can flower, that they can come early to themselves. Where this warming, nourishing intimacy is wanting, where the child is turned over to schools to be put through the mass drill which numbers make imperative — it is impossible for the most intelligent teacher to do a great deal to help the child to his own. What the Uneasy Woman forgets is that no two children born were ever alike, and no two children who grow to manhood and womanhood will ever live the same life. The effort to make one child like another, to make him what his parents want, not what he is born to be, is one of the most cruel and wasteful in society. It is the woman's business to prevent this.

NOT TOO SMALL, BUT TOO GREAT A JOB

The Uneasy Woman tells you that this close attention to the child is too confining, too narrowing. 'I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task,' says Chesterton; 'I will never pity her for its smallness.' A woman never lived who did all she might have done to open the mind of her child for its great adventure. It is an exhaustless task. The woman who sees it knows she has need of all the education

the college can give, all the experience and culture she can gather. She knows that the fuller her individual life, the broader her interests, the better for the child. She should be a person in his eyes. The real service of the 'higher education,' the freedom to take a part in whatever interests or stimulates her — lies in the fact that it fits her intellectually to be a companion worthy of a child. She should know that unless she does this thing for him he goes forth with his mind still in swaddling clothes, with the chances that it will not be released until relentless life tears off the bands.

The progress of society depends upon getting out of men and women an increasing amount of the powers with which they are born and which bad surroundings at the start blunt or stupefy. This is what all systems of educations try to do, but the result of all systems of education depends upon the material that comes to the educator. Opening the mind of the child, that is the delicate task the State asks of the mother, and the quality of the future State depends upon the way she discharges this part of her business.

MAKING DEMOCRATS

I think it is historically correct to say that the reason of the sudden and revolutionary change in the education of American women, which began with the nineteenth century and continued through it, was the realization that if we were to make real democrats, we must begin with the child, and if we began with the child we must begin with the mother!

Everybody saw that unless the child learned by example and precept the great principle of liberty, equality, and fraternity, he was going to remain what by nature we all are, imperious, demanding, and self-seeking. The whole scheme must fail if his education failed. It is not too much to say that the success of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution depended, in the minds of certain early Democrats, upon the woman. The doctrines of these great instruments would be worked out according to the way she played her part. Her serious responsibility came in the fact that her work was one that nobody could take off her hands. This responsibility required a preparation entirely different from that which had been hers. She must be given education and liberty. The woman saw this, and the story of her efforts to secure both, that she might meet the requirements, is one of the noblest in history. There was no doubt then as to the value of the tasks, no question as to their being worthy national obligations. It was a question of fitting herself for them.

HER FREEDOM DEFEATING HER

But what has happened? In the process of preparing herself to discharge more adequately her task as a woman in a republic, her respect for the task has been weakened. In this process, which we call emancipation, she has in a sense lost sight of the purpose of emancipation. Interested in acquiring new tools, she has come to believe the tools more important than the thing for which she was to use them. She has found out that with education and freedom, pursuits of all sorts are open to her, and by following these pursuits she can preserve her personal liberty, avoid the grave responsibility, the almost inevitable sorrows and anxieties which belong to family life. She can choose her friends and change them. She can travel, and gratify her tastes, satisfy her personal ambitions. The snare has been too great, the beauty and joy of free individual life have dulled the sober sense of national obligation. The result is that she is frequently failing to discharge satisfactorily some of the most imperative demands the nation makes upon her.

Take as an illustration the moral training of the child. The most essential obligation in a Woman's Business is establishing her household on a sound moral basis. If a child is anchored to basic principles it is because his home is built on them. If he understands integrity as a man, it is usually because a woman has done her work well. If she has not done it well it is probable that he will be a disturbance and a menace when he is turned over to society. To send defective steel to a gunmaker is no more fatal to making safe guns than turning out boys who are shifty and tricky is to making an effective, honest community.

Appalled by the seriousness of the task, or lured from it by the joys of liberty and education, the woman has too generally shifted it to other shoulders — shoulders which are waiting to help her work out the problem, but which can never be a sub-

stitute. She has turned over the child to the teacher, secular and religious, and fancied that he might be made a man of integrity by an elaborate system of teaching in a mass. Has this shifting of responsibility no relation to the general lowering of our commercial and political morality?

EMANCIPATION AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION

For years we have been bombarded with evidence of an appalling indifference to the moral quality of our commercial and political transactions. It is not too much to say that the revelations of corruption in our American cities, the use of town councils, State legislatures and even of the Federal Government in the interests of private business, have discredited the democratic system throughout the world. It has given more material for those of other lands who despise democracy to sneer at us than anything that has yet happened in this land. And *this has come about under the régime of the emancipated woman.* Is she in no way responsible for it? If she had kept the early ideals of the woman's part in democracy as clearly before her eyes as she has kept some of her personal wants and needs, could there have been so disastrous a condition? Would she be the Uneasy Woman she is if she had kept faith with the ideals that forced her emancipation? — if she had not substituted for them dreams of personal ambition, happiness, and freedom!

The failure to fulfil your function in the scheme under which you live always produces unrest. Content of mind is usually in proportion to the service one renders in an undertaking he believes worth while. If our Uneasy Woman could grasp the full meaning of her place in this democracy, a place so essential that democracy must be overthrown unless she rises to it — a part which man is not equipped to play and which he ought not to be asked to play, would she not cease to apologize for herself — cease to look with envy on man's occupations? Would she not rise to her part and we not have at last the 'new woman' of whom we have talked so long?

SUFFRAGE NEEDED?

Learning business careers, political and industrial activities — none of these things is more than incidental in the national task of woman. Her great task is to prepare the citizen. The tools for this are in her hands. It calls for education, and the nation has provided it. It calls for freedom of movement and expression, and she has them. It calls for ability to organize, to discuss problems, to work for whatever changes are essential. She is developing this ability. It may be that it calls for the vote; I do not myself see this, but it is certain that she will have the vote as soon as not a majority — but an approximate half — not of men — but of women feel the need of it.

What she has partially at least lost sight of is that education, freedom, organization, agitation, the suffrage are but tools to an end; what she now needs is to formulate that end so nobly and clearly that the most ignorant women may understand it. The failure to do this is leading her deeper and deeper into fruitless unrest. It is breeding, too, a crop of problems which stagger the thoughtful by their difficulty and their elusiveness, and among these problems none is more serious or more delicate than that of the Homeless Daughter. It is she whom we will consider in the next paper in this series.

VI

THE LAST SPRING OF THE OLD LION

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[*New Statesman*, London, Eng., December 12, 1914. By permission.]

What is the English press coming to when it can find nothing in the French *Yellow Book* but the single morsel of garbage that disgraces it? In the heat and scare of the first outbreak of war there was some excuse for swallowing that general order of the Kaiser in which, finding the German language too inexpressive, he exhorted his army to take no notice of the French and Russian millions but concentrate their wrath on General French's 'contemptible little army.' Yet that journalistic effort was plausible compared to the 'official and secret report from a trustworthy source' which M. Etienne sent to M. Jonnart on April 2,

1913. M. Jonnart's reception of it is not chronicled. I make haste to announce that I am not taken in and that nothing more on that subject is to be feared by readers of this article.

From an authentic part of this *Yellow Book* there emerges a picture so stirring that it is amazing to me that no Englishman has yet rescued it from its wrappings of official correspondence, for in it you see the old British lion, the lion of Waterloo, the lion of Blenheim, the lion of Trafalgar, making his last and most terrible and triumphant spring. You see him with his old craft and his old courage and strength unimpaired, with his old amazing luck, his old singleness of aim, his old deep-lying and subtle instinct that does better without great men in a pinch than his enemies do with them.

For centuries now the Lion has held to his one idea that none shall be greater than England on the land, and none as great on the sea. To him it has been nothing whether a rival to England was better or worse than England. When Waterloo was won, Byron said 'I'm damned sorry,' and humanitarians and libertarians looked aghast at the reëstablishment of the Inquisition and the restoration of an effete and mischievous dynasty by English arms on the ruins of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Little recked the Lion of that. England's rival was in the dust; England was mistress of the seas; England's General (what matter that he was an Irishman?) was master of Europe, with its kings whispering in his presence like frightened schoolboys. England right or wrong, England complete with her own native corruptions and oppressions no less than her own native greatness and glory, had risen all England from the conflict and held the balance of power in her hand.

For a hundred years after that no Englishman knew what it was to turn pale at the possibility of invasion. For more than two generations of Englishmen the Lion lay and basked and smelled no foe that the pat of his paw could not dispose of. Then a rival arose again. Battles more terrible than Waterloo were fought against the same foe, but it was not England that won them. The Lion rose and began to watch. The old instinct stirred in him. He heard the distant song, 'Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles,' and something in him said 'Never that while I live.'

The rival built a warship, built another warship and yet another, openly challenged the sovereignty of the sea. That was the end. From that moment it was only a question of when to spring, for a lion with that one idea at heart, with that necessity deep in his very bowels, must be crafty; he must win at all hazards, no matter how long he crouches before the right moment comes.

You see it coming in the *Yellow Book*. Germany with Austria and Russia with France stalk each other, finger on trigger, France avoiding the fight, Russia gradually arming herself and training herself for it, Austria speculating on it all, even Austria afraid of the Lion's rival, Germany. France (always manœuvering for peace, being outnumbered) at last finds that Germany, defiant of her and of Russia, contemptuously sure that she can crush the one with her right hand and the other with her left, yet fears the Lion and well knows that if he comes to the aid of France and Russia, the odds will be too terrible even for the victors of Sedan. France sounds the Lion on the subject. The Lion, grim and cautious, does not object to his naval and military commanders talking to the commanders of France and discussing what might happen and how, in that case, things might be arranged. France suddenly bullies Germany — tells her to clear out of Morocco and clear out sharp. Germany looks at the Lion and sees him with quivering tail about to spring. The odds are too great. With mortification tearing her heart, Germany clears out, successfully bullied for the first time since the rise of her star.

The Lion is balked. Another few years of waiting and the British taxpayer may tire of keeping ahead of that growing fleet. The old instinct whispers, 'Now, now, before the rival is too strong.' Voices begin to cry that in the London streets, but there are new forces that the Lion must take account of. If the rival will not fight, it is not easy to attack him, and Germany will not fight unless the Lion can be detached from France and Russia, yet is sick with the humiliation of that bullying, and knows that nothing but the riding down of the bullies can restore her prestige and heal her wounded pride. But she must swallow her spleen, for at

every threat France points to the Lion and saves the peace France alone really desires. Every time Germany is humiliated the Lion is balked. Austria's Balkan speculation is postponed, and Russia does not quite know whether she is balked or respited.

The Lion broods and broods, and deep in his subconsciousness there stirs the knowledge that Germany will never fight unless — unless — unless — the Lion does not quite know what, does not want to know what, but disinterested observers complete the sentence thus: Unless Germany can be persuaded that the Lion is taking a fancy to Germany and is becoming a bit of a pacifist and will not fight.

Then the luck that has so seldom failed the Lion sent Prince Lichnowsky as German Ambassador to London. There was nothing wrong in being very friendly to the Prince, a charming man with a very charming wife; there was our Sir Edward Grey, also a charming man, always ready to talk peace quite sincerely at tea parties with all Europe if necessary. The Lion knew in his heart that Grey knew nothing of the ways of lions, and would not approve of them if he did, for Grey had ideas instead of the one idea, and Prince Lichnowsky knew so much less of the ways of lions than Grey that he actually thought Grey was the Lion. The Lion said: 'This is not my doing. England's destiny has provided Grey, and provided Lichnowsky; England's star is still in the zenith.' Lichnowsky thought Grey every day a greater statesman and a more charming man, and became every day more persuaded that the lion's heart had changed and that he was becoming friendly, and Grey thought Lichnowsky, perhaps, rather a fool, but was none the less nice to him.

Then there was Asquith, the lucid lawyer, the man who could neither remember the past nor foresee the future, yet was always a Yorkshireman with ancient English depths behind his mirrorlike lucidity, in which something of the lion craft could lodge without troubling the surface of the mirror. Asquith suddenly found working in himself an unaccountable but wholly irresistible impulse to hide and deny those arrangements with the French commanders which had frightened Germany. He said to Grey: 'You must go to the French and say that we are not bound to anything.' Grey, the amiable lover of peace, was delighted. He went, and the French, with imperturbable politeness, made a note of it, and then Asquith and Grey, with good conscience, found themselves busily persuading the world that the Lion was not bound to help France and Russia when the great day of Armageddon came. They persuaded the nation, they persuaded the House of Commons, they persuaded their own Cabinet, and at last — at last — they persuaded Germany. And the Lion crouched. Almost before he was ready the devil's own luck struck down the Archduke by the hand of an assassin, and Austria saw Servia in her grasp at last. She flew at Servia, Russia flew at Austria, Germany flew at France, and the Lion, with a mighty roar, sprang at last, and in a flash had his teeth and claws in the rival of England and will now not let her go for all the pacifists or Socialists in the world until he is either killed or back on his Waterloo pedestal again.

That, gentlemen of England, is the epic of the *Yellow Book*, that was the roar that your tradesmen pretended not to hear because it frightened them into assuring the Germans that it was only the bleat of a pack of peaceful sheep attacked by a wicked wolf. Much you will care for their babble about old treaties and their assurances that you are incapable of anything so wicked as the hurrah with which your share in the lion heart responds to his roar and their piteous stories, like the old stories of Boney eating babies, and their frantic lies and shameful abuse of the enemy whom you know you must now hold sacred from every weapon meaner than your steel.

As for me, I understand it. I vibrate to it; I perceive the might and mystery of it and all sorts of chords in me sound the demand that the Lion's last fight shall be the best fight of all and Germany the last foe overcome. But I am a Socialist and know well that the Lion's day is gone by and that the bravest lion gets shot in the long run. I foresee that his victory will not, like the old victories, lead to a century of security. I know that it will create a situation more dangerous than the situation of six months ago, and that only by each western nation giving up every dream of supremacy can that situation be mastered. A lion within frontiers is after

all a lion in a cage, and the future has no use for caged lions fighting to defend their own chains. In future we must fight, not alone for England, but for the welfare of the world. But for all that the Lion is a noble old beast and his past is a splendid past and his breed more valiant than ever — too valiant, nowadays, indeed, to be merely Englishmen *contra mundum*. I take off my hat to him as he makes his last charge and shall not cease to wave it because of the squealing of the terrified chickens.

VII

BERNARD SHAW AND THE WAR

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

[*Nation*, London, Eng., February 13, 1915. By permission.]

The mental devastation caused by the war which is exacting such a toll of the world's civilization is scarcely less deplorable than the ruin which it has brought on our accumulated store of life and industry, of goodwill and morality. The dislocation of mind which has made the utterances of grave German professors and men of science come to our ears as the ravings of madmen has its counterpart in the outpourings of certain English men of letters. But surely the Lucifer of this divine tragedy is G. Bernard Shaw. Even that crystal-clear mind, insanely sane, with its almost miraculous freedom from cant (except, of course, its own) has fallen from its high estate. No more can we look to it for light and leading through this tangled web of chance and design, of doubt and apprehension, in which the diplomatic and ruling persons of Europe have enmeshed us. Never have we needed more that penetrating intelligence, the drastic word with which he was wont to purge our souls. The familiar spirit of perverseness which has so often given the needed 'bite' to his criticism of life appears for the moment to have taken complete possession of him. How else can we explain that deliberate justification of bad faith between nations which he has recently published to the world?

It may, perhaps, be admitted that public opinion was in need of the medicine administered in his more elaborate paper, which he whimsically entitled *Common Sense about the War*. That Great Britain had, through her engagements with her partners in the Triple Entente, virtually bound herself to go to war in the event that France became involved; that she must have entered into the conflict, Belgium or no Belgium; that her solicitude over the fate of small nations was in exact ratio to her interest in the fate of those nations — these were all things which it was well that the public should bear in mind. That the morality of nations is of more importance than their success in war, and that the first condition of morality is to rid oneself of cant, hypocrisy, and self-delusion — these are principles with which Shaw has made us familiar, and which many of us accept as fully and unqualifiedly as he does. If to do this for one's people means extending aid and comfort to the enemy, so much the worse for a people so bemused, so much more imperative the need of speaking out. In this view the thin plausibilities which disfigured the paper, the gratuitous imputation of motives, the tricky identification of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey with Prussian Junkerism, are easily forgiven. They are, at the worst, evidence that Shaw's perverse spirit does not know (for such is the nature of perverse spirits) when to keep in the background.

The same may be said of the whimsical letter to President Wilson, requesting him to ask the belligerents to withdraw from the soil of Belgium and fight out their quarrel on their own soil. It is their fight, not Belgium's. Only people absurd enough to regard a president of the United States as a sort of divine person — like a pope or a kaiser — could regard this letter as an impertinence. It was only the most dramatic, and therefore the most effective, way of calling the attention of the world to two vitally important but neglected facts — that nations that go to war have no right to involve pacific nations in the dreadful consequences of their enmity, and that a great neutral power like the United States lies under a duty to prevent such an outrage, or, at least, to make its disapproval known and felt.

Thus far we can loyally follow the master — and forgive him. But the next article, the *British Lion* paper, gives us

pause. In what menagerie of chimeras did he discover such a beast? Never, surely, was there limned a more fantastic picture of the British mind and purpose than the Shavian conception of the British Lion, couching watchfully on his white cliffs, slowly moving his tail to and fro as he looks for the appearance of any power great enough to dispute with him the supremacy of the world, and then springing on his rival and bringing him to earth. Poor, inept, unready, muddling old lion! Like his near relation, the American Eagle, never suspecting what is to happen until it has happened, never looking beyond the claws of his outstretched paws, finding himself, he knows not how, burdened with an empire by the grace of a hundred accidents, now trying to shake off the burden, now dumbly accepting, or even, in an inspired hour, glorying in it, but never knowing what to do with it, never quite sure whether it is in truth an empire or merely a grandiose but uneasy dream. One can only guess at the motive which inspired this bold piece of Nature-faking. Was it mere waggery or was it satire? Doubtless the latter; for Shaw has not left us under any illusions as to his real opinion of the British beast — a sham lion strutting across the stage with the stride of Lloyd George and roaring with the voice of Winston Churchill; an Androcles' lion, that needs only to be confronted with the real lion of Shaw's imagination to be laughed off the stage. And if he is not laughed off, if the audience really identifies the two, and in Shaw's lion sees only a faithful picture of the familiar, official beast; if, in other words, the satirist has spent his barbed shaft in vain, the game is still worth the candle; for the other Shaw, the perverse spirit, has his innings. Has he not once again made the British lion an ass?

But when we come to the matter of Belgian neutrality, our mood of bewilderment flares up in a flame of indignation. Shaw's definition of neutrality, and the fine-spun argument which he draws from it, belong in the Wonderland of Alice and the Red Queen, not in a world of realities. Neutrality does not mean the self-effacement of a nation, either in 'the conventional legal sense' nor in any other intelligible sense. It means only that a people which, in the midst of war's alarms, chooses to live in peace, shall be let alone, shall not be made a pawn in the desperate game of the outlaw nations that choose to live by war.

Apparently Mr. Shaw commits himself unreservedly to the view that if England, to punish Servia for such a crime as she is alleged to have committed against Austria, decided to go to war with that unhappy country, she would be justified in regarding as an enemy any neutral country through which she desired to pass in order to reach her victim. 'We should have to treat the declaration of neutrality as a declaration of war on us, and fight our way through — *durchhauen,* in fact,' are his words. This doctrine that a nation which lies in the way of a belligerent may rightfully be forced to choose between hari-kari and war was a favorite principle of the Europe of Frederick the Great, and is still practised by those who believe that the earth and the fulness thereof belong to the fighting nations. But the world has moved since those piping times of war, even if Mr. Shaw has not, and the notion that neutral peoples have rights which belligerents are bound to respect, and especially that a nation has a right to be let alone, to hold herself aloof from the predatory strife of her bandit neighbors, and pursue, if she will, the inglorious ways of peace — however this may inconvenience or annoy them, however much they may want to get at one another's throats across her territory — has in these days attained the proportions of a full-sized principle of public right. Here in America we believe in it so fiercely that we have, in some sort, neutralized the whole of the Western Hemisphere.

If Germany should conclude to use the historic route up our Hudson Valley for the purpose of invading Canada, or if Great Britain should reach a similar conclusion in order to check a German invasion by way of the St. Lawrence, I am afraid we should not listen with patience to the plea of military necessity as a justification for dragging us into the war between them against our will. We should probably make use of Voltaire's reply to the scoundrelly courtier who made a similar plea, 'But one must live!' by retorting, 'We do not see the necessity.' And it is quite likely that we should, with such force as we could command, proceed to put that conviction into effect.

As to the treaty of which Mr. Asquith

makes so much and Mr. Shaw so little, that, of course, is no concern of Belgium's. As has been pointed out, her right to be unravished rests upon no 'scrap of paper' whatsoever, but upon recognized principles of public right, to which no treaties or conventions could add a feather's weight. The quarrel over the treaty is between the great Powers which neutralized Belgium — that is, imposed a compulsory neutrality upon her, bound her to perpetual peace — and pledged their good faith to keep her territory inviolate in the event of war between themselves; not, be it observed, for her sake nor in the interest of the public peace of Europe, but for their own selfish ends. The question, then, is, Have France and Great Britain the right to charge Germany with bad faith in disregarding their treaty? Mr. Shaw says 'No!' Treaties, like engagements between individuals, are binding only under the conditions existing at the time they are made — *rebus sic stantibus* — and Germany's military necessity constituted a new condition which absolved her from the obligation which the treaty of 1839 had imposed on her. An 'obvious barrister's point,' Mr. Shaw; and the 'business' about Mr. Balfour's influenza and his pledge to Sir Almroth Wright and the burning of his house 'equally obvious barrister's claptrap.' Here we have a case where the ordinary law of the land — of Germany as well as of England and France — better represents the common morality, and where the common morality better represents the interests of civilization than does the doctrine to which the perversity of Shaw has led him to give the sanction of his backing. It is the common teaching of experience that all obligations are not of equal validity, and that a changed condition of affairs which will absolve the promiser in one case will be wholly ineffectual to relieve him in another and different case. A violent headache may be a perfectly valid excuse for not keeping a dinner engagement, but would hardly avail a soldier in the firing-line who should plead it as a reason for keeping out of the battle.

To assert seriously that the solemn engagement of a nation not to use the territory of a neutral State as a base of operations against another nation (for that is what the Belgian treaty comes to) is invalidated by the circumstance that the nation so bound finds a war on her hands which makes it highly inconvenient for her to keep her pledge, is to reduce the *rebus sic stantibus* doctrine to an absurdity; especially when it is considered that it was to meet just this situation — to cut off the very advantage which Germany now claims as her indefeasible right — that the treaty was made. To such straits of sophistry are the defenders of Germany's high-handed violation of public right reduced.

In his reply to Shaw's 'Common Sense about the War,' Mr. Arnold Bennett had the boldness to suggest that Mr. Shaw, before republishing that paper, 'reconsider his position and rewrite.' We do not join in this request. The perversities which stung Mr. Bennett and other friends and admirers of Shaw to reply — not very effectively — to that scathing satire on our *haute politique* are perhaps an inseparable part of it. We would not risk spoiling the indictment by recasting it. But as to this matter of the Belgian Treaty, it is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Shaw will set himself right with the world. He is too fine and penetrating an influence for good to stand forth as the apologist of private or public bad faith.

VIII

THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT

G. LOWES DICKINSON

[*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1915. By permission.]

I

In a previous essay, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December last, I showed at length how this war, like all European wars, was caused by the working of a false theory of the State on the minds and passions of rulers, statesmen, journalists, and other leaders of opinion. In the pages that follow it is my object to discuss in some detail the kind of settlement which will be needed at the peace, if such wars are not to recur again and again. But since men's ideas as to the kind of peace that is desirable are affected by their conception of the causes of the war, I must begin by protesting against the view, industriously disseminated by

the English, and, no doubt, by the French and Russian press, that the only cause of the war was the wickedness of Germany. For this view clearly is much too simple and superficial; and it leads to a wrong conception of the remedy. Let us then briefly examine it.

'Germany,' we say, 'made the war.' Germany? But what is Germany? The German people? The peasants? The factory laborers? The millions of Social Democrats? They made the war? Is it likely? Ten days before the war broke out they, like the people everywhere, were working, resting, eating, sleeping, dreaming of nothing less than of war. War came upon them like a thunderclap. The German people are as peaceable as every other. Their soldiers complain of it. We are fond of quoting General Bernhardi, but we never quote the passage in which he explains why he wrote his book. He wrote it, he tells us, to counteract 'the aspirations for peace which seem to dominate our age and threaten to poison the soul of the German people.' Now that the war has come, the German people are fighting; but they are fighting, as they believe, to protect their hearths and homes against the wanton aggression of Russia, France, and, above all, England. Like all the other peoples, they are fighting what they believe to be a defensive war. That is the tragic irony of it. Whoever made the war, it was not any of the peoples.

'Then, it was the German government.' Yes, or else it was the Russian, or else it was both. In any case, it was a very few men. The peace of Europe was in the hands of some score of individuals. They could make war, and the hundreds of millions who were to fight and to suffer could not stop it. That is the really extraordinary fact. That is what is worth dwelling on. How could it happen? Why are the nations passive clay in the hands of their governments?

First, because they do not know one another. They speak different languages, live different kinds of lives, have different manners and customs. They do not hate one another, but neither do they understand or trust one another. They do not feel that they belong together. Left to themselves, they would never, it is true, want to fight one another. They do not even think of one another; they are occupied with their own lives. But, since they do not know foreigners as they know one another, they can easily be made to believe that foreigners are their enemies. They do not think of them as real individual men and women. They think of them as a great solid mass, and attribute to this mass any qualities suggestion may put into their heads. So, at the moment, the ordinary Englishman believes that 'the Germans' are treacherous, brutal, blood-thirsty, cruel, while the Germans believe that 'the English' are cowardly, hypocritical, and degenerate. They believe these things because they are told to believe them, by the people who want to make bad blood. And they believe them the more readily because they are at war.

The fact, then, that to every nation every other is 'foreign,' makes the peoples of Europe the prey of those who want to make wars. We see in Germany who these people have been. They have been professors, like Treitschke, militarists like Bernhardi, journalists like Harden. And in England, they have been a Maxse, a Northcliffe, a Cramb. The same kind of people are and have been at work in all countries for the same end. For years past they have been setting the Germans at the English and the English at the Germans. The German literature against England we have drawn from its obscurity since the war began. But what about the English literature against Germany? Here is a specimen from one of our most prominent and intellectual journals:

'If Germany were extinguished tomorrow, the day after tomorrow there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city or a right of succession; must they not fight for two hundred and fifty million pounds of yearly commerce?'[1]

Policy, playing on ignorance — that is the origin of wars. But why the policy? What is it aiming at? That, too, we must make clear.

We accuse Germany of making an unprovoked attack upon France and Russia, and we are indignant. But we forget that, if Germany so acted, she was acting in accordance with the principles and practice dominant throughout Europe for

[1] This passage is referred to in Prince von Bülow's book, *Imperial Germany* (p. 99, English translation), as illustrating English feeling against Germany.— THE AUTHOR.

centuries past. Our English national hero, Lord Roberts, warned us that she would act just so. But he added that she would be quite right and that we ought to do the same. When the Germans began to build their fleet there were plenty of Englishmen who urged us to pick a quarrel with her at once and destroy her before she grew too strong. There is nothing peculiarly monstrous or unique about the conduct we impute to Germany. It is the conduct fostered by the European system which England, too, supports. That system is one of armed states always expecting to be attacked, and therefore always ready to anticipate attack. We are engaged merely in one act of a long and tragic drama. Let us look for a moment at the whole set of facts from which this war proceeded.

In 1870 there was war between Germany and France — a war of mutual jealousy and fear, with no good cause behind it and no good end before. In that war Germany was victorious. She took from France two of her provinces and left her burning for revenge. Germany had made a permanent enemy on the west. On her east lay Russia. Between Russia and Germany there was no cause of quarrel. They had coöperated to crush Napoleon, and since then had commonly acted in sympathy. There was no talk, during all those years, of Russian barbarism, or of the inevitable conflict between Teuton and Slav. That idea was the effect, not the cause, of the hostility between the two nations. The cause was the alliance of Germany with Austria in her quarrel with Russia. Russia and Austria were contending for the mastery of the Balkan peninsula. Greed of territory and power was the ultimate source of their dispute — supported, on the part of Russia, by the sentiment of race. And this quarrel in the east was presently knit up with the quarrel in the west. To strengthen herself against Germany, France allied herself with Russia. Henceforth a war in the east would make a war in the west. Italy had already joined Germany and Austria.

But England was not yet involved. What brought her in was the building of the German fleet. We regarded it as a menace. Perhaps it was. At any rate we thought so. And to secure ourselves we joined hands with France and Russia. The Triple Entente faced the Triple Alliance in arms. The materials for the explosion were there. It was merely a question who should first drop the match. Our discussions as to who that was are not as important as we think. This year, we believe it was Germany. But if it had not been Germany this year, it might have been Russia next. And some other year it might have been France or England. The war came out of the European system, the system of states armed against one another, and dominated by mutual suspicion and fear. While that system continues, war will continue. If we want to stop war, we must alter that.

II

At the origin, then, of this war, there was no good cause at all. It was one of the many wars for power and position. Englishmen, it is true, have been strongly moved by the invasion of Belgium, and I throw no doubt on the genuineness of their feeling. But it was not the invasion of Belgium that made the war, although that was a contributory cause of the English intervention. The origin of the war was ambition and fear. But the origin is not the same as the purpose. The purpose is what we choose to make it. What then is our purpose, now we are at war? This question has been little discussed, and there is little willingness in Europe to discuss it, while the issue of the war hangs in the balance. But it is already clear that it will divide the nation. We are united in pursuing the war. We shall not be united in ending it.

On one point, no doubt, the peoples of the allied nations are agreed. The Germans must evacuate Belgium and indemnify her, so far as it can be done, for the martyrdom inflicted on her by one of the greatest crimes of history. That, at least, if the Allies win. But what more? There are two ways of answering that question, and much of future history will depend on which is adopted.

The one answer accepts frankly the traditional system. It assumes that the states of Europe must always be enemies and always settle their differences by war. That being so, the only end it can conceive for any war is the weakening of the vanquished and the aggrandizement of the victors. It is thus that all former wars have been ended, and thus that they have

always prepared new wars. The view I am considering accepts this consequence. It means to 'crush Germany' in order to strengthen England. Quite openly it sneers at the profession that this is 'a war to end war,' the profession that the best of our youths carry in their hearts to battle. Quite openly it justifies the militarism against which we have announced to the world that we are fighting. It approves militarism. All that it disapproves is the militarism of Germany. It wants to make us too a military power, prepared by compulsory military service for that 'next war' which it proposes to make 'inevitable' by the peace. This view, already frankly expressed by the *Morning Post*, will, no doubt, when the moment is thought to have come, be urged also by the *Times* and its group of associated newspapers. It will be supported by educated people, and will appeal to the passions of the uneducated, and will probably be urged by some members of the government. Let us then consider it.

We are to 'crush Germany'; or, as a progressive newspaper phrases it, we are to drive her, 'at no matter what cost to ourselves in lives and money, into unconditional surrender.'[1] That is, we are to carry on the war (if we can) far beyond the point at which the Germans have abandoned Belgium; beyond the point, even, at which they have abandoned Alsace-Lorraine and Posen. The Allies, as it is sometimes explained, are to 'dictate terms at Berlin,' whatever terms and however reasonable, may be offered before they get there. A war which is destroying men as they have never been destroyed before, from which at the best the nations will emerge permanently degraded in their stock, poorer in physique, duller in intelligence, weaker in will than they went in, this war is to be protracted until the whole manhood of Europe is decimated, in order — in order to what? Let us ask in detail.

In order, we are told, that the Germans may 'feel they are beaten.' And then? They will be good in future? They will admit they were wrong? They will lick the hand that chastised them? Who believes it? The more completely they are beaten, the more obstinately they will be set on recovery. When France was beaten to the dust in 1870, did she repent for having provoked the war? On the contrary, she gathered up her forces for revenge. And Germany will do the same.

'But we shall prevent her!' How? By partitioning her? By disarming her? By changing the form of her government? All those things were tried by Napoleon, and none of them can achieve their purpose. A nation does not consist in its territory, or its armaments, or its government. It consists in the tradition, the character, and the spirit of its people. While Germany wants to be one, while she wants to be strong, while she wants to be monarchic, nobody and nothing can prevent her. A nation has never been crushed by anything short of annihilation. Look at Ireland! Look at Italy! Look at the Balkan States! You may weaken Germany, yes; you may cripple her for a time, as she, if she were victorious, could weaken or cripple us. What of it? She will rise from humiliation more determined than ever to assert herself. We can no more crush her than she can crush us. It is certain, then, that if we can succeed in 'crushing' Germany, and if we do nothing else, we are preparing war for the future, not peace.

It may be easier for us to realize this point if we remember that there are Germans, too, who expect and desire to get peace out of this war, and that they too hope to do it by 'crushing' their enemies. Thus, for example, the *Frankfürter Zeitung* writes:

'One cannot count upon any other way of carrying out the idea of peace except by "force." By that, of course, we do not refer to the evil generally connected with the world, but to something which has been expressed in various ways during the last few months; we wish to have as the result of this war a state in which the countries which have now attacked us shall for all time be unable to repeat their attack. Germany, peaceful, as its allies, has with them been entrusted with the historical mission of dictating a permanent peace to Europe. We are fighting primarily for existence, but still more for this — that there may be rest in Europe from vain, ambitious madmen and brigands, and that they may be shown, like all others, the fit and natural sphere to which they belong. They must be de-

[1] *New Statesman*, December 19, 1914.

prived once and for all of the desire to attack us; till then, not a word of peace! Then, and then only, can the law of peace, protected by forces which are strong and just, be established.'

This is the German version of the same idea that is sometimes put forward on behalf of the Allies. Peace, say we, by crushing Germany, since she is the only disturber of the peace. Peace, say the Germans, by crushing the Allies, since they are the only disturbers of the peace. But how does this view of the Germans look to us? Does it look like peace? Do we imagine ourselves lying down forever, beaten, humbled, and repentant, under the contemptuous protection of an armed Germany? Just as we feel about the German idea, so, we may be sure, do they feel about ours. That route does not and cannot lead to peace. Nothing can, except a radical change in the ideas and policy of the nations of Europe, and an expression of that change in a definite political organization.

III

Those, then, who really desire a settlement that will secure peace in the future, must abandon the idea of 'crushing' Germany. Let us turn, now, to the other view of our purpose in this war.

We are fighting, say our best spirits, for freedom, and against domination. What do these terms mean? By domination we mean the imposition of rule, by force, upon unwilling subjects. In the relation of man to man the simplest form of domination is slavery. In that of state to state its form is empire.[1] It is one of the great contending powers in the tragedy of history. It is real; and also it has been championed as an ideal. Macchiavelli is its philosopher, Carlyle its prophet, Treitschke its historian. Rome stood for it in the ancient world, Spain in America, England in Ireland. And Germany stands for it now in Belgium. By freedom, on the other hand, we mean the power and right of individuals and of nations to live their own lives and unfold their own capacities. This does not imply that they should do simply what they like, but that the restrictions they admit should be self-chosen and self-approved, with a view to the equal freedom of others. The formula is so familiar as to be tedious. But its meaning is infinite and profound. We have hardly yet begun to spell its first letters. It inspires the whole movement of democracy and all the wars of liberation. It is the other great protagonist of history; and of the history of the last century it is the very nerve. For that reason, it cannot be truly claimed as the principle of this or that nation. It has been contending in them all at death grips with its enemy. The angels of light and darkness do not preside over different nations. They contend in each for victory.

Nevertheless there is truth in the idea that modern Germany stands for domination, and modern France and England for freedom. The unification of Germany in an empire obscured, if it did not ruin, the German spirit of liberty. The governing and articulate classes became arrogant and aggressive. The mass of the people became passively acquiescent. They were content to formulate freedom instead of struggling for it. They became the harmless pedants of democracy. Meanwhile the government pursued the ordinary course of empire. Wherever they ruled over people of alien race and ideals, they set themselves by force to convert them into their own likeness. In Poland, in Alsace-Lorraine, in Schleswig, they imposed on the unwilling natives their language, their education, and their 'culture.' In Poland they have been endeavoring for years to expropriate the Poles and substitute a German population. 'No consideration for the Polish people,' writes Prince von Bülow, 'must hinder us from doing all we can to maintain and strengthen the German nationality in the former Polish domains.' And he adds with unconscious irony, 'In our policy with regard to the schools we are really fighting for Polish nationality, which *we wish to incorporate in German intellectual life.*'

This is the traditional policy of empire. The English pursued this policy in Ireland with even greater vigor and ruthlessness throughout the eighteenth century. And it is, perhaps, only the happy accident that we are an island power that has prevented us from being, to this day, the champions of domination. But history has helped us, and we have learned from history. It is a chance, but a very significant chance, that made the outbreak of this war coin-

[1] I use this term in the sense of a system in which one state or nation imposes its power by force on other states or nations.— THE AUTHOR.

cide with our final abandonment of the policy of coercion in Ireland. The British system now, so far as men of white race are concerned, is one not of empire but of free communities. And the spirit that has brought about this change will proceed, if we escape reaction, to inspire our policy in the great dependencies of men of alien race. Abroad, as at home, the English have been learning the lesson of freedom. And there is good hope, if we are true to our tradition, that our victory may contribute to the extension of freedom in Europe. In France, too, the long fight between antagonistic ideals has been inclining toward freedom. She too will join with us, we may believe, to confirm the liberty for which, throughout a century, she has been shedding her blood in civil strife.

While, then, it is unhistorical and unjust to pretend that Germany, as such, stands for domination, and the western powers for freedom, yet we may say with truth that a victory of the western powers, so far as their influence can reach, should make for freedom, while a victory of Germany will make for domination. That is the ideal cause, rising above our mere need of self-defense, that may inspire us in our efforts for victory. But if it be that which we carry in our hearts — and the young among us, I believe, do carry it — how must we endeavor, when the time comes for peace, to translate it into acts?

Mr. Asquith has given us the formula in words which I have quoted once in the *Atlantic*, but shall repeat again — for they cannot be too often repeated. Never, perhaps, has a responsible statesman had the courage and the wisdom to look so far and so generously ahead.

'I should like, if I might for a moment, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my fellow countrymen to the end which in this war we ought to keep in view. Forty-four years ago, at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said, "The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has yet been made toward that good and beneficent change, but it seems to me to be now, at this moment, as good a definition as we can have of our European policy. The idea of public right — what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means first and foremost the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of states, and of the future molding of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities — each with a corporate consciousness of its own.

'Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States — they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbors — more powerful in strength as in wealth — exactly as good a title to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, the substitution for all these things of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not or will not be realized either today or tomorrow. If and when this war is decided in favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range, and before long within the grasp, of European statesmanship.'

Let us comment a little on his noble utterances and show how the ideas it voices hang all together. Those ideas are nationality, law, and peace. Let us remind ourselves of their meaning and connection.

Nationality is a Janus, facing both ways. So far as it stands for the right of a people to govern itself, it stands for freedom. So far as it stands for the ambition to govern other people, or to destroy them, or to shape them into an alien world, it stands for domination. Throughout history it has stood for both. Athens had no sooner beaten back the Persian attempt at domination, than she set out, herself, to dominate the Greek world. Rome won freedom at home to destroy it abroad. Free Holland, free England, set forth to conquer a world. Italy, liberated, falls upon Tripoli. The Balkan nations unite to expel the domination of the

Turk, and divide to impose domination on one another. Finally, the German nationality is no sooner established in security than it threatens that of every other people. Nationality, then, is respectable only when it is on its defense. When it is waging wars of liberation it is sacred. When it is waging wars of domination it is accursed. It is therefore an ideal only when it is associated with law and peace. And it is only in that association that the Allies can desire to foster and secure it. They should seek on the one hand to deliver the nations that are suffering oppression, and on the other to prevent them in future from becoming oppressors themselves.

To achieve this the new rectification of frontiers will not suffice. Nothing can achieve it but toleration carried through with faith and courage in every state. Poland may be freed from Russian and German and Austrian domination; but that, of itself, will not free Polish Jews from domination by Poles. The Serbs may be freed from Hungary, but that, of itself, will not free the Turks or Greeks or Bulgars who may still be included in a greater Servia. It is impossible to make territorial boundaries correspond accurately with nationality. A change of heart is therefore as necessary as a change of frontiers and allegiance. Still, since changes of frontiers will and shall be made, the Allies, if they stand for the ideal of freedom, must see that such changes are made with a view only to the desires and the well-being of the peoples to be transferred, and not with a view to the aggrandizement of the victors. Every German colony that the English or French may take for the sake of their own power, will be a proof that they have abandoned the ideal of freedom. The English, through their Prime Minister, have said that they seek no territory. Let them prove it to the world, or stand self-convicted of hypocrisy.

The settlement of Europe, in such a way as to deliver nationalities from oppression, so far as that can be done by political arrangements, and so far as territory comes up for readjustment, will itself make for the other great purposes of the war, the substitution of law for force, and therefore, and in consequence, the maintenance of peace. The only wars between civilized nations that are justifiable are wars of defense. But there can be no defense without offense. Let the nations, having acquired the right to govern themselves, do so in peace without aggressive ambition. That must be the rule for the new Europe. But it too implies a change of heart. It implies the abandonment of the base and crude ambition that hitherto has dominated states, and the substitution of a noble ideal of free and progressive personality.

States hitherto have measured their worth in terms of population, territory, and power. That estimate leads them inevitably to war. For while they are governed by it they must always desire to expand at the cost of one another. Every war in Europe since the wars of religion may be traced to this cause. And even the wars so-called of religion were largely wars for power. The wars of nationality in the nineteenth century were reactions against this false ideal. Yet the nations that reacted have not discovered or pursued a truer one. There can be no peace, not even genuine desire for peace, until men realize that the greatness of a people depends upon the quality of life of the individual citizens. A city like Athens or Florence is worth all the empires that have ever been. A state of a few thousands among whom should be found a Socrates, a Michelangelo, a Goethe, outweighs beyond all calculation one whose gross insignificant millions shall be dragooned by the drill sergeant and sophisticated by the university professor.

The nobility of a people lies not in its capacity for war, but in its capacity for peace. It is indeed only because the nations are incapable of the one that they plunge so readily into the other. If they had the power of living they would neither endure to kill, nor desire to die. The task of war is to destroy life; the task of peace is to create it; to organize labor so that it shall not incapacitate men for leisure; to establish justice as a foundation for personality; to unfold in men the capacity for noble joy and profound sorrow; to liberate them for the passion of love, the perception of beauty, the contemplation of truth. Of all these things war is the enemy. All men of profound experience have known this — not the teachers of religion only, but the prophets of secular life. Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Shelley preach peace no less than Jesus Christ or

Francis of Assisi or George Fox. For peace is not a negative ideal; it is the condition of all positive ones. In war man seeks escape from life in blind intoxication. In peace he discovers and fulfils life by impassioned reason. It is because our peace is so bad that we fall into war. But every war makes our peace worse. If men had given to the creation of life a tithe of the devotion they have offered again and again to its destruction, they would have made of this world so glorious a place that they would not need to take refuge from it in the shambles. It is our false ideals that make for war. And it is the feebleness of our intelligence and the pettiness of our passions that permit such ideals to master us. We seek collective power because we are incapable of individual greatness. We seek extension of territory because we cannot utilize the territory we have. We seek to be many because none of us is able to be properly one. Once more we are witnessing whither that course must lead us. Once more we are witnessing the vast and vile futility of war. Once more we shall recover reeling from the horrible intoxication in which we have taken refuge, to look with dismay on our bloody hands, and the bloody work they have achieved. Once more we shall have a chance of learning the lesson. Shall we learn it? I cannot tell.

But I hope. I hope because of the young. And to them I now turn. To you, young men, it has been given by a tragic fate to see with your eyes and hear with your ears what war really is. Old men made it, but you must wage it — with what courage, with what generosity, with what sacrifice, I well know. If you return from this ordeal, remember what it has been. Do not listen to the shouts of victory; do not snuff the incense of applause. But keep your inner vision fixed on the facts you have faced. You have seen battleships, bayonets, and guns, and you know them for what they are, forms of evil thought. Think other thoughts, love other loves, youth of England and of the world! You have been through hell and purgatory. Climb now the rocky stair that leads to the sacred mount. The guide of tradition leaves you here. Guide now yourselves and us! Believe in the future, for none but you can. Believe in what is called the impossible, for it waits the help of your hands to show itself to be the inevitable. Of it and of all our hopes, the old, the disillusioned, the gross, the practitioners of the world are the foes. Be you the friends! Take up the thought and give it shape in act! You can and you alone. It is for that you have suffered. It is for that you have gained vision. And in your ears for your inspiration rings the great sentence of the poet —

> Libero, dritto, sano e lo tuo arbitrio,
> E fallo fôra non fare a suo senno,
> Per ch'io te sopra te corono e mitrio.[1]

[1] 'Free, right, and sane is thy will, and it will be base not to act at its bidding. Wherefore I crown and miter thee lord over thyself.'

G. LITERARY CRITICISM

Literary criticism makes use of some of the same mental processes that the writer of the expository article or the editorial brings to bear upon his material: in both cases there is the same striving to place certain facts clearly before the reader, and the same effort to express an unbiased and illuminating judgment upon these facts.

Literary criticism covers a wide range, from the humble endeavor of the journalistic man of all work to tell what a book is about, to Anatole France's 'adventures of a soul among masterpieces.' There is no kind of work for which the literary tyro is more inclined, and none for which, as a rule, he is less fitted, for good reviewing involves a degree of the critical faculty with which the inexperienced are seldom endowed.

Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of literary criticism found in periodicals. The book note or notice gives a short statement of the contents of a volume and seeks to characterize it in only the briefest and most general way. Such a notice is usually unsigned, and as its purpose is less serious than that of the larger reviews of the next class, its literary art is not so conspicuous. The book review proper is a more elaborate consideration of a volume, its relation to its subject in general, and to the other works of its author. Book reviews of this latter sort are often noteworthy for their keen insight, their sound critical judgment, and their trained literary style; they are written and signed by authorities on the subject with which the book deals, and in many cases they become permanent contributions to critical literature.

Among the illustrations here printed such notices as those of the *Salamander* will serve as examples of the briefer kind of notice, and the review by Mr. John Masefield is a good representative of the more elaborate, carefully constructed, and well expressed treatment of a more serious subject. A combination of these two methods is employed in the composite review which groups together several books on the same subject, or by the same author. In the former case, a brief notice is usually given to each book separately and an attempt is made to compare them or to indicate their relations to the general subject with which they deal; in the latter case, an author's literary career is often reviewed, as a whole, with special reference to his most recent work. Good examples of this kind will be found in numbers III, IV, and V.

I

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECHES

P[HILIP] L[ITTELL]

[*New Republic*, December 5, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

Every man, people say, gets the interviewer he deserves. It is not true. Few notables have any such luck. In my whole life I've read the perfect interview just once. This was in January, 1895, not long after the first performance of *An Ideal Husband*, when the London *Sketch* published Gilbert Burgess's interview with Oscar Wilde. Mr. Burgess was a man who knew the difference between questions and questions. He asked the right ones:

'What are the exact relations between literature and the drama?'

'Exquisitely accidental. That is why I think them so necessary.'

'And the exact relation between the actor and the dramatist?'

Mr. Wilde looked at me with a serious expression which changed almost immediately into a smile, as he replied, 'Usually a little strained.'

'But surely you regard the actor as a creative artist?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Wilde with a touch of pathos in his voice, 'terribly creative — terribly creative!'

The interview is republished in the volume called *Decorative Art in America* (Brentano's, 1906), and is still as fresh as ever, after twenty years. I turned back to it the other day, after reading here and there in two small blue volumes published in 1909, *Speeches of William Jennings Bryan, Revised and Arranged by Himself*, and wondering whether Mr. Bryan would ever fall into the ideal interviewer's hands. You, for example, could not interview Mr. Bryan properly, nor could I. We should feel both super-

cilious and intimidated. The man for the job is somebody who could mediate fearlessly between the remote Bryan period and the present time. Does such a man exist? By accident I have hit upon the right party — Hector Malone. Of Hector his creator has written, in the stage directions to *Man and Superman*, that 'the engaging freshness of his personality and the dumbfoundering staleness of his culture make it extremely difficult to decide whether he is worth knowing; for whilst his company is undeniably pleasant and enlivening, there is intellectually nothing new to be got out of him.' You already perceive a certain affinity between Hector Malone and Mr. Bryan. Now for their unlikeness: when Hector 'finds people chattering harmlessly about Anatole France and Nietzsche, he devastates them with Matthew Arnold, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and even Macaulay.'

It is an affair of proportion. As Nietzsche and Anatole France are to Macaulay, Matthew Arnold and the Autocrat, so, in the scale of modernity, are these authors to those with whom Mr. Bryan does his devastating. Mr. Bryan's culture would seem about as dumbfounderingly stale to Hector Malone as Hector's does to a generation fed on Anatole and Nietzsche. Hector is too modern and sophisticated to quote Gray's *Elegy*, *The Deserted Village*, Tom Moore and William Cullen Bryant. He knows that people don't do such things. But Mr. Bryan does them, and adds other incredibilities. Like Tennyson's brook, Demosthenes has said, Rollin tells us, Muelbach relates an incident, as Plutarch would say — here they are, and more of the same, in these two blue volumes. Looking backward, Mr. Bryan quotes 'breathes there a man with soul so dead' and 'truth crushed to earth.' Looking forward, he says that after Alexander and Napoleon 'are forgotten, and their achievements disappear in the cycle's sweep of years, children will still lisp the name of Jefferson.'

The earliest of these speeches and lectures is dated 1881 and the latest 1909. In reality all of them have the same age. They all taste of '*das Ewig-gestrige, das Flache.*' In 1904, Mr. Bryan gives 'the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace,' and meditates thus upon eggs: 'The egg is the most universal of foods and its use dates from the beginning, but what is more mysterious than an egg? . . . We eat eggs, but we cannot explain an egg.' From its context in a lecture on 'Man,' delivered at the Nebraska State University in 1905, and also at Illinois College, I take this: 'Ask the mother who holds in her arms her boy, what her ideal is concerning him and she will tell you that she desires that his heart may be so pure that it could be laid upon a pillow and not leave a stain; that his ambition may be so holy that it could be whispered in an angel's ear. . . .'

If there is already too much superciliousness in the world such passages do harm. They do good if there is not superciliousness enough. In either case they do good in their context. They and their context have helped thousands upon thousands of Chautauquan early risers to be cheerful and industrious and unselfish and kind. These speeches reveal an incomparable mental unpreparedness to deal with their grave subjects, with the resurrection of the body, the atonement, miracles, inventions, evolution, faith, the soul, the secret of life. With an easy, happy flow the make-believe thought comes out in sincere and shallow sentences, which make one respect Mr. Bryan's good intentions, and admire his sweetness and good will. Thousands of good men and women have grown better on this thin food. Blessed are those who mean well, for they shall be spared the labor of thought.

It sounds patronizing, my attitude, and it is. Although you and I can no more write significantly of life or death than Mr. Bryan can, yet we have a superficial sophistication, we have acquired a suspicion that twaddle exists and may be distinguished from its opposite. Therefore do we smile complacently, in our offensive way, when Mr. Bryan sets forth 'the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace.' Little as we patronized him in 1896, how can we help patronizing Mr. Bryan now when we find him patronizing Christ?

Chronic good will, courage, a capacity for sudden formidableness, an early perception of important discontents, sympathy with the unprivileged average — in this mixture, I suppose, we must seek the explanation of his hold upon his followers. His size and importance were measured

at the Baltimore convention in 1912, and again in the following spring, when President Wilson, afraid to leave him outside and hostile, turned him into a third-rate secretary of state and a useful backer of presidential legislation. One likes to imagine him sitting in the state department, mellowed by his popularity, set free from old jealousies, showing an unexpected capacity for team play, frock-coatedly glad-handing and kind-wording a hundred callers a day, always glib and sunny and sincere. Is he a shade more acquisitive than you 'd think to find such a very popular hero? Perhaps. Is he, for a man with exactly his reputation, a little too smooth, too unrugged, too deficient in homely humor? Why not? In every reputation, however explicable, there is a residuum of mystery. 'What,' as Mr. Bryan himself says, 'is more mysterious than an egg?'

II

PARNELL[1]

F[RANCIS] H[ACKETT]

[*New Republic*, December 5, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

Married in her twentieth year or thereabouts to a cornet in a sporting regiment, Katherine O'Shea had lived thirteen years with Willie O'Shea and borne him three children before she met Charles Stewart Parnell. Her relations with O'Shea had long been unsatisfactory. Handsome, gay, sarcastic, self-assured, O'Shea was a spoiled and rather dictatorial specimen of the petty aristocracy. Already bankrupt through mismanagement of his racing stable, he spent a great deal of his time away from Mrs. O'Shea engaged in patching up his fortunes, being absent as long as eighteen months at a time on mining ventures in Spain. When they were together O'Shea was rather jarring and possessive, easily made jealous, insisting on visits, visitors and entertainments his wife disliked, with which he alternated periods of undependability and neglect. His wife's impulsiveness and mettle he did not understand, and before the entry of Parnell into their lives 'the wearing friction caused by our totally dissimilar temperaments began to make us feel that close companionship was impossible, and we mutually agreed that he should have rooms in London, visiting Eltham to see myself and the children at week-ends.'

Mrs. O'Shea's father was an English clergyman, Sir John Page Wood. She was the youngest of a family of thirteen. Brought up in a household where men like Trollope, the older Cunninghame Graham, John Morley came to visit, she spent a great deal of her life with an august aunt at a Georgian lodge in Eltham, to whom George Meredith used to come almost every week for a stipulated two hours of 'the classics and their discussion.' Mrs. O'Shea knew George Meredith well, and I dare say he, behind his badinage and 'effectiveness,' knew that flashing spirit rather better.

In 1880, Willie O'Shea was urged to stand for an Irish constituency. 'I wrote back strongly encouraging him,' says Mrs. Parnell, 'for I knew it would give him occupation he liked and keep us apart — and therefore good friends. Up to this time Willie had not met Mr. Parnell.'

At this time Parnell was thirty-four years of age. The actual leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, he had already broken away from the 'fine reasonableness' of Isaac Butt at which 'the English parties smiled and patted the Irish indulgently on the head,' and he had initiated his policy 'of uncompromising hostility to all British parties and of unceasing opposition to all their measures until the grievances of Ireland were redressed.'

Because he disliked all social intercourse with Saxons, Mrs. O'Shea's attempts to secure Parnell for her dinners were repeatedly unsuccessful, but, a determined lady, she eventually decided to deliver her invitation in person at the House. 'He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: "This man is wonderful — and different."' Mrs. O'Shea planned a theater party for his distraction, and 'he and I seemed naturally to fall into our places in the dark corner of the box. I had a feeling of complete sympathy and companionship with him, as though I had always known this strange,

1 *Charles Stewart Parnell, His Love Story and Political Life.* By Katherine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). New York: George H. Doran Company.

unusual man with the thin face and pinched nostrils, who sat by my side staring with curious intent gaze at the stage, and telling me in a low monotone of his American tour and of his broken health . . . and his eyes smiled into mine as he broke off his theme and began to tell me of how he had met once more in America a lady to whom he had been practically engaged some years before.'

A few months later, when Mrs. O'Shea was in great distress over the death of Lucy Goldsmith, her lifelong friend and nurse, the tenor of Parnell's notes from Dublin revealed the truth. 'I cannot keep myself away from you any longer, so shall leave tonight for London.' They did not meet, but Mrs. O'Shea pictures the subsequent weeks. 'And my aunt would doze in her chair while I dropped the book I had been reading to her and drifted into unknown harmonies and color of life . . . and I was conscious of sudden gusts of unrest and revolt against these leisured, peaceful days where the chiming of the great clock in the hall was the only indication of the flight of time.'

'In the autumn of 1880 Mr. Parnell came to stay with us at Eltham.' There he fell ill, brought near to death's door by 'his exertions on behalf of the famine-stricken peasants of Ireland,' and Mrs. O'Shea nursed him back till he was nearly strong. Hovering over him as he slept, 'pulling the light rug better over him,' she recalls his murmur: 'Steer carefully out of the harbor — there are breakers ahead.'

Next year Captain O'Shea came to Eltham without invitation, found Parnell's portmanteau there, sent it to London and left declaring he would challenge Parnell to a duel. The challenge was accepted but 'Willie then thought he had been too hasty.' Parnell's real emotions seem to have centered on his portmanteau. 'My dear Mrs. O'Shea,' he wrote, 'will you kindly ask Captain O'Shea where he left my luggage? I inquired at both parcel office, cloak room, and this hotel, and they were not to be found.' But the incident cemented the fate of O'Shea. 'From the date of this bitter quarrel Parnell and I were one, without further scruple, without fear, and without remorse.'

In 1881 Parnell was arrested for his Land League activities, and was in Kilmainham at the will of Gladstone until the following May. It was a period of unremitting agony for Mrs. O'Shea, and for him on her account. In February, 1882, she bore Parnell a daughter whom he saw for the first and last time for a day in April. 'My little one's paternity was utterly unsuspected by the O'Sheas.'

From that time till 1890, the year of the divorce case, Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea lived their double life. A 'volcano capped with snow,' Parnell endured secrecy and deception, and she with him, for the sake of the Home Rule bill. When the crash came Mrs. O'Shea was afraid, but his mind was clear. 'Put away all fear and regret for my public life. I have given, and will give, Ireland what is in me to give. That I have vowed to her, but my private life shall never belong to any country, but one woman. There will be a howl, but it will be the howling of hypocrites; not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men; perhaps they are right so far as they can experience life. But I am not as they, for they are among the world's children. I am a man, and I have told these children what they want, and they clamor for it. If they will let me, I will get it for them. But if they turn from me, my Queen, it matters not at all in the end. . . . You have stood to me for comfort and strength and my very life. I have never been able to feel in the least sorry for having come into your life. It had to be, and the bad times I have caused you and the stones that have been flung and that will be flung at you are all no matter, because to us there is no one else in all the world that matters at all — when you get to the bottom of things.'

Between O'Shea and Mrs. O'Shea there were friendly relations till the end of 1886. She induced Parnell to work for his parliamentary candidacy in 1886, and while O'Shea was willing to use Parnell to further his own necessities (he seems to have been a tool of Joseph Chamberlain) he hated and railed against the imperturbable Parnell. All during their intimacy, Mrs. O'Shea acted as an intermediary between Parnell and Gladstone in negotiations which she vividly recounts. Whenever Gladstone sought Parnell in an emergency he sent for him to Mrs. O'Shea's house. The pious surprise of Gladstone when the crash came was characteristic hypocrisy.

Mrs. O'Shea was married to Parnell in June, 1891. Worn out by his campaign against his own former adherents, now under the dictation of Gladstone and the priests, Parnell succumbed in October. He died October sixth, less than four months after his marriage, in his forty-seventh year.

Now a woman of nearly seventy, Mrs. Parnell has been induced to reveal her intimate life for the sake of Captain O'Shea's child, her eldest son. That young man, whose psychology is not worth discussing, is 'jealous for his father's honor,' and it is ostensibly to prove that Captain O'Shea was not a willing beneficiary of her relations with Parnell that these two volumes were written. The real motive, however, is the deep human motive of self-vindication. Mrs. Parnell loved one of the great men of his generation. She loved him purely, passionately, consumedly. Possessing the great treasure of his love in return, she has been unwilling to die without rebutting all the slander, all the contumely, all the belittlement and reproach and vilification that were the price she paid for seeming to have cheated Ireland of her uncrowned king. Writing these two volumes 'without scruple, without fear, and without remorse, she has brought to her aid all the resources of imagination, keen intelligence, and vivid memory, and she has produced a work of consummate significance and touching humanness. Defiant of convention, she has given full reality for her reader to the extraordinarily powerful and fascinating personality to whom she dedicated her life. Exposing for this purpose much that is painfully private and sacredly naïve, dwelling on facts that belong, if anything belongs, to that inner life to which Parnell asserted his right so implacably, she has, at this great cost, succeeded in asserting the quality of their personal relation. It was true love, if ever love was true, and it honored human nature. If Captain O'Shea was 'deceived,' it was the fruit of his own mean inadequacy, determined as he was to keep Mrs. O'Shea in bond, to enforce a legal advantage that flattered his vanity at the expense of everything generous, noble and free. He struggled, as small people always struggle, to keep the springs of life from finding their level, but they were too strong for him. After many years' effort to reconcile herself to insuperable limitations, Mrs. Parnell found an adequate, a complete, an immeasurable appeal to every power and sympathy she possessed. She answered that appeal heroically, failing to conform with the written law in order to conform with what may curtly be called the unwritten law of her own and Parnell's being.

When these volumes were published in London, they were dismissed in twenty lines by the *British Weekly* as an outrage against decency, a 'glorification of adultery . . . the foulest treachery and vice.' It is quite in keeping with the Gladstone tradition and, indeed, with English righteousness in general, that this work, which the *British Weekly* 'would fain consign to oblivion,' is now offered to us in this country by the agents of the *British Weekly* in America.

III

GEORGE MEREDITH

OLIVER ELTON

[This is a recast of an article in the London *Tribune* of January 17, 1906, published in book form along with other essays in *Modern Studies* (Edward Arnold), London, 1907. By permission of author and publisher.]

I

'Who really cares for what I say? The English people know nothing about me. There has always been something antipathetic between them and me. With book after book it was always the same outcry of censure and disapproval. The first time or two I minded it, then I determined to disregard what the people said altogether, and since then I have written only to please myself. But even if you could tell the world all I think, no one would listen.'

Mr. Meredith, who is reported thus to have spoken some years ago, has notwithstanding won the only kind of fame for which he can be supposed to care. Not only has he received the Order of Merit, the last official *imprimatur* set by English society upon brains that are pronounced to be eminent and also harmless; he has the honor paid him by all his fellow craftsmen, and by thousands of other persons. In such a case the good of fame is greater to those who proffer it than to the possibly weary winner of the fame,

Mr. Meredith is now a kind of Field-Marshal of English letters. He is the man who has done most, and seen most service. To the general joy he is amongst us and still upon the watch. His first verses were printed in the year (1851) after Wordsworth's *Prelude*. His poetry is still being commented, proclaimed, and defended, it is alive and singing in our ears. *The Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History* were collected in 1898. Last year (1906) saw his jubilee as a novelist; for in 1856 appeared the *Shaving of Shagpat*, which disclosed the costly treasure-house of his fancy and the over-running springs of his wit. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* came out in 1859, the same year as *Adam Bede* and *The Origin of Species; Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, in 1894. Some thirteen novels, besides short tales, criticisms, and poems, are the fruit of those forty years. Mr. Meredith wrought unweariably through the later day of Dickens and Thackeray, through the day of George Eliot and the jaunty revulsion against her, and now through the day of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Henry James. He was neglected or patronized by many of the critics in the sixties and the early seventies, and perhaps the habit of feeling induced by this treatment may linger in the words quoted above. The bigger reading public, the masses of the English community overseas, no doubt are still recalcitrant. Mr. Meredith has never struck home to them, as Dickens struck home with his splendid humanity, his uncertain art and moderate education, and his true wealth of genial and farcical type. Some, too, of those devoted to Thackeray's vast and populous canvas, to his occasional classic sureness and constant elegance of speech (amidst much that is merely journalistic fiction), and to his half-dozen scenes of vehement human drama, may have shivered at the refreshing east wind and shrunk from the mountain sickness that the reader of Meredith must face. To read him is like climbing, and calls for training and eyesight; but there is always a view at the top, there are the sunrise and the upper air. Nor is such a tax always paid him willingly by the better-trained, serious public of escaped and enlightened puritans, the dwindled public of George Eliot. Nor has he much in common with the novelists, English and other, of a later day.

For he, like Goethe, 'bids you hope,' while *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *The Wings of the Dove* do not. The movement of later fiction is towards pessimism, and its best makers, Guy de Maupassant, Gorky, D'Annunzio, agree in their want of hopefulness if in nothing else. They have been catching up and expressing in fiction ideas that found a nobler expression, philosophical or lyrical, nearly a century ago, in Schopenhauer and Leopardi. The same discouragement lay at the base of Tolstoy's thought, before he found his peculiar salvation, and it still tinges his fiction when he forgets his creed and remembers that he is an artist. The history of this pessimistic movement in fiction is still unwritten, and the movement itself is unexhausted.

But the groundwork of Mr. Meredith, with his forward look, his belief in love and courage, is different. It is stoical rather than pessimistic; and in that he resembles Zola, whose method — laborious, serried, humorless — is the opposite of his. Mr. Meredith grew up on the high hopes fed by the revolutions of the mid-century, and the most heroic figure in his book is Mazzini, the 'Chief' in *Vittoria*. He has a moral and spiritual afflatus of the nobler order, peculiarly and traditionally English, in that line of the Great English prophets which comes down from Langland and Sir Thomas More to Carlyle. His creed does not depend, visibly, on formal doctrine for its force, but neither does it rest on any preoccupying enmity towards doctrine. His inspiration plays in various moods — strenuous, ethereal, ironical — rarely serene, over his vision of 'certain nobler races, now dimly imagined'; and casts a new interpreting light, above all, on the rarer forms of love and patriotism and friendship. Yet there are none of the airs of the prophet, for the media preferred by Mr. Meredith in his prose are wit and aphorism, situation and portraiture, and to these the lyrical and didactic elements are subordinate.

II

Mr. Meredith has run a course of his own, and has owed little to any man of his own craft. It may be guessed, indeed, that the author of *Harry Richmond* had before him in *Copperfield* the example of a new, humorous, natural, and beautiful form of autobiographic fiction. And

Thomas Love Peacock, to whom Mr. Meredith's first book was inscribed, may have lent a happy turn to his generous and repeated and witty praise of wine, and have supplied some hint for those country-house gatherings of humorists and fantasts of which a specimen is found so late as 1890 in *One of Our Conquerors*. In such a gathering the inmates and visitors are endowed with a surprising point, wit, and agility of soul in their tongue-combats. But Peacock's humorists all come from London, or from the void, for the week-end, and go back on the Monday. These are minor debts, and Mr. Meredith stands apart from all the recognized groups of schools of English novelists. For his true and chosen background is the real, feudal, Tory, country world of old Victorian England, with its ineradicable shades of caste-feeling, its surface gallantry, its reluctance to think, its vigor of physique and its excellent manners. It is not likely that such a world, which is still alive and long will be, should trouble much about its own countenance as reflected in the 'steel glass' of the novelist. His favorite characters are the bravest and fairest that such a society can breed, or at least cannot prevent from being bred, in its midst; and his frequent subject is the struggle of these favorites to rise above the spiritual and mental level of their world. Many of his personages are real gentry, rooted in their estates, persons of the upper untitled or the lower titled classes, or else in some defined social relationship to these — great dames, young soldiers, eldest sons of the land, naval commanders, scholars of the strenuous or the portly type, persons of good estimation, usually ponderous, and the babbling society mob. In natural connection with these are the tenants, oaken old yeomen or farmers, Fleming or Blaize, often the fathers of fair daughters, who rise by natural selection, like Lucy Feverel; or gentlemen proved such by trial of circumstance, like Evan Harrington, the tailor's son. There are, further, the retainers, butlers, intelligent handmaids, sporting coves, and prize-fighters like that admirable light-weight Skepsey, the servant of Natalie Radnor. There are the ladies of clouded fame, who serve the unauthorized amusements of gentlemen, and who are somewhat unreal, though tragically-conceived, characters. Mr. Meredith, by choosing within this province an immeasurably higher range of interest and passion than the accurate patient Trollope, has added a new stratum of semi-barbarian territory to English fiction.

It may be called the Empire-making stratum, and the profound feeling for the work and future of our race that throbs through Mr. Meredith's writings provides him with an outlet into a freer air. He is, I have said, a liberal idealist, whose hopes are rooted in the tenacious, the Norman, the constructive aspirations of the Englishman. And his faith is strengthened by his outlook upon the European stir for freedom, which carries him beyond the political creed of the class he portrays. A rare reconciliation of ideals, that may perhaps hereafter be noted as prophetic! In *Vittoria* he finds a subject that is free from any of the limitations imposed by irony. Music and freedom, the freedom of Italy and its signal, the singing of the heroine in *La Scala*, are its animating powers. The compass of his gifts, both as an epical narrator and a painter of noble character, are best seen in the pair of stories that take us from the humors of the English lawn to the struggle of Italian liberation. In *Emilia in England*, otherwise *Sandra Belloni*, and in *Emilia in Italy*, otherwise *Vittoria* (all three being names for one woman), he has described, as no English writer ever yet, a true artist-soul, with a patriot soul behind it of equal stature. The companion-book is Mr. Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*, for the spirit of Mazzini breathes in both. And in other stories Mr. Meredith has found an air freer than that of England. There are bright and keen glimpses of France in *Beauchamp's Career* and in the gracious Renée de Rouaillout. The study of Lassalle and Helène de Racowitza, made from the authorities, in *The Tragic Comedians*, does not fully reach the high-strung purpose of the writer, in spite of the elemental or tidal energy of Alvan-Lassalle. But Alvan is a relief after the manly, self-restrained, pattern Englishmen commonly invented by Mr. Meredith in order to find some one worthy of his heroines.

III

He seems to have 'reversed the order of Paradise,' and to have created his women first, and so to have had less clay

at disposal for fashioning their mates. Renée, Emilia, Carinthia, Lucy, with their musical names — in their talk, and his talk about them, his style is at its purest and clearest, and the colors of the portraits are unfading. Women are nearer to nature than men, and the power to paint them can only come straight from the breast of nature — from experience lived through and transmuted into artistic form. Indeed, the business of 'reading the female heart' has not often been practised in English prose without a dispiriting effect. The tradition of unreality is old and obstinate It runs far back into the Renaissance romance, like Sidney's *Arcadia* — where, indeed, there is one tragic feminine figure, the queen Gynecia; and to the long-winded books in French and English consumed by our seventeenth-century ancestresses. But those old romances were apt to be made either by courtly, artificial men or by spinsters without any profitable experience of humanity. One of these spinsters, Samuel Richardson, succeeded once, despite his fussy morals and clammy rhetoric. The laborious knife of George Eliot sometimes bites deep. But a man, if only he is great enough can rise above the natural barrier ('La haine entre les deux sexes,' says Joubert, 'ne s'éteint guère'), is the best and kindest painter of women and of their ailments of the soul, and the best describer of them. Or so the event seems to have proved. This is not a reflection upon women; for, after all, it is better to belong to the class that is pictured than to the class that paints pictures.

Balzac and Mr. Meredith, diverse in almost all ways, have both left behind them a portrait gallery of actual and living women. Balzac excels with older, harder, and stranger natures. The Englishman, more of a poet at the heart, prefers to celebrate youth and beauty that are victorious after long inward and outward trial. But he has, more than once, his Hermiones, as well as his Perditas, figures of the 'sanctissima coniux,' September faces, thrown into contrast with those fresher ones without loss of charm. The friendship of Diana of the Crossways and her 'Tony' is an instance. *One of Our Conquerors* essays the hardest and nicest problem in Mr. Meredith's later books, as *Rhoda Fleming* does among the earlier. It is a demonstration of the mystery of pain in the hearts of a mother and a daughter. The mother dreads the disclosure, which the daughter has to face, of their socially unauthorized position. The girl is illegitimate, owing to a foolish marriage made by her father long ago. Words are found for her discovery of the circumstance; for this is required the delicacy of the great masters. The mother dies, the girl becomes a magnificent spirit, a sworn defender of the unfortunate among her own sex, and her own happiness is at last assured, a handsome and chivalrous hero being provided for her with some surface failings that make him possible.

But for such work Mr. Meredith has had to invent his own dialect. He sets himself, continually, to realize motives that have their life only in the antechambers of consciousness, and sensations that fade in the effort to give them words. Here he forswears whim and witty fancy; in the best passages, all is attention and grave precision. The bending of English prose to this finer purpose is one of Mr. Meredith's substantial glories. Undiscovered forces of vanity, of self-protection that is sure of its danger but not of its reasons, of self-regard and self-distrust, find their calculus. He is taxed with obscurity, but he is as lucid a writer, in this province, as the nature of the subject permits. He moves as safely in the dark as Dostoieffsky, the great specialist; and though, unlike him, he is sometimes hampered by the satiric aim, and is less content to let the nakedness of our nature plead for itself, he is also free from the wildness and mirage and crazy touch that prove refracting elements in *Crime and Punishment* or *The Idiot*. In the scientific dissection of motive, filament by filament, Mr. Henry James ranks beside him, and in the power to realize deep-plotting, ambiguous natures, may be his superior, just as his hold on beauty of style is more certain and steady. But the characters of Mr. Meredith are fuller than any other novelist's of strong, natural vitality; they fight, and swim, and wander in scented forests, and wipe the sweat from their brows, and intercept mad dogs, and make love in their youth beneath the wild cherry-blossom, and give their lives to save some 'little mudlarking waif,' like Beauchamp; and his words accordingly ring and rush as the blood runs faster.

Out of this kind of strength comes the power that lies behind the finer, tenderer passages that interpret obscure matters of the heart. The intellect remains the master while threading the mazes of unuttered painful feeling. In the episode already mentioned, Natalie, the nominal wife, who is caught in the birdlime of false social position, asks a friend for the counsel which yet she fears to receive.

'She bowed to her chastisement. One motive in her consultation with him came of the knowledge of his capacity to inflict it and honesty in the act, and a thirst she had to hear the truth loud-tongued from him: together with a feeling that he was excessive and satiric, not to be read by the letter of his words: and in consequence, she could bear the lash from him, and tell her soul that he overdid it, and have an unjustly-treated self to cherish. But in very truth she was a woman who loved to hear the truth; *she was formed to love the truth her position reduced her to violate;* she esteemed the hearing of it as medical to her; she selected for counselor him who would apply it: so far she went on the straight way: and the desire for a sustaining deception from the mouth of a trustworthy man set her hanging on his utterances with an anxious hope of the reverse of what was to come and what she herself apprehended; such as checked her pulses and iced her feet and fingers.'

Mr. Meredith's analysis, in serious romance, is nearly always *moral* analysis; it is concerned with complex refinements of the profounder pieties and veracities. He is always testing human nature with his finger, like a glass, to see if it rings clear and right. Or rather, to read him, before the heart is hardened, is like going to the dentist, who does not spare to touch the nerve. This is another reason for his incomplete popularity; but, inasmuch as his science is genuine, it is also a reason for his name enduring. In his dramatic, ironic way, he is one of the masters of the spiritual life: — not the life of the lonely mystic or thinker (for such persons do not figure in his books as they do in Balzac's) but the life of men and women in contact, snared by instinct or egoism, but capable of emerging with made souls, marked and scarred but ready to begin afresh. Historically, this kind of special power leaves him somewhat solitary amongst English novelists.

IV

There is, however, no monotony of tragic note. Mr. Meredith's chosen weapon is comedy, and his discourse *On the Idea of Comedy*, given in 1877 at the middle of his career, throws a backward and forward light upon his artistic practice. It is a classic piece of criticism, written by a fellow of Hazlitt, with the advantages that the craftsman, like Dryden in the *Discourse of Satire*, is speaking of his own craft; and that, like Dryden, he has ample reading and scholarship as well as the memory of his own creative processes. As we read, we feel that since Goldsmith the higher comic spirit, as distinct from that of farce or irony, has fled from the stage to the novel. Mr. Meredith is not popular, because he is full of the comic spirit as he conceives it. It is not the high and bare cynicism of Congreve, the emperor of phrasing. It is distinguished from farcical humor by its different treatment of the victim.

'If you laugh all around him, tumble him, roll him about, deal him a smack and drop a tear on him, own his likeness to you and yours to your neighbor, spare him as little as you shun, pity him as much as you expose, it is the spirit of Humor that is moving you.'

But even this is not the whole of the comic spirit. Lessing had said that 'Comedy is laughter, not derision'; and derision with a moral purpose is still further off from comedy than farce. Even irony is only part of its essence.

'If instead of falling foul of the ridiculous person with a satiric rod, to make him writhe and shriek aloud, you prefer to sting him under a semi-caress, by which he shall in his anguish be rendered doubtful whether indeed anything has hurt him, you are an engine of Irony.'

In the view of Mr. Meredith the comic spirit, as distinct from inferior or allied forms of humor, cannot flourish except in a disinfected society where manners are highly trained. Like most honest readers, he finds the Restoration and Revolution comedy, which records quite another society, generally dead and tiresome, presupposing as it does an audience not a little inhuman. The flowering of the comic spirit is bound up, he insists, with the due position and honorable estate of women. Where they are the cheap butts,

rather than the arbiters and voices of the comic spirit, there is no hope for it.

'Now, comedy is the fountain of good sense, not the less perfectly sound on account of the sparkle; and comedy lifts women to a station offering them free play for their wit, as they usually show it, when they have it, on the side of good sense. The higher the comedy, the more prominent the part they enjoy in it. . . . Celimène is undisputed mistress of the attribute (of common sense) in the *Misanthrope*, wiser as a woman than Alceste as a man. In Congreve's *Way of the World* Millamant overshadows Mirabel, the sprightliest male figure of English Comedy.'

It may be replied that Alceste, with his passion for Celimène conflicting with his passion for sincerity, is the higher of the two; but in respect of pure wit he is doubtless the smaller. It may also be added that Mr. Meredith's women are not often witty, or that when they are their wit is strained. But good sense, barbed with disconcerting smiles, they have in supreme measure. We can best understand Mr. Meredith's idea of the comic spirit from the malady which it is intended to show up and, if possible, to cure. That is 'sentimentalism'; and by the term is understood, not the simple movements of the heart in simple persons, with their untrained expression, but the impulses of vanity or selfish craving, masquerading as those of the heart and uttering phrases too big for the occasion or false to it. Sentimentalism implies the absence both of clear reason, and also of the one other thing, besides religion and country, that the comic spirit respects, simple and healthy passion. *Evan Harrington* and *The Egoist* are built upon this conception of a vanity which is the target of thoughtful glancing ridicule, and which is at last exposed, if not cured, by the daylight of reason — and banished, if at all, by the warmth of authentic love. *Evan Harrington* is a second *Book of Snobs*, the air being some hundred feet higher of social elevation, and the scene being laid amidst the classes where the sense of rank and caste, at the era depicted in the book, is Chinese in its strictness. It is the lightest and blithest of Mr. Meredith's English tales, and in it his tragic force is sleeping, while his heroic force is at play. *The Egoist*, with its more intricate and mature subject, is now long established in all our affections, and answers best to the author's own 'idea' of the comic spirit. Here he writes intoxicated with his own wit, in the way that is so rare in Englishmen. He is like some irresistible executant, unafraid of the most discordant or fantastic witch-dance of words, and yet striking continually into impeccable expression. The same relish is felt in all his later books, but never for so long.

V

Though no one speaks less from a chair or pulpit, Mr. Meredith stands to be judged as a teacher and prophet. He is not content to be an observer. Comedy and morality are in history old and lawfully wedded lovers. If we cannot have the perfectly free poetical life of Arden, then give us that *L'Ecole des Femmes* or *The Egoist*. In *The Amazing Marriage*, in *One of Our Conquerors*, and everywhere, the pleasure of the educator is apparent. The characters are plunged into trial, they are beaten and tempered and annealed, partly by ridicule, partly by their own passion; and this is done in the name of Nature, to see how they will stand the shock. Mr. Meredith's ethic is best applied in his prose and best expounded in his verse, though his verse comes, far less often than his prose, to rightness of form. He has his own divinity, pagan by name. Where other writers appeal to God or to Humanity, he speaks, somewhat insistently, of the Earth; and the Earth is not the malign stepmother of pessimistic theory, but a stern genial mother, if at times something of a governess. In Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's clear exposition of *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith*, there is heard a welcome note of caution:

'Some may think that the value of the lessons he would enforce is not much enhanced by the alleged sanction of Earth. They may think that it is really much the same as the more usual formula of the sanction of Heaven, and that it has equally much or equally little weight.'

Earth, however, is less a 'sanction' than an emotional symbol of Nature, and its incessant recurrence does more harm to Mr. Meredith's art than to his thinking. Earth lends us our bodies, our fund of power, and our capital of instinct, which may be turned to uses fruitful or sterile.

Our life is the adjustment and realization of the forces that Earth has given us. It is love, rightly understood, that tasks and rewards our power of directing those forces. Such love helps us, in its better forms, to the vision of those 'nobler races,' for out of love they must be begotten. The creed is not unlike Carlyle's in its courage, but it is more possible, less savage, and less solitary. There is to be no tampering with the intellect by soothing illusions; 'we must do,' as George Eliot said, 'without opium.' The volume called *A Reading of Earth*, and the poem therein called *A Faith On Trial*, give us Mr. Meredith's religion. Whatever the power or complexion of the enemy, whether it be ignorance, or languor, or bereavement, or self-deception, he is always in the attitude of the challenger; like Ivanhoe, who rode up the lists, and in token of mortal combat touched the shield with the sharp end of his spear, despite the well-meant hints of 'some of the lower classes.'

VI

Soon or late has to be faced the hindrance of Mr. Meredith's verbal strangeness, which is still supposed to warrant or explain his slow acceptance by the public. The robust older critics, who were still flourishing when he began to write fifty years ago made much, it is said, of this hindrance. But they did not try to understand. Their idea was to decree rewards and punishments to an artist — so many stripes of the cat on the shoulders balanced by so many of good conduct on the sleeve. The author, if not a criminal, who had to come up for punishment, was a kind of ticket-of-leave man who must report himself under suspicion. And if the sentence was capital, the executioner wore a mask of blue or buff, according to the complexion of the journal that sheltered his anonymity. It was the kind of criticism that trained its readers to lose the instinct for literary power, and it is now nearly dead. No doubt there was, at first sight, colorable matter for reproach. In every book by Mr. Meredith, from *The Shaving of Shagpat* to *The Amazing Marriage*, the outline of the figures and even of the events is more or less veiled under a sparkling mist or spray of commentary, an emanation of bewildering light.

Self-suppression does not enter into such a method, as it does into that of Flaubert, and there is as much choric interlude as drama. There is a heady, subtle element, which beguiles and dislodges the reader, and dazes him with myriads of epigrams. The epigrams of Mr. Meredith might be fairly divided into those which leave a headache behind them and those that do not. So great a rapidity of comment does not make for proportion and composition. But take the story, and strip it, at whatever momentary sacrifice, of all but the actual narrative and dialogue, keeping also the passages that expressly describe motive and sensation, but leaving out the chorus of aphorisms, and the test will be nobly met. We can then go back again and put in as much of the rainbow as we will.

The difficulty of style is felt most keenly in Mr. Meredith's poetry. There, in its most restless form, is the swift intellect, working for the writer's cherished ethical or spiritual ideas, and working through a torrent of images, sometimes turbid, and sometimes abstrusely delicate, but huddling on one another as fast as in the dying speech of Romeo. As Lamb said of Shakespeare, 'before one idea has burst its shell, another is hatched and clamorous for disclosure.' But the poetry also often suffers (the prose less, because prose will bear more of such vagrancy than poetry, and yet remain true to the law of its art) because the intellect, so far from being content to let the sensuous matter clear itself and rely on itself, as Keats in his finest passages is content to do, is always interposing and enlisting that material in the service of the 'criticism of life.' Many are the verses where the issue is doubtful, or rather not doubtful; where the night-long wrestle with words is continued from sheer courage rather than in the hope of possibility of victory. Many, again, for instance in *Modern Love*, are those where the result is impeccable and the sense of strain is lost. More seldom are the imagery and the music all-sufficient to one another, in a kind of Goethe-like repose, as here:

> The pine-tree drops its dead;
> They are quiet, as under the sea.
> Overhead, overhead,
> Rushes life in a race,
> As the clouds the clouds chase:
> And we go,
> And we drop like the fruits of the tree,

Even we,
Even so.

•

But commonly, in Mr. Meredith's verses, imagination is at war with and outraces its own power of expression, and thus is too frequently defeated, though its triumphs are not rare, and would, if selected and arrayed together, form a 'golden treasury' large enough. But, as with some older poets like George Chapman, words, lines, and passages, which are informed with lofty and gracious ideas, are so variably cast that the innermost soul of poetry must alternately repudiate and welcome them.

In the novels the proportion is different; the pages that go quite amiss and do violence to the writer's own ideals of form are relatively fewer. The diction of Mr. Meredith in his prose is, for long spaces, pure, chosen, and simple. The oddness is produced by slight dislocations of historic English, an unusual order of words, a curious disposal of particles and abstract nouns, which in cumulation give a superficial effect of freakishness. As so often with Latin or Italian, the decipherer finds himself gazing at a sentence made up of common words without getting to their sense. The subject may be commended to some young Germanized American for a golden or leaden dissertation. There is, indeed, no reason why a classic author should not be treated by the usual methods of scholarship, if they are applied with tact, as Mr. Trevelyan applies them. This is only a sign of respect, which we offer to Chapman or to Donne. But it may be well to have the transpicuous page of Fielding open before us, that we may keep our heads while we study the heir of his noble art.

IV

JOHN SYNGE[1]

STUART P. SHERMAN

[*Evening Post*, New York, January 11, 1913. By permission.]

John Synge was so skilful in eluding biographers that he was dead before it was generally known in this country that he had existed. Within the last year or two he has become one of the most conspicuous figures in the literary world. Yet current discussion has proceeded for the most part in ignorance of the facts of his life and has confined itself mainly to one or two of the plays. Even among the better informed there still remain the widest differences of opinion regarding his character, his relation to the so-called Irish Renaissance, and his appropriate niche in the temple of fame. And in consequence of various non-literary forces, the division has been rather partizan than critical. It is darkly hinted in one quarter that he owes everything to the French decadents. On the other hand, Mr. Yeats would have us believe that his work came straight from the heart of Erin. On the one hand it is argued that he is only a clever craftsman. But Mr. Howe holds that he stands by his absolute achievement only a little lower than Shakespeare. 'If he had lived,' says Mr. Howe, 'he could not but have added to the number of his plays; and yet in the six plays he has left us, what that is essential in life has he failed to include?' This is the question one asks of the supreme geniuses; this is the question one asks of Shakespeare.

With the collected works of Synge now before us and with eager advocates and jealous disparagers on each side of us, it may be worth while to inquire in an entirely dispassionate way what manner of man this was.

I

Synge was for a considerable portion of his life practically as well as theoretically a tramp. We know that he was born at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, in 1871, and that he passed through Trinity College. Then the door is almost closed upon his occupations till 1898–9, when he was called from abroad to take part in the new movement in Ireland. Yet we are permitted to catch one significant glimpse of a poverty-stricken, silent, rather morose young man in ill health, who has left his native land and is apparently seeking to escape from his mem-

[1] *The Works of John M. Synge.* Boston: J. W. Luce & Co. 4 vols.
The Cutting of an Agate. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. In this are gathered up Mr. Yeats's principal articles on Synge; also articles on Lady Gregory, John Shaw-Taylor, Spenser, and miscellaneous thoughts on poetry and drama.
J. M. Synge: A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

ories in aimless wanderings among alien people and alien modes of thought. His first wayfaring was in Germany, where Heine was perhaps the will-o'-the-wisp to his feet, but all roads lead the literary vagabond ultimately to Paris, and when he had made his pilgrimages, he brought up in the Latin Quarter. 'Before I met him,' says Mr. Yeats, 'he had wandered over much of Europe, listening to stories in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an esthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, and *cared nothing for the wrongs* of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle.'

Synge's transformation from a tramp into an Irishman of letters his sponsors represent to us as a kind of modern miracle. But they can preserve this air of mystery only by insisting that the return to Ireland meant an abrupt break and a fresh beginning rather than the natural evolution of his career — only, in short, by maintaining that what is clearly illuminating is wholly irrelevant. Now about 1895 Synge installed himself in solitary lodgings in Paris and undertook to prepare himself to be a 'critic of French litterature from the French point of view.' At this point our authorities diverge, and Mr. Yeats executes a bit of skilful and characteristic legerdemain. He lifts the curtain in the garret of the Latin Quarter some four years later and discovers the author of two or three poor poems studying the works of Racine. George Moore, on the other hand, says explicitly that Synge was writing indifferent impressionistic criticism of Lemaitre and Anatole France. There is no necessary conflict between these two reports, but there is a noticeable difference of emphasis. Between Synge and Racine I should never attempt to establish any affinity. But between Anatole France and Synge? — that is quite another matter. For the discreet discoverer of the new poet admits that he found Synge 'full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature.' Was that Mr. Yeats's covert way of confessing that Synge was steeped in Anatole France? This, at any rate, can be established: Synge's point of view in comedy is identical with that of Anatole France. Despite the Frenchman's vastly greater range of culture, the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter — the laughter of men who have wandered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city.

Mr. Yeats, who is crammed with convictions and constitutionally incapable of understanding this desperate and smiting skepticism — no one, I think, asserts that Synge acquired his humor from the Dublin singers — Mr. Yeats gives a puzzled account of Synge's ideas which unintentionally confirms our conjecture. Synge had, he tells us, 'no obvious ideal'; he seemed 'unfitted to think a political thought'; he looked on Catholic and Protestant alike with amused indifference; all which comes down to us from education, and all the earnest contentions of the day excited his irony; 'so far as casual eye could see,' he had 'little, personal will.' This description of moral and volitional prostration would be applied with hardly an alteration to Anatole France. And it should help put to rest the legend of the joyous Synge, bounding over the hills with the glad, wild life of the unspoiled barbarian. There are passages in the *Aran Islands*, to be sure, which reveal high nervous excitement induced by conflict with the elements. But there are also clear indications of chronic weariness and low vitality. In the grim humor of his little narrative, *Under Ether*, there is something more than a manly resolution in the face of death; there is in it the nonchalance of one who has long made death his familiar.

II

Synge's verse is what we should expect of a rather despondent young Bohemian, unsure of himself, and seeking among other poets food and forms for his melancholy. I wish to tarry for a moment upon his small collection of poems and translations, partly because, though little known, it is intrinsically interesting, and partly because it reveals so clearly on a small scale the nature of his literary talent. The poems are due to the influence of various masters — to Burns, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and, notably, to that fascinating outlaw, Maistre François

Villon. In about one-third of them he sings of death, and in nearly all of them there is a distinguishable echo of some earlier singer.

In the poem, 'To the Oaks of Glencree,' to take a single example, we notice how Maistre Villon helps him shape and round out the first pure impulse of lyric exultation:

My arms are around you, and I lean
Against you, while the lark
Sings over us, and golden lights and green
Shadows are on your bark.
There 'll come a season when you 'll stretch
Black boards to cover me;
Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor wretch,
With worms eternally.

The startling and paradoxical fact about this collection is that the original poems constantly remind us of some one else; the translations alone seem unmistakably Synge's. The original poems have the merits of skilful literary imitation. They might have been written, however, by Stevenson or Lang or by Mr. Edmund Gosse, or by half a dozen other cultivators ot old French verse. But neither Mr. Gosse nor Lang nor Stevenson could have written a line of the poem that follows:

Are you bearing in mind that time when there was a fine look out of your eyes, and yourself, pleased and thoughtful, were going up the boundaries that are set to childhood? That time the quiet rooms, and the lanes about the house, would be noisy with your songs that were never tired out; the time you 'd be sititng down with some work that is right for women, and well pleased with the hazy coming times you were looking out at in your own mind.

May was sweet that year, and it was pleasantly you 'd pass that day.

Then I 'd leave my pleasant studies, and the paper I had smudged with ink where I would be spending the better part of the day, and cock my ears from the sill of my father's house, till I 'd hear the sound of your voice, or of your loom when your hands moved quickly. It 's then I would set store of the quiet sky and the lanes and little places, and the sea was far away in one place and the high hills in another.

There is no tongue will tell till the judgment what I feel in myself those times.

Here are all the peculiar marks of Synge himself — the irresistibly quaint idiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase, the window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness: while, as a matter of fact, these lines are a tolerably close translation of the first half of Leopardi's 'Silva.' We are here in the presence of a pure miracle of that style which is Synge's special creation, and which distinguishes him not merely from Leopardi, but also from all his Anglo-Irish contemporaries. With all its apparent spontaneity, his style is as patiently and cunningly wrought out as the style of Walter Pater — wrought of a scrupulously select vocabulary, idiom, and images, with an exacting ear controlling the cadence and shepherding the roving and dreamy phrases. With the aid of this perfected instrument he is able to appropriate and seal as his own poems from authors as diverse as Petrarch and Walter von der Vogelweide, Leopardi and Villon. This fact, taken together with his dependence on the original poems, tends to justify a search beneath the surface of his other work for alien forces secretly shaping his emotions and determining his forms.

III

The orthodox method of 'explaining' Synge is to ignore the poems and translations and point to the volume on the Aran Islands. This is the record, we are told, of Synge's literary salvation; here lies the key to the dramas. In other words, we are asked to believe that Mr. Yeats's theory of poetry has been demonstrated. A stranded Irishman living gloomily in Paris without ideal and almost without ideas is sent to a little group of lonely islands to the southwest of Galway, inhabited by stolid fisher-folk in a very backward state of culture. He spends part of every year there — we pass over the fact that the other part is spent in Paris — wearing the rawhide shoes of the natives, warming his blood with their fires and their poteen, living in their kitchens, hearing their legends, and sharing in their noble primitive customs till the folk passion streams through him and makes him a genius. If any one is skeptical, we point to the fact that something like the 'germ' of two or three of Synge's plays is actually present here in the form of jottings

on folk story and belief. Now, this is a delightfully simple recipe for making a genius. If this were the whole truth, one might agree without reservation with one of the reviewers who declares that the *Aran Islands* is of 'vast importance as throwing light on this curious development,' and who adds that it 'is like no other book we have ever read.'

When I first read the *Aran Islands*, I thought of that much-experienced vagabond and subtle exploiter of exotic and primitive cultures, Pierre Loti; and I have learned recently with some satisfaction, from a foot-note in Mr. Howe's book, that 'Synge thought Pierre Loti "the best living writer of prose."' And when I found Synge comparing conditions in the Aran Islands to a disadvantage with what he had seen in his rambles in Brittany, I thought of Anatole le Braz and all his charming studies of the songs and superstitions and customs and characters of that other Celtic people. And then there drifted into my remembrance the pensive face of another wanderer and exile, half-Irish and half-Greek, known in the Orient as Koizumi Yakumo, and in the Western world as Lafcadio Hearn. As I turned once more the pages of his book on Japan and ran through the *Life and Letters*, glancing at his Eastern costume and at the almond eyes of his sons, I reflected that he, at any rate, had possessed the courage to realize the dreams of his favorite author, Théophile Gautier, and the Oriental reveries of Victor Hugo. Finally, I opened the book of Chateaubriand, great father of them all, and read: 'When he arrived among the Natchez, René had been obliged, in order to conform to the customs of the Indians, to take a wife, but he did not live with her. A melancholy disposition drew him to the depths of the forest; there he passed whole days alone, and seemed a savage among the savages.'

The attitude, the point of view — that is the question about this Irishman and his book on the Aran Islands. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Now, it is an essential error to imagine that when Synge passed from the Latin Quarter to the Aran Islands he was returning to his own people. He never desired to return to his own people. He went to this group of islands, and then to the most remote and backward of them, because he wished to escape into a perfectly strange and virgin environment.

The peculiar charm of the *Aran Islands* and other books of its class consists not in the identification of the narrator with the life of the people whom he describes, but rather in accentuating the contrast between the sophisticated son of the cities and the simple barbarian. It is the esthetic charm of looking upon illusions through the eyes of the disillusioned. In the earlier examples of this *genre* the sense of the sundering gulf is emphasized by bringing the weary heir of all the ages into sentimental relations with a 'noble' female savage — an unspoiled daughter of the wilderness. But the sentiment now smacks of the romanticism of the old school. In the various books in which Pierre Loti pictures his exotic amours, you may trace the declension of the lovely and beloved barbarian into a mere transitory symbol of the 'soul' of the land in which she is found. In the *Mariage de Loti*, for example, there is still a breath of strange passion for the poor Samoan girl, yet the lover comments as follows: 'In truth, we were children of two natures, widely sundered and diverse, and the union of our souls could be only transitory, incomplete, and troubled.' But in that most heartlessly beautiful book in contemporary literature, *Madame Chrysanthème*, the breath of passion has given way to sheer nervous disgust. With the little yellow poupée, Loti has nothing in common, not even an emotion. As he takes pains to point out in the dedication to the Duchesse de Richelieu, though Madame Chrysanthème seems to have the longest rôle, it is certain that the three principal personages are: '*Moi, le Japon et l'Effet que ce pays m'a produit*,' 'Myself, Japan, and the Effect which that country produces in me'— the bitter perfume which a crushed chrysanthemum of Nagasaki exhales for the nostrils of a disillusioned Academician.

Essentially Synge was seeking the same thing — the perfume which the Aran Islands could yield to a disillusioned Irish-Parisian. He, too, has transferred the sentiment, which was formerly attached to the fair savage, to the land itself. Despite his apparent solicitude for realistic detail, it is the subjective soul of the islands that he is striving to capture. His book, like Loti's, is pieced together of short im-

pressionistic sketches which are related to one another only through the mood of the author. 'It is only in the intonation of a few sentences,' he writes, 'or some fragment of melody that I catch the real spirit of the island, for in general the men sit together and talk of the tides and fish, and of the price of kelp in Connemara.' The traditional lovely savage has here suffered a further declension into a peasant girl in her teens towards whom only a friendly attachment exists. Yet this girl, like her famous predecessors, becomes the symbol of what he has come to seek: 'At one moment she is a simple peasant, at another she seems to be looking out at the world with a sense of a prehistoric disillusion and to sum up in the expression of her gray-blue eyes the whole external despondency of the clouds and sea.' And after he has talked to her of the 'men who live alone in Paris,' he notes that 'below the sympathy we feel there is still a chasm between us.' I do not wish to push this parallelism farther than it goes. In the *Aran Islands* the *Moi,* as well as the maiden, is subdued almost beyond comparison. But both men, like all the children of Chateaubriand, avail themselves of picturesque exotic scenes as a kind of sounding chamber to enlarge and reverberate the lyric cry of their own weariness in civilized life and their loneliness out of it.

IV

Synge's dramas are all sad, tragedies and comedies alike, because they are all based upon a radical and hopeless disillusion. In them the native lyrical impulse, which in the poems we found checked by the cynicism of Villon, and which in the Aran Islands expanded under the influence of Loti, is again checked and controlled by the irony of Anatole France. This is no doubt a bald and over-emphatic way of putting the case, but it may serve to indicate the general modes in which foreign forces determined his talent. Synge has been praised by many critics on the ground that he has reconciled poetry with life. In the sense that he has broken through the old 'poetic diction' and invented a new poetic dialect with a fresh savor of earth in it, this is doubtless true. But in a profounder sense it is nearer the truth to say that he has widened the rift that was between them. For the drift of all his work is to emphasize the eternal hostility between a harsh and repugnant world of facts controlled by law, and the inviting realm of a lawless imagination. In one of the longest of his plays, *The Well of the Saints,* this idea becomes perfectly explicit. Two blind beggars who have long pleased themselves with thinking of each other's beauty are, through a miracle, restored to sight. But the vision of 'things as they are' is so hideous that they fall into a violent hatred of each other. And they are both so thankful when they go blind again that they reject with scorn the holy man's offer to repeat the miracle. This is perhaps the most elaborate expression of an idea in all Synge's works, and one is not surprised to learn that four years before *The Well of the Saints* there was performed and printed in Paris a 'Chinese' play by M. Georges Clemenceau, called the *Voile du Bonheur,* which contains identically the same idea, and which, as Mr. Howe concedes, it is 'perfectly probable' that Synge knew.

For us *The Well of the Saints* is significant only as illustrating with especial clearness that profound sense of disillusion which underlies all Synge's eccentric comedies, and constitutes, as I have said, his point of contact with Anatole France. The most France-like comedy that he ever conceived was never written, but the scenario is reported to us by Mr. Yeats. 'Two women, a Protestant and a Catholic, take refuge in a cave, and there quarrel about religion, abusing the Pope or Henry VIII, but in low voices, for the one fears to be ravished by the soldiers, the other by the rebels. At last one woman goes out because she would sooner any fate than such wicked company.' Now it is just this homeless selfishness of his mirth that distinguishes Synge from Jonson and Molière and Congreve, with whose names his has been so fearlessly coupled. In all the classical comedy of the world one is made aware of the seat whence the laughing spirit sallies forth to scourge the vices or sport with the follies and affectations of men. When the play is over, something has been accomplished towards the clarification of one's feelings and ideas; after the comic catharsis, illusions dissolve and give way to a fresh vision of what is true and permanent and reasonable. Synge's comedies end in a

fundamental knowledge and power of realization is the controlling one. It scarcely needs the illustrious example of a Balzac, who constructed solidly an entire social system out of the meagerest of observed data, to suggest that Mrs. Wharton may actually have been hampered in her imaginative representations by a too exclusive and intimate acquaintance with her material. Certainly she has not done least — been least convincing — in those occasional excursions into the less familiar reaches of her field such as *Ethan Frome*.

Possibly it was an instinctive realization of this commonplace that led Mrs. Wharton in the three American novels of which I am especially thinking to choose that portion of the abundant material at her command which presumably appealed least to her own heart and soul — the shoddy part. For it is the shoddier part of rich and fashionable New York, indubitably authentic as 'society' though it be, that preponderatingly occupies the scene in *The House of Mirth* and *The Custom of the Country* — the part Mrs. Wharton has least zealously embraced, however, carefully she may have studied its manifestations. *The House of Mirth*, offering that most significant of Mrs. Wharton's discoveries, the lamentable Lily Bart, contains less of obvious shoddy than *The Custom of the Country*, with its Undine Spragg and Elmer Moffatt. Indeed, so far to the extravagant verge of the social world has Mrs. Wharton moved in this latter novel that it remains fantastically unreal, with the generic unreality of the parable, betrayed even by the stage names of the heroine and of her origin, 'Apex City.' Apex City! As expert a realist as Mrs. Wharton must have been aware to what unreality of the typical she was surrendering herself with those satiric names. One feels that extremely little of this variegated chronique of marriage and divorce, of 'Wall street deals' and vulgarian millionaires, ever really entered into Mrs. Wharton's delicate perceptions. They emerge from beneath her trained hand almost as raw as from the reportorial insignificance of the newspaper to which she so often refers the reader for corroboration. The singular characteristic of imaginative presentations is that they provide their own test of their validity, whether or not the reader has happened to have similar experiences. Crusoe's island was never doubted by boy or man. But one doubts Undine Spragg, Apex City, Elmer Moffatt and their world, although the newspapers authenticate them daily with precise detail. That something human, essential for conviction, which the newspaper paragraph must perforce omit, the novelist should provide — at any rate a novelist such as Mrs. Wharton. Otherwise why piece together the shoddy chronicle of Undine Spragg's career?

In *The Fruit of the Tree* Mrs. Wharton has largely ignored the loud, the shoddy, the super-fashionable. Yet the world here displayed is scarcely more of her own hearth, I suspect, than that of the two others mentioned. The reforming, sociological hero is an emanation of the serious world that customarily revolves somewhere within hail of the more hectic orbit of 'society.' But Amherst and his philanthropic yearnings over the Westmore mills has the fatal stamp of amateurishness — the unrealized — almost as plainly as the preposterous Spragg family. With all his earnest intention Amherst merely scratches the surface of the immense field of American social endeavor. His creator still thinks of these matters in the terms of 'doing good' and 'social settlements.' Fortunately *The Fruit of the Tree* holds much else that is better realized if not better worth realizing than social service; it contains the soft, shallow Bessie, the best done of Mrs. Wharton's many rich women, as well as Justine, the most daring of her young women. And the conflict between the rich wife and the idealistic husband, the reactions of Amherst and his venturous second wife, are all much more in Mrs. Wharton's real province — the analytic and psychological province where the subtleties of the subtly-minded are neatly unraveled.

What has Mrs. Wharton done toward painting in our national canvas? Granting the utility and significance of all elements in the scene, granting at least for *The House of Mirth* and *The Fruit of the Tree*, the authenticity of portrayal, nevertheless, beyond the single figure of Lily Bart, which is doubtless the most authoritative version ever rendered of the shallowly rooted and socially obsessed American girl, there is little of importance that remains. For one reason, Mrs. Wharton's stories are almost manless in any

real conception of the sex, and in spite of the dominance of American women in our social world we have not yet reached the point where men are utterly negligible, where Selden or Marvell, Rosedale or Gus Trenor will answer for men. As for the woman side of the picture, Mrs. Wharton's chosen contribution has been quite exclusively in the realm of social passion, which she has correctly portrayed as the pathological absorption of American women. Even her skill and her special knowledge have not saved her from exaggerations, unrealities, and repetitions. The prevailing tone, the final taste of this American society is that of a marvelous thinness — tinniness, rather. Are we as a people when we evolve into 'society,' are our women, even, as mentally and spiritually anemic as Mrs. Wharton's world betrays them? Without too easy a patriotism it may be doubted whether this clever observer has 'been fair' even to our 'most fashionable circles.' Certainly she has not cared to tone her pictures by vigorous contrasts or shaded examples. Instances of these she has offered, but with little enthusiasm; they are pallid ghosts. her 'nice' people, who by right of soul as well as of blood belong to the world she has chosen to exploit. Why has Mrs. Wharton never cared to do more for them, for the Seldens, the Marvells?

The explanation may lie in the truth of which I have already hinted, that Mrs. Wharton is not primarily a social historian, that she does not use the novel for this epic purpose, although these longer American stories suggest quite naturally such a presumption. *Ethan Frome* betrays the secret of her true power. This shortened novel, this monochrome prose tragedy so exquisitely dealt with, reveals the spiritual interest with which Mrs. Wharton is innately sympathetic — this and the suppressed drama of Bessie and Amherst, the expressed drama of Amherst and Justine. These spiritual conflicts involve no necessity of picturing a civilization; they are universal. Just because, perhaps, they are not conditioned by special environment or caste, because they lie outside the hard actualities of her personal contacts, their creator's imagination seems to have been happily released, to work more freely and convincingly in them. Ethan Frome conceivingly sprang from no more intimate experience than Undine Spragg and her crew, yet his subdued and twilight tragedy of relaxed will spoke to his creator with all the fidelity of high art. This is the field of creative interest to which Mrs. Wharton has repaired more frequently in her short stories than in her novels. Her talent, a defining, analyzing, and subtilizing talent, has found little that was really congenial or suggestive in the common run of our coarsely accented national life. She has rarely caught its more significant notes or tried to peer beneath its obvious superficialities, nor has she been warmly charmed by its kaleidoscopic glitter. The larger canvas, therefore, I infer, is not her natural opportunity, competent artist that she is.

VI

THE MOST HEROIC EFFORT

JOHN MASEFIELD

[*Manchester Guardian*, Eng., November 14, 1918. By permission.]

The Dardanelles campaign was the strangest, most difficult, and most heroic effort ever made by the men of our race. It was unlike most of the campaigns in our history in that it was conceived by genius. It was unlike all others in that its failure (redeemed, like all other British failures, by courage and endurance) was relieved by a quality or glamour which lays over all memories of it a glow of beauty. Even now, less than three years after the evacuation, those who were there in the months of exultation, misery, and despair, from April to December, 1915, think of the place and the time as things apart, consecrated forever by passion, agony, and bloody sweat, but also by another thing, difficult to define yet felt by all as the very heart of romance.

Apart from the beauty which comes with man's courage and sorrow and high resolve, this campaign, above all other campaigns, was set in beauty. Men came to it in ships across a sea glorious with beauty. The light, the mountains and the islands, the plants and flowers, the immense expanse of the Ægean decked the stage for our men as it has never been decked for any campaign in the past. Then, the campaign was not visibly successful, and a man has a tenderness for

the fine things which failed. Sir Ian Hamilton may yet see the 25th of April, which some call 'Australia's Birthday,' a national holiday and day of remembrance.

This book of Mr. Nevinson's[1] is the first considered and critical history of the campaign. Mr. Nevinson is specially fitted to be the historian of such a venture. He was an eye-witness of the more tragic part of the fighting and the endurance. Beyond all living writers he is qualified by powers of sympathy and of style to understand and to tell of some such struggle as this, where right and wisdom were matched against might and power. The time is ripe for such a book by such a man. In the last three years the official passion for secrecy has been lessened, so that he may say things, and the public lust for the blood of a scapegoat has been sated, so that he may be heard. Mr. Nevinson's book comes when both official terror and public fury permit much of the truth to be known. Not all is yet revealed, nor is full justice yet done. When all the Reports of the Dardanelles Commission are published, if they ever are, the truth will be fully known. Meanwhile Mr. Nevinson's book gives more of the truth of that campaign than any book which has appeared. It is not likely that any other book will supersede it or upset his conclusions.

His story is well ordered, well arranged, and well balanced. His descriptions are just, terse, and full of color, his descriptions of battlefields are as precise and as perceiving as good landscape-painting. In the moving passages of that great tragical drama he is both eloquent and austere. In all his criticism he is careful and wise. His book comes not only from a great experience of the peninsula, but from a wide information. Few men, perhaps no single man, saw so much of the peninsula as he. Very few (of those who were there) landed and lived as he did at all three positions — Helles, Anzac, and Suvla, as well as at the advanced bases. Perhaps no man can have talked of the operations with so many of the soldiers and sailors who led them and took part in them. Certainly no single man there had better opportunities for seeing and knowing.

And to what conclusion does this rarely gifted, just, and most eloquent writer come, from the depth of his knowledge and fullness of observation? What caused the failure of the campaign? 'The ultimate burden of failure,' he writes, 'lies on the authorities at home.' They, 'the authorities at home,' not any soldier, flung away the certainty of success long before the troops left England. Napier says somewhere that we are 'a very warlike race, but not at all a military one.' Somewhere in that very just summary of our people may be found the reason of our failure. 'The authorities at home' were warlike but not at all military. They had no knowledge of the strength of our enemy, they showed our enemy what we intended to do, they waited till our enemy was thoroughly prepared, and then launched against them an inadequate force without support. Presently they launched another inadequate force, and then stopped the campaign. Perhaps, finally, it comes down to this, that when this war began we were quite unprepared for war, so that we had neither the men nor the guns for an expedition of the kind.

Some will say: 'In that case, "the authorities at home" ought not to have sent the expedition at all.' They ought not to have sent it when and how they did send it, giving full advertisement to the enemy to prepare, and (later on) full time to recover. But the campaign was conceived by genius, and though it had no immediate effect that was not disastrous its real results were profound and beneficial. While I write this the news comes that the Kaiser has abdicated, and that the ships of the Allies are preparing to pass through the Narrows. There is general joy and thanksgiving for these things. And who, in the general joy, thinks for a moment of the part played by the Dardanelles campaign in bringing the war to an end? The campaign was an heroic feat of arms. No thinking man will withhold honor in his heart from Sir Ian Hamilton and those whom he led on that forlorn hope. But how many realize that it was Sir Ian Hamilton and his merry men who broke the power of the Turk forever? There, in the dust and scrub and stink of Gallipoli, Mesopotamia was freed, the Caucasus relieved, Egypt made safe, and Palestine ours. The Turk was not only broken by us in Gallipoli but he was there sickened of his allies, so that very much of

[1] *The Dardanelles Campaign.* By H. W. Nevinson. London: Nisbet and Co. Pp. xx, 429. With Nine Maps. 18s. net.

the present happy state of the war is due to this expedition — 'equal,' as Mr. Nevinson writes, 'in splendor of conception, heroism, and tragedy.'

This war has shown the world, what the poets have shown to the few, that life, destiny, or the powers which direct man work with irony but with justice. In our seeming failure, which brought in Bulgaria against us, sealed the fate of Kut, and made the collapse of Russia only a matter of time, there was still the seed of victory. Our blow in Gallipoli went home to the Turkish heart, and from that time our enemy's chief ally was a dying man. These things will some day be recognized by the world. Mr. Nevinson's book is worthy of his subject. It is by much the best and most thoughtful history that has appeared about any part of this war.

VII

POET AND SOLDIER: JOYCE KILMER

[Evening Post, New York, February 1, 1919. By permission.]

Joyce Kilmer wrote from France, in answer to an inquiry as to his ideas about poetry, 'All that poetry can be expected to do is to give pleasure of a noble sort to its readers.' He might have said 'pleasure or pain of a noble sort.'

It is both pleasure and pain, of a very noble sort, that the reader will find in Robert Cortes Holliday's memoir, which introduces the two volumes of Kilmer's poems, essays, and letters. The ultimate and eloquent tribute to Kilmer's rich, brave, and jocund personality is that it has raised up so moving a testament of friendship. Mr. Holliday's lively and tender essay is worthy to stand among the great memorials of brotherly affection that have enriched our speech. To say that Kilmer was not a Keats is not to say that the friendship that irradiates Mr. Holliday's memoir was less lovely than that of Keats and Severn, for instance. The beauty of any human intercourse is not measured by the plane on which it moves.

Pleasure and pain of a noble sort are woven in every fiber of this sparkling casting-up of the blithe years. Pleasure indeed of the fullest, for Mr. Holliday writes with the surcharged hilarity and affectionate humor that we have grown to expect in any matters connected with Joyce Kilmer. He dwells with loving and smiling particularity on the elvish phases of the young knight-errant. It is by the very likeness of his tender and glowing portrait that we find pleasure overflowing into pain — into a wincing recognition of destiny's unriddled ways with men. This memory was written out of a full heart, with the poignance that lies in every backward human gaze. Alas, it is only in the backward look that the landscape's contours lie revealed in their true form and perspective. It is only when we have lost what was most dear that we know fully what it meant. That is Fate's way with us: it cannot be amended.

There will be no need for the most querulous appraiser to find fault with Mr. Holliday on the score of over-eulogy. He does not try to push sound carpentry or ready wit into genius. Fortune and his own impetuous onslaught upon life cast Kilmer into the rôle of hack journalist: he would have claimed no other title. Yet he adorned Grub Street (that most fascinating of all thorny ways) with gestures and music of his own. Out of his glowing and busy brain he drew matter that was never dull, never bitter or petty or slovenly. In the fervent attack and counter-attack, shock and counter-shock, of his strenuous days he never forgot his secret loyalty to fine craftsmanship. He kept half a dozen brightly-colored balls spinning in air at all times — verses, essays, reviews, lectures, introductions, interviews, anthologies, and what-not; yet each of these was deftly done. When he went to France and his days of hack work were over, when the necessities of life no longer threatened him, the journalistic habit fell away. It was never more than a garment, worn gracefully, but still only what the tailors call a business suit. In France he wrote but a handful of things, verse and prose. At least one of them, the prose sketch, 'Holy Ireland,' showed his essential fiber. It serves all the more tragically to prove that American letters have lost not merely an accomplished superficial journalist, but a man of very fine gift. The tender humor and quaint austerity of his letters from France to his wife — Mr. Holli-

ories in aimless wanderings among alien people and alien modes of thought. His first wayfaring was in Germany, where Heine was perhaps the will-o'-the-wisp to his feet, but all roads lead the literary vagabond ultimately to Paris, and when he had made his pilgrimages, he brought up in the Latin Quarter. 'Before I met him,' says Mr. Yeats, 'he had wandered over much of Europe, listening to stories in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an esthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, and *cared nothing for the wrongs* of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle.'

Synge's transformation from a tramp into an Irishman of letters his sponsors represent to us as a kind of modern miracle. But they can preserve this air of mystery only by insisting that the return to Ireland meant an abrupt break and a fresh beginning rather than the natural evolution of his career — only, in short, by maintaining that what is clearly illuminating is wholly irrelevant. Now about 1895 Synge installed himself in solitary lodgings in Paris and undertook to prepare himself to be a 'critic of French literature from the French point of view.' At this point our authorities diverge, and Mr. Yeats executes a bit of skilful and characteristic legerdemain. He lifts the curtain in the garret of the Latin Quarter some four years later and discovers the author of two or three poor poems studying the works of Racine. George Moore, on the other hand, says explicitly that Synge was writing indifferent impressionistic criticism of Lemaitre and Anatole France. There is no necessary conflict between these two reports, but there is a noticeable difference of emphasis. Between Synge and Racine I should never attempt to establish any affinity. But between Anatole France and Synge? — that is quite another matter. For the discreet discoverer of the new poet admits that he found Synge 'full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature.' Was that Mr. Yeats's covert way of confessing that Synge was steeped in Anatole France? This, at any rate, can be established: Synge's point of view in comedy is identical with that of Anatole France. Despite the Frenchman's vastly greater range of culture, the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter — the laughter of men who have wandered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city.

Mr. Yeats, who is crammed with convictions and constitutionally incapable of understanding this desperate and smiting skepticism — no one, I think, asserts that Synge acquired his humor from the Dublin singers — Mr. Yeats gives a puzzled account of Synge's ideas which unintentionally confirms our conjecture. Synge had, he tells us, 'no obvious ideal'; he seemed 'unfitted to think a political thought'; he looked on Catholic and Protestant alike with amused indifference; all which comes down to us from education, and all the earnest contentions of the day excited his irony; 'so far as casual eye could see,' he had 'little, personal will.' This description of moral and volitional prostration would be applied with hardly an alteration to Anatole France. And it should help put to rest the legend of the joyous Synge, bounding over the hills with the glad, wild life of the unspoiled barbarian. There are passages in the *Aran Islands*, to be sure, which reveal high nervous excitement induced by conflict with the elements. But there are also clear indications of chronic weariness and low vitality. In the grim humor of his little narrative, *Under Ether*, there is something more than a manly resolution in the face of death; there is in it the nonchalance of one who has long made death his familiar.

II

Synge's verse is what we should expect of a rather despondent young Bohemian, unsure of himself, and seeking among other poets food and forms for his melancholy. I wish to tarry for a moment upon his small collection of poems and translations, partly because, though little known, it is intrinsically interesting, and partly because it reveals so clearly on a small scale the nature of his literary talent. The poems are due to the influence of various masters — to Burns, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and, notably, to that fascinating outlaw, Maistre François

Villon. In about one-third of them he sings of death, and in nearly all of them there is a distinguishable echo of some earlier singer.

In the poem, 'To the Oaks of Glencree,' to take a single example, we notice how Maistre Villon helps him shape and round out the first pure impulse of lyric exultation:

My arms are around you, and I lean
Against you, while the lark
Sings over us, and golden lights and green
Shadows are on your bark.
There 'll come a season when you 'll stretch
Black boards to cover me;
Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor wretch,
With worms eternally.

The startling and paradoxical fact about this collection is that the original poems constantly remind us of some one else; the translations alone seem unmistakably Synge's. The original poems have the merits of skilful literary imitation. They might have been written, however, by Stevenson or Lang or by Mr. Edmund Gosse, or by half a dozen other cultivators ot old French verse. But neither Mr. Gosse nor Lang nor Stevenson could have written a line of the poem that follows:

Are you bearing in mind that time when there was a fine look out of your eyes, and yourself, pleased and thoughtful, were going up the boundaries that are set to childhood? That time the quiet rooms, and the lanes about the house, would be noisy with your songs that were never tired out; the time you 'd be sititng down with some work that is right for women, and well pleased with the hazy coming times you were looking out at in your own mind.

May was sweet that year, and it was pleasantly you 'd pass that day.

Then I 'd leave my pleasant studies, and the paper I had smudged with ink where I would be spending the better part of the day, and cock my ears from the sill of my father's house, till I 'd hear the sound of your voice, or of your loom when your hands moved quickly. It 's then I would set store of the quiet sky and the lanes and little places, and the sea was far away in one place and the high hills in another.

There is no tongue will tell till the judgment what I feel in myself those times.

Here are all the peculiar marks of Synge himself — the irresistibly quaint idiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase, the window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness: while, as a matter of fact, these lines are a tolerably close translation of the first half of Leopardi's 'Silva.' We are here in the presence of a pure miracle of that style which is Synge's special creation, and which distinguishes him not merely from Leopardi, but also from all his Anglo-Irish contemporaries. With all its apparent spontaneity, his style is as patiently and cunningly wrought out as the style of Walter Pater — wrought of a scrupulously select vocabulary, idiom, and images, with an exacting ear controlling the cadence and shepherding the roving and dreamy phrases. With the aid of this perfected instrument he is able to appropriate and seal as his own poems from authors as diverse as Petrarch and Walter von der Vogelweide, Leopardi and Villon. This fact, taken together with his dependence on the original poems, tends to justify a search beneath the surface of his other work for alien forces secretly shaping his emotions and determining his forms.

III

The orthodox method of 'explaining' Synge is to ignore the poems and translations and point to the volume on the Aran Islands. This is the record, we are told, of Synge's literary salvation; here lies the key to the dramas. In other words, we are asked to believe that Mr. Yeats's theory of poetry has been demonstrated. A stranded Irishman living gloomily in Paris without ideal and almost without ideas is sent to a little group of lonely islands to the southwest of Galway, inhabited by stolid fisher-folk in a very backward state of culture. He spends part of every year there — we pass over the fact that the other part is spent in Paris — wearing the rawhide shoes of the natives, warming his blood with their fires and their poteen, living in their kitchens, hearing their legends, and sharing in their noble primitive customs till the folk passion streams through him and makes him a genius. If any one is skeptical, we point to the fact that something like the 'germ' of two or three of Synge's plays is actually present here in the form of jottings

ories in aimless wanderings among alien people and alien modes of thought. His first wayfaring was in Germany, where Heine was perhaps the will-o'-the-wisp to his feet, but all roads lead the literary vagabond ultimately to Paris, and when he had made his pilgrimages, he brought up in the Latin Quarter. 'Before I met him,' says Mr. Yeats, 'he had wandered over much of Europe, listening to stories in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an esthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, and *cared nothing for the wrongs* of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle.'

Synge's transformation from a tramp into an Irishman of letters his sponsors represent to us as a kind of modern miracle. But they can preserve this air of mystery only by insisting that the return to Ireland meant an abrupt break and a fresh beginning rather than the natural evolution of his career — only, in short, by maintaining that what is clearly illuminating is wholly irrelevant. Now about 1895 Synge installed himself in solitary lodgings in Paris and undertook to prepare himself to be a 'critic of French litterature from the French point of view.' At this point our authorities diverge, and Mr. Yeats executes a bit of skilful and characteristic legerdemain. He lifts the curtain in the garret of the Latin Quarter some four years later and discovers the author of two or three poor poems studying the works of Racine. George Moore, on the other hand, says explicitly that Synge was writing indifferent impressionistic criticism of Lemaitre and Anatole France. There is no necessary conflict between these two reports, but there is a noticeable difference of emphasis. Between Synge and Racine I should never attempt to establish any affinity. But between Anatole France and Synge? — that is quite another matter. For the discreet discoverer of the new poet admits that he found Synge 'full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature.' Was that Mr. Yeats's covert way of confessing that Synge was steeped in Anatole France? This, at any rate, can be established: Synge's point of view in comedy is identical with that of Anatole France. Despite the Frenchman's vastly greater range of culture, the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter — the laughter of men who have wandered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city.

Mr. Yeats, who is crammed with convictions and constitutionally incapable of understanding this desperate and smiting skepticism — no one, I think, asserts that Synge acquired his humor from the Dublin singers — Mr. Yeats gives a puzzled account of Synge's ideas which unintentionally confirms our conjecture. Synge had, he tells us, 'no obvious ideal'; he seemed 'unfitted to think a political thought'; he looked on Catholic and Protestant alike with amused indifference; all which comes down to us from education, and all the earnest contentions of the day excited his irony; 'so far as casual eye could see,' he had 'little, personal will.' This description of moral and volitional prostration would be applied with hardly an alteration to Anatole France. And it should help put to rest the legend of the joyous Synge, bounding over the hills with the glad, wild life of the unspoiled barbarian. There are passages in the *Aran Islands*, to be sure, which reveal high nervous excitement induced by conflict with the elements. But there are also clear indications of chronic weariness and low vitality. In the grim humor of his little narrative, *Under Ether*, there is something more than a manly resolution in the face of death; there is in it the nonchalance of one who has long made death his familiar.

II

Synge's verse is what we should expect of a rather despondent young Bohemian, unsure of himself, and seeking among other poets food and forms for his melancholy. I wish to tarry for a moment upon his small collection of poems and translations, partly because, though little known, it is intrinsically interesting, and partly because it reveals so clearly on a small scale the nature of his literary talent. The poems are due to the influence of various masters — to Burns, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and, notably, to that fascinating outlaw, Maistre François

Villon. In about one-third of them he sings of death, and in nearly all of them there is a distinguishable echo of some earlier singer.

In the poem, 'To the Oaks of Glencree,' to take a single example, we notice how Maistre Villon helps him shape and round out the first pure impulse of lyric exultation:

My arms are around you, and I lean
Against you, while the lark
Sings over us, and golden lights and green
Shadows are on your bark.
There 'll come a season when you 'll stretch
Black boards to cover me;
Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor wretch,
With worms eternally.

The startling and paradoxical fact about this collection is that the original poems constantly remind us of some one else; the translations alone seem unmistakably Synge's. The original poems have the merits of skilful literary imitation. They might have been written, however, by Stevenson or Lang or by Mr. Edmund Gosse, or by half a dozen other cultivators ot old French verse. But neither Mr. Gosse nor Lang nor Stevenson could have written a line of the poem that follows:

Are you bearing in mind that time when there was a fine look out of your eyes, and yourself, pleased and thoughtful, were going up the boundaries that are set to childhood? That time the quiet rooms, and the lanes about the house, would be noisy with your songs that were never tired out; the time you 'd be sititng down with some work that is right for women, and well pleased with the hazy coming times you were looking out at in your own mind.

May was sweet that year, and it was pleasantly you 'd pass that day.

Then I 'd leave my pleasant studies, and the paper I had smudged with ink where I would be spending the better part of the day, and cock my ears from the sill of my father's house, till I 'd hear the sound of your voice, or of your loom when your hands moved quickly. It 's then I would set store of the quiet sky and the lanes and little places, and the sea was far away in one place and the high hills in another.

There is no tongue will tell till the judgment what I feel in myself those times.

Here are all the peculiar marks of Synge himself — the irresistibly quaint idiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase, the window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness: while, as a matter of fact, these lines are a tolerably close translation of the first half of Leopardi's 'Silva.' We are here in the presence of a pure miracle of that style which is Synge's special creation, and which distinguishes him not merely from Leopardi, but also from all his Anglo-Irish contemporaries. With all its apparent spontaneity, his style is as patiently and cunningly wrought out as the style of Walter Pater — wrought of a scrupulously select vocabulary, idiom, and images, with an exacting ear controlling the cadence and shepherding the roving and dreamy phrases. With the aid of this perfected instrument he is able to appropriate and seal as his own poems from authors as diverse as Petrarch and Walter von der Vogelweide, Leopardi and Villon. This fact, taken together with his dependence on the original poems, tends to justify a search beneath the surface of his other work for alien forces secretly shaping his emotions and determining his forms.

III

The orthodox method of 'explaining' Synge is to ignore the poems and translations and point to the volume on the Aran Islands. This is the record, we are told, of Synge's literary salvation; here lies the key to the dramas. In other words, we are asked to believe that Mr. Yeats's theory of poetry has been demonstrated. A stranded Irishman living gloomily in Paris without ideal and almost without ideas is sent to a little group of lonely islands to the southwest of Galway, inhabited by stolid fisher-folk in a very backward state of culture. He spends part of every year there — we pass over the fact that the other part is spent in Paris — wearing the rawhide shoes of the natives, warming his blood with their fires and their poteen, living in their kitchens, hearing their legends, and sharing in their noble primitive customs till the folk passion streams through him and makes him a genius. If any one is skeptical, we point to the fact that something like the 'germ' of two or three of Synge's plays is actually present here in the form of iottings

ories in aimless wanderings among alien people and alien modes of thought. His first wayfaring was in Germany, where Heine was perhaps the will-o'-the-wisp to his feet, but all roads lead the literary vagabond ultimately to Paris, and when he had made his pilgrimages, he brought up in the Latin Quarter. 'Before I met him,' says Mr. Yeats, 'he had wandered over much of Europe, listening to stories in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an esthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, and *cared nothing for the wrongs* of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle.'

Synge's transformation from a tramp into an Irishman of letters his sponsors represent to us as a kind of modern miracle. But they can preserve this air of mystery only by insisting that the return to Ireland meant an abrupt break and a fresh beginning rather than the natural evolution of his career — only, in short, by maintaining that what is clearly illuminating is wholly irrelevant. Now about 1895 Synge installed himself in solitary lodgings in Paris and undertook to prepare himself to be a 'critic of French litterature from the French point of view.' At this point our authorities diverge, and Mr. Yeats executes a bit of skilful and characteristic legerdemain. He lifts the curtain in the garret of the Latin Quarter some four years later and discovers the author of two or three poor poems studying the works of Racine. George Moore, on the other hand, says explicitly that Synge was writing indifferent impressionistic criticism of Lemaitre and Anatole France. There is no necessary conflict between these two reports, but there is a noticeable difference of emphasis. Between Synge and Racine I should never attempt to establish any affinity. But between Anatole France and Synge? — that is quite another matter. For the discreet discoverer of the new poet admits that he found Synge 'full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature.' Was that Mr. Yeats's covert way of confessing that Synge was steeped in Anatole France? This, at any rate, can be established: Synge's point of view in comedy is identical with that of Anatole France. Despite the Frenchman's vastly greater range of culture, the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter — the laughter of men who have wandered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city.

Mr. Yeats, who is crammed with convictions and constitutionally incapable of understanding this desperate and smiting skepticism — no one, I think, asserts that Synge acquired his humor from the Dublin singers — Mr. Yeats gives a puzzled account of Synge's ideas which unintentionally confirms our conjecture. Synge had, he tells us, 'no obvious ideal'; he seemed 'unfitted to think a political thought'; he looked on Catholic and Protestant alike with amused indifference; all which comes down to us from education, and all the earnest contentions of the day excited his irony; 'so far as casual eye could see,' he had 'little, personal will.' This description of moral and volitional prostration would be applied with hardly an alteration to Anatole France. And it should help put to rest the legend of the joyous Synge, bounding over the hills with the glad, wild life of the unspoiled barbarian. There are passages in the *Aran Islands*, to be sure, which reveal high nervous excitement induced by conflict with the elements. But there are also clear indications of chronic weariness and low vitality. In the grim humor of his little narrative, *Under Ether*, there is something more than a manly resolution in the face of death; there is in it the nonchalance of one who has long made death his familiar.

II

Synge's verse is what we should expect of a rather despondent young Bohemian, unsure of himself, and seeking among other poets food and forms for his melancholy. I wish to tarry for a moment upon his small collection of poems and translations, partly because, though little known, it is intrinsically interesting, and partly because it reveals so clearly on a small scale the nature of his literary talent. The poems are due to the influence of various masters — to Burns, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and, notably, to that fascinating outlaw, Maistre François

Villon. In about one-third of them he sings of death, and in nearly all of them there is a distinguishable echo of some earlier singer.

In the poem, 'To the Oaks of Glencree,' to take a single example, we notice how Maistre Villon helps him shape and round out the first pure impulse of lyric exultation:

My arms are around you, and I lean
Against you, while the lark
Sings over us, and golden lights and green
Shadows are on your bark.
There 'll come a season when you 'll stretch
Black boards to cover me;
Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor wretch,
With worms eternally.

The startling and paradoxical fact about this collection is that the original poems constantly remind us of some one else; the translations alone seem unmistakably Synge's. The original poems have the merits of skilful literary imitation. They might have been written, however, by Stevenson or Lang or by Mr. Edmund Gosse, or by half a dozen other cultivators ot old French verse. But neither Mr. Gosse nor Lang nor Stevenson could have written a line of the poem that follows:

Are you bearing in mind that time when there was a fine look out of your eyes, and yourself, pleased and thoughtful, were going up the boundaries that are set to childhood? That time the quiet rooms, and the lanes about the house, would be noisy with your songs that were never tired out; the time you 'd be sititng down with some work that is right for women, and well pleased with the hazy coming times you were looking out at in your own mind.

May was sweet that year, and it was pleasantly you 'd pass that day.

Then I 'd leave my pleasant studies, and the paper I had smudged with ink where I would be spending the better part of the day, and cock my ears from the sill of my father's house, till I 'd hear the sound of your voice, or of your loom when your hands moved quickly. It 's then I would set store of the quiet sky and the lanes and little places, and the sea was far away in one place and the high hills in another.

There is no tongue will tell till the judgment what I feel in myself those times.

Here are all the peculiar marks of Synge himself — the irresistibly quaint idiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase, the window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness: while, as a matter of fact, these lines are a tolerably close translation of the first half of Leopardi's 'Silva.' We are here in the presence of a pure miracle of that style which is Synge's special creation, and which distinguishes him not merely from Leopardi, but also from all his Anglo-Irish contemporaries. With all its apparent spontaneity, his style is as patiently and cunningly wrought out as the style of Walter Pater — wrought of a scrupulously select vocabulary, idiom, and images, with an exacting ear controlling the cadence and shepherding the roving and dreamy phrases. With the aid of this perfected instrument he is able to appropriate and seal as his own poems from authors as diverse as Petrarch and Walter von der Vogelweide, Leopardi and Villon. This fact, taken together with his dependence on the original poems, tends to justify a search beneath the surface of his other work for alien forces secretly shaping his emotions and determining his forms.

III

The orthodox method of 'explaining' Synge is to ignore the poems and translations and point to the volume on the Aran Islands. This is the record, we are told, of Synge's literary salvation; here lies the key to the dramas. In other words, we are asked to believe that Mr. Yeats's theory of poetry has been demonstrated. A stranded Irishman living gloomily in Paris without ideal and almost without ideas is sent to a little group of lonely islands to the southwest of Galway, inhabited by stolid fisher-folk in a very backward state of culture. He spends part of every year there — we pass over the fact that the other part is spent in Paris — wearing the rawhide shoes of the natives, warming his blood with their fires and their poteen, living in their kitchens, hearing their legends, and sharing in their noble primitive customs till the folk passion streams through him and makes him a genius. If any one is skeptical, we point to the fact that something like the 'germ' of two or three of Synge's plays is actually present here in the form of jottings

H. ARTICLES ON DRAMA, MUSIC, AND ART

The purpose of dramatic criticism is to do for a play or a playwright very much what literary criticism does for a book or its author. There is, however, in dramatic criticism a less general agreement of critical opinion and, owing to the changing character of modern drama, a less definitely organized body of critical theory for the guidance of individual judgment. It must also be remembered that the time limitations under which the average first night notice is produced, while they no doubt tend to preserve freshness and vividness of impression, at the same time do not allow for that slow process of maturing thought which gives to good writing the smoothness and flavor of old wine.

Careful distinction should be made between the conscientiously written, independently formed judgment of a play and the commonplace and valueless press-agent kind of notice so common in the newspapers, a notice usually as lacking in literary skill as it is in critical discrimination. While the technique of the dramatic review has fortunately not yet become so stereotyped as that of the news-story, some of the topics which are ordinarily included may be mentioned: the name of the play, the author, the theater, the occasion (first performance, anniversary, revival, or benefit), the star or chief actors (sometimes the whole cast), a summary of the action, and some statement as to the character of the production, the quality of the acting, and the general impression made by the play. The hybrid nature of many of the recent theatrical productions makes it impossible to predict in any given case how much space should be given to any of the factors enumerated above, but it is safe for the young critic to remember that 'the play 's the thing,' and that its importance should not be overshadowed by actors or scenery or audience.

As to musical criticism, if one may quote the opening phrase of Professor Daniel Gregory Mason, editor-in-chief of *The Art of Music*, 'So many and varied are the paths of musical enjoyment and profit, so difficult and sometimes so conflicting are the types of music presented, that the timid or inexperienced writer may well pause at the threshold, afraid of wholly losing his way in such a labyrinth.' The timidity of the inexperienced critic is a wholesome fear, especially if he is not acquainted with the technique and history of the form of musical art he undertakes to discuss. It may fall to the lot of a young journalist to be sent, much against his will, to report a concert, and if this happens, he will doubtless do his best in the way of judicious, or, at least, inoffensive praise, describing, with such variety of phraseology as he can command, the pleasure derived by the audience from the efforts of the performers. Such notices can hardly be called musical criticism, which has to do not merely with the effect upon the audience, but with the merits of the compositions rendered, as well as the way in which they are interpreted. Obviously for such a responsible task, musical knowledge and artistic sympathy of a high order are necessary if the judgment of the critic is to carry weight. In addition to these qualifications he must have the power of presentation; there are many skilled musicians who would make poor critics, because they have not the power of expressing themselves in writing.

Good art criticism is as difficult and as rare as adequate musical criticism. The ground covered by this form of writing is so extensive and the processes involved are, from the layman's point of view, so technical that it is unusual to find in any but the specially trained writer that thorough acquaintance with the materials and the methods of art without which esthetic criticism remains but the perfunctory notice of an outsider. Though painting and sculpture are the main objects of art collections, each year brings to public attention exhibits of etchings, pastels, pencil sketches, miniatures, textiles, tapestries, jewelry, metal work, ceramics, furniture, and architectural drawings, including landscape gardening and city planning. To master the history and technical vocabulary of any one of these is no light task. The student should therefore make the most of every opportunity not merely to familiarize himself with the aims and possibilities of these various branches of art, but also actually to see how their products are planned and executed in studio and workshop before they reach the art gallery or the exhibition room. If he is so fortunate as himself to have some skill, however slight, in one of these arts, his understanding and appreciation of all will be the clearer and more intimate. When he comes to write, however, he should remember his reader, and, especially as a beginner, shun that too prevalent artistic pose which delights in parading a newly acquired vocabulary. There is nothing esoteric or obscure about great art, and criticism ought to cast light and not shadow upon the object which it asks the reader to contemplate.

I

SOME PLATITUDES CONCERNING DRAMA

JOHN GALSWORTHY

[*Fortnightly Review*, London, Eng., December, 1909. Revised and published in *The Inn of Tranquillity: Studies and Essays*, copyright, 1912, by Charles Scribner's Sons, by whose permission it is here reprinted.]

A Drama must be shaped so as to have a spire of meaning. Every grouping of life and character has its inherent moral; and the business of the dramatist is so to pose the group as to bring that moral poignantly to the light of day. Such is the moral that exhales from plays like *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. But such is not the moral to be found in the great bulk of contemporary Drama. The moral of the average play is now, and probably has always been, the triumph at all costs of a supposed immediate ethical good over a supposed immediate ethical evil.

The vice of drawing these distorted morals has permeated the Drama to its spine; discolored its art, humanity, and significance; infected its creators, actors, audience, critics; too often turned it from a picture into a caricature. A Drama which lives under the shadow of the distorted moral forgets how to be free, fair, and fine — forgets so completely that it often prides itself on having forgotten.

Now, in writing plays, there are, in this matter of the moral, three courses open to the serious dramatist. The first is: To definitely set before the public that which it wishes to have set before it, the views and codes of life by which the public lives and in which it believes. This way is the most common, successful, and popular. It makes the dramatist's position sure, and not too obviously authoritative.

The second course is: To definitely set before the public those views and codes of life by which the dramatist himself lives, those theories in which he himself believes, the more effectively if they are the opposite of what the public wishes to have placed before it, presenting them so that the audience may swallow them like powder in a spoonful of jam.

There is a third course: To set before the public no cut-and-dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, *but not distorted*, by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favor, or prejudice, leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford. This third method requires a certain detachment; it requires a sympathy with, a love of, and a curiosity as to, things for their own sake; it requires a far view, together with patient industry, for no immediately practical result.

It was once said of Shakespeare that he had never done any good to any one, and never would. This, unfortunately, could not, in the sense in which the word 'good' was then meant, be said of most modern dramatists. In truth, the good that Shakespeare did to humanity was of a remote, and, shall we say, eternal nature; something of the good that men get from having the sky and the sea to look at. And this partly because he was, in his greater plays at all events, free from the habit of drawing a distorted moral. Now, the playwright who supplies to the public the facts of life distorted by the moral which it expects, does so that he may do the public what he considers an immediate good, by fortifying its prejudices; and the dramatist who supplies to the public facts distorted by his own advanced morality, does so because he considers that he will at once benefit the public by substituting for its worn-out ethics, his own. In both cases the advantage the dramatist hopes to confer on the public is immediate and practical.

But matters change, and morals change; men remain — and to set men, and the facts about them, down faithfully, so that they draw for us the moral of their natural actions, may also possibly be of benefit to the community. It is, at all events, harder than to set men and facts down, as they ought, or ought not to be. This, however, is not to say that a dramatist should, or indeed can, keep himself and his temperamental philosophy out of his work. As a man lives and thinks, so will he write. But it is certain, that to the making of good drama, as to the practice of every other art, there must be brought an almost passionate love of discipline, a white-heat of self-respect, a desire to make the truest, fairest, best thing in one's power;

and that to these must be added an eye that does not flinch. Such qualities alone will bring to a drama the selfless character which soaks it with inevitability.

The word 'pessimist' is frequently applied to the few dramatists who have been content to work in this way. It has been applied, among others, to Euripides, to Shakespeare, to Ibsen; it will be applied to many in the future. Nothing, however, is more dubious than the way in which these two words 'pessimist' and 'optimist' are used; for the optimist appears to be he who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be, and the pessimist one who cannot only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully. The true lover of the human race is surely he who can put up with it in all its forms, in vice as well as in virtue, in defeat no less than in victory; the true seer he who sees not only joy but sorrow, the true painter of human life one who blinks nothing. It may be that he is also, incidentally, its true benefactor.

In the whole range of the social fabric there are only two impartial persons, the scientist and the artist, and under the latter heading such dramatists as desire to write not only for today, but for tomorrow, must strive to come.

But dramatists being as they are made — past remedy — it is perhaps more profitable to examine the various points at which their qualities and defects are shown.

The plot! A good plot is that sure edifice which slowly rises out of the interplay of circumstance on temperament, and temperament on circumstance, within the enclosing atmosphere of an idea. A human being is the best plot there is; it may be impossible to see why he is a good plot, because the idea within which he was brought forth cannot be fully grasped; but it is plain that *he is a good plot*. He is organic. And so it must be with a good play. Reason alone produces no good plots; they come by original sin, sure conception, and instinctive after-power of selecting what benefits the germ. A bad plot, on the other hand, is simply a row of stakes, with a character impaled on each — characters who would have liked to live, but came to untimely grief; who started bravely, but fell on these stakes, placed beforehand in a row, and were transfixed one by one, while their ghosts stride on, squeaking and gibbering, through the play. Whether these stakes are made of facts or of ideas, according to the nature of the dramatist who planted them, their effect on the unfortunate characters is the same; the creatures were begotten to be staked, and staked they are! The demand for a good plot, not infrequently heard, commonly signifies: 'Tickle my sensations by stuffing the play with arbitrary adventures, so that I need not be troubled to take the characters seriously. Set the persons of the play to action, regardless of time, sequence, atmosphere, and probability!'

Now, true dramatic action is what characters do, at once contrary, as it were, to expectation, and yet because they have already done other things. No dramatist should let his audience know what is coming; but neither should he suffer his characters to act without making his audience feel that those actions are in harmony with temperament, and arise from previous known actions, together with the temperaments and previous known actions of the other characters in the play. The dramatist who hangs his characters to his plot, instead of hanging his plot to his characters, is guilty of cardinal sin.

The dialogue! Good dialogue again is character, marshaled so as continually to stimulate interest or excitement. The reason good dialogue is seldom found in plays is merely that it is hard to write, for it requires not only a knowledge of what interests or excites, but such a feeling for character as brings misery to the dramatist's heart when his creations speak as they should not speak — ashes to his mouth when they say things for the sake of saying them — disgust when they are 'smart.'

The art of writing true dramatic dialogue is an austere art, denying itself all license, grudging every sentence devoted to the mere machinery of the play, suppressing all jokes and epigrams severed from character, relying for fun and pathos on the fun and tears of life. From start to finish good dialogue is hand-made, like good lace; clear, of fine texture, furthering with each thread the harmony and strength of a design to which all must be subordinated.

But good dialogue is also spiritual action. In so far as the dramatist divorces his dialogue from spiritual action — that is to say, from progress of events, or toward events which are significant of character — he is stultifying τὸ δράμα the thing done; he may make pleasing disquisitions, he is not making drama. And in so far as he twists character to suit his moral or his plot, he is neglecting a first principle, that truth to Nature which alone invests art with hand-made quality.

The dramatist's license, in fact, ends with his design. In conception alone he is free. He may take what character or group of characters he chooses, see them with what eyes, knit them with what idea, within the limits of his temperament; but once taken, seen, and knitted, he is bound to treat them like a gentleman, with the tenderest consideration of their mainsprings. Take care of character; action and dialogue will take care of themselves! The true dramatist gives full rein to his temperament in the scope and nature of his subject; having once selected subject and characters, he is just, gentle, restrained, neither gratifying his lust for praise at the expense of his offspring, nor using them as puppets to flout his audience. Being himself the nature that brought them forth, he guides them in the course predestined at their conception. So only have they a chance of defying Time, which is always lying in wait to destroy the false, topical, or fashionable, all — in a word — that is not based on the permanent elements of human nature. The perfect dramatist rounds up his characters and facts within the ring-fence of a dominant idea which fulfils the craving of his spirit; having got them there, he suffers them to live their own lives.

Plot, action, character, dialogue! But there is yet another subject for a platitude. Flavor! An impalpable quality, less easily captured than the scent of a flower, the peculiar and most essential attribute of any work of art! It is the thin, poignant spirit which hovers up out of a play, and is as much its differentiating essence as is caffeine of coffee. Flavor, in fine, is the spirit of the dramatist projected into his work in a state of volatility, so that no one can exactly lay hands on it, here, there, or anywhere. This distinctive essence of a play, marking its brand, is the one thing at which the dramatist cannot work, for it is outside his consciousness. A man may have many moods, he has but one spirit; and this spirit he communicates in some subtle, unconscious way to all his work. It waxes and wanes with the currents of his vitality, but no more alters than a chestnut changes into an oak.

For, in truth, dramas are very like unto trees, springing from seedlings, shaping themselves inevitably in accordance with the laws fast hidden within themselves, drinking sustenance from the earth and air, and in conflict with the natural forces round them. So they slowly come to full growth, until warped, stunted, or risen to fair and gracious height, they stand open to all the winds. And the trees that spring from each dramatist are of different race; he is the spirit of his own sacred grove, into which no stray tree can by any chance enter.

One more platitude. It is not unfashionable to pit one form of drama against another — holding up the naturalistic to the disadvantage of the epic; the epic to the belittlement of the fantastic; the fantastic to the detriment of the naturalistic. Little purpose is thus served. The essential meaning, truth, beauty, and irony of things may be revealed under all these forms. Vision over life and human nature can be as keen and just, the revelation as true, inspiring, delight-giving, and thought-provoking, whatever fashion be employed — it is simply a question of doing it well enough to uncover the kernel of the nut. Whether the violet come from Russia, from Parma, or from England, matters little. Close by the Greek temples at Paestum there are violets that seem redder, and sweeter, than any ever seen — as though they have sprung up out of the footprints of some pagan goddess; but under the April sun, in a Devonshire lane, the little blue scentless violets capture every bit as much of the spring. And so it is with drama — no matter what its form — it need only be the 'real thing,' need only have caught some of the precious fluids, revelation, or delight, and imprisoned them within a chalice to which we may put our lips and continually drink.

And yet, starting from this last platitude, one may perhaps be suffered to speculate as to the particular forms that our

renascent drama is likely to assume. For our drama is renascent, and nothing will stop its growth. It is not renascent because this or that man is writing, but because of a new spirit. A spirit that is no doubt in part the gradual outcome of the impact on our home-grown art, of Russian, French, and Scandinavian influences, but which in the main rises from an awakened humanity in the conscience of our time.

What, then, are to be the main channels down which the renascent English drama will float in the coming years? It is more than possible that these main channels will come to be two in number and situate far apart.

The one will be the broad and clear-cut channel of naturalism, down which will course a drama poignantly shaped, and inspired with high intention, but faithful to the seething and multiple life around us, drama such as some are inclined to term photographic, deceived by a seeming simplicity into forgetfulness of the old proverb, '*Ars est celare artem*,' and oblivious of the fact that, to be vital, to grip, such drama is in every respect as dependent on imagination, construction, selection, and elimination — the main laws of artistry — as ever was the romantic or rhapsodic play. The question of naturalistic technique will bear, indeed, much more study than has yet been given to it. The aim of the dramatist employing it is obviously to create such an illusion of actual life passing on the stage as to compel the spectator to pass through an experience of his own, to think, and talk, and move with the people he sees thinking, talking, and moving in front of him. A false phrase, a single word out of tune or time, will destroy that illusion and spoil the surface as surely as a stone heaved into a still pool shatters the image seen there. But this is only the beginning of the reason why the naturalistic is the most exacting and difficult of all techniques. It is easy enough to *reproduce* the exact conversation and movements of persons in a room; it is desperately hard to *produce* the perfectly natural conversation and movements of those persons, when each natural phrase spoken and each natural movement made has not only to contribute toward the growth and perfection of a drama's soul, but also to be a revelation, phrase by phrase, movement by movement, of essential traits of character. To put it another way, naturalistic art, when alive, indeed to be alive at all, is simply the art of manipulating a procession of most delicate symbols. Its service is the swaying and focussing of men's feelings and thoughts in the various departments of human life. It will be like a steady lamp, held up from time to time, in whose light things will be seen for a space clearly and in due proportion, freed from the mists of prejudice and partizanship.

And the other of these two main channels will, I think, be a twisting and delicious stream, which will bear on its breast new barques of poetry, shaped, it may be, like prose, but a prose incarnating through its fantasy and symbolism all the deeper aspirations, yearnings, doubts, and mysterious stirrings of the human spirit; a poetic prose-drama, emotionalizing us by its diversity and purity of form and invention, and whose province will be to disclose the elemental soul of man and the forces of Nature, not perhaps as the old tragedies disclosed them, not necessarily in the epic mood, but always with beauty and in the spirit of discovery.

Such will, I think, be the two vital forms of our drama in the coming generation. And between these two forms there must be no crude unions; they are too far apart, the cross is too violent. For, where there is a seeming blend of lyricism and naturalism, it will on examination be found, I think, to exits only in plays whose subjects or settings — as in Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, or in Mr. Masefield's *Nan* — are so removed from our ken that we cannot really tell, and therefore do not care, whether an absolute illusion is maintained. The poetry which may and should exist in naturalistic drama, can only be that of perfect rightness of proportion, rhythm, shape — the poetry, in fact, that lies in all vital things. It is the ill-mating of forms that has killed a thousand plays. We want no more bastard drama; no more attempts to dress out the simple dignity of everyday life in the peacock's feathers of false lyricism; no more straw-stuffed heroes or heroines; no more rabbits and goldfish from the conjurer's pockets, nor any limelight. Let us have starlight, moonlight, sunlight, and the light of our own self-respects.

II

WRITING PLAYS

ARNOLD BENNETT

[*Metropolitan*, July, 1913. Reprinted by courtesy of the publishers.]

There is an idea abroad, assiduously fostered as a rule by critics who happen to have written neither novels nor plays, that it is more difficult to write a play than a novel. I do not think so. I have written or collaborated in about twenty novels and about twenty plays, and I am convinced that it is easier to write a play than a novel. Personally, I would sooner *write* two plays than one novel — less expenditure of nervous force and mere brains would be required for two plays than for one novel. (I emphasize the word 'write' because if the whole weariness between the first conception and the first performance of a play is compared with the whole weariness between the first conception and the first publication of a novel, then the play has it. I would sooner get seventy and seven novels produced than one play. But my immediate object is to compare only writing with writing.) It seems to me that the sole persons entitled to judge of the comparative difficulty of writing plays and writing novels are those authors who have succeeded or failed equally well in both departments. And in this limited band I imagine that the differences of opinion on the point could not be marked. I would like to note in passing, for the support of my proposition, that whereas established novelists not infrequently venture into the theater with audacity, established dramatists are very cautious indeed about quitting the theater. An established dramatist usually takes good care to write plays and naught else; he will not affront the risks of coming out into the open; and therein his instinct is quite properly that of self-preservation. Of many established dramatists all over the world it may be affirmed that if they were so indiscreet as to publish a novel the result would be a great shattering and a great awakening.

An enormous amount of vague reverential nonsense is talked about the technique of the stage, the assumption being that in difficulty it far surpasses any other literary technique, and that until it is acquired a respectable play cannot be written. One hears also that it can only be acquired behind the scenes. A famous actor-manager once kindly gave me the benefits of his experience, and what he said was that a dramatist who wished to learn his business must live behind the scenes — and study the works of Dion Boucicault! The truth is that no technique is so crude and so simple as the technique of the stage, and that the proper place to learn it is not behind the scenes, but in the pit. Managers, being the most conservative people on earth, except compositors, will honestly try to convince the naïve dramatist that effects can only be obtained in the precise way in which effects have always been obtained, and that this and that rule must not be broken on pain of outraging the public. And indeed it is natural that managers should talk thus, seeing the low state of the drama, because in any art rules and reaction always flourish when creative energy is sick. The mandarins have ever said and will ever say that a technique which does not correspond with their own is not technique, but simple clumsiness. There are some seven situations in the customary drama, and a play which does not contain at least one of those situations in each act will be condemned as 'undramatic' or 'thin,' or as being 'all talk.' It may contain half a hundred other situations, but for the mandarin a situation which is not one of the seven is not a situation. Similarly there are some dozen character types in the customary drama, and all original — that is, truthful — characterization will be dismissed as a total absence of characterization because it does not reproduce any of these dozen types. Thus every truly original play is bound to be indicted for bad technique. The author is bound to be told that what he has written may be marvelously clever, but that it is not a play. I remember the day — and it is not long ago — when even so experienced and sincere a critic as William Archer used to argue that if the 'intellectual' drama did not succeed with the general public, it was because its technique was not up to the level of the technique of the commercial drama! Perhaps he has changed his opinion since then. Heaven knows that the so-called 'intellectual' drama is amateurish enough, but nearly all literary art is amateurish, and assuredly no intellectual drama could hope

to compete in clumsiness with some of the most successful commercial plays of modern times. I tremble to think what the mandarins and William Archer would say to the technique of *Hamlet* could it by some miracle be brought forward as a new piece by a Mr. Shakespeare. They would probably recommend Mr. Shakespeare to consider the ways of Sardou, Henri Bernstein and Sir Herbert Tree, and be wise. Most positively they would assert that *Hamlet* was not a play. And their pupils of the daily press would point out — what surely Mr. Shakespeare ought to have perceived for himself — that the second, third, or fourth act might be cut wholesale without the slightest loss to the piece.

In the sense in which mandarins understand the word technique, there is no technique special to the stage except that which concerns the moving of solid human bodies to and fro, and the limitations of the human senses. The dramatist must not expect his audience to be able to see or hear two things at once, nor to be incapable of fatigue. And he must not expect his interpreters to stroll round or come on or go off in a satisfactory manner unless he provides them with satisfactory reasons for strolling round, coming in, or going off. Lastly, he must not expect his interpreters to achieve physical impossibilities. The dramatist who sends a pretty woman off in street attire and seeks to bring her on again in thirty seconds fully dressed for a court ball may fail in stage technique, but he has not proved that stage technique is tremendously difficult; he has proved something quite else.

One reason why a play is easier to write than a novel is that a play is shorter than a novel. On the average one may say that it takes six plays to make the matter of a novel. Other things being equal, a short work of art presents fewer difficulties than a longer one. The contrary is held true by the majority, but then the majority, having never attempted to produce a long work of art, are unqualified to offer an opinion. It is said that the most difficult form of poetry is the sonnet. But the most difficult form of poetry is the epic. The proof that the sonnet is the most difficult form is alleged to be in the fewness of perfect sonnets. There are, however, few more perfect sonnets than perfect epics. A perfect sonnet may be a heavenly accident. But such accidents can never happen to writers of epics. Some years ago we had an enormous palaver about the 'art of the short story,' which numerous persons who had omitted to write novels pronounced to be more difficult than the novel. But the fact remains that there are scores of perfect short stories, whereas it is doubtful whether anybody but Turgenieff ever did write a perfect novel. A short form is easier to manipulate than a long form because its construction is less complicated, because the balance of its proportions can be more easily corrected by means of a rapid survey, because it is lawful and even necessary in it to leave undone many things which are very hard to do, and because the emotional strain is less prolonged. The most difficult thing in all art is to maintain the imaginative tension unslackened throughout a considerable period.

Then, not only does a play contain less matter than a novel — it is further simplified by the fact that it contains fewer kinds of matter, and less subtle kinds of matter. There are numerous delicate and difficult affairs of craft that the dramatist need not think about at all. If he attempts to go beyond a certain very mild degree of subtlety he is merely wasting his time. What passes for subtlety on the stage would have a very obvious air in a novel, as some dramatists have unhappily discovered. Thus whole continents of danger may be shunned by the dramatist, and instead of being scorned for his cowardice he will be very rightly applauded for his artistic discretion. Fortunate predicament! Again, he need not — indeed he must not — save in a primitive and hinting manner, concern himself with 'atmosphere.' He may roughly suggest one, but if he begins on the feat of 'creating' an atmosphere (as it is called), the last suburban train will have departed before he has reached the crisis of the play. The last suburban train is the best friend of the dramatist, though the fellow seldom has the sense to see it. Further he is saved all descriptive work. See a novelist harassing himself into his grave over the description of a landscape, a room, a gesture — while the dramatist grins. The dramatist may have to imagine a landscape, a room, or a gesture; but he has not got to write it — and it is the writing which hastens death. If a dramatist and

a novelist set out to portray a clever woman, they are almost equally matched, because each has to make the creature say things and do things. But if they set out to portray a charming woman, the dramatist can recline in an easy-chair and smoke while the novelist is ruining temper, digestion and eyesight, and spreading terror in his household by his moodiness and unapproachability. The electric light burns in the novelist's study at 3 A. M.— the novelist is still endeavoring to convey by means of words the extraordinary fascination that his heroine could exercise over mankind by the mere act of walking into a room; and he never has really succeeded and never will. The dramatist writes curtly, 'Enter Millicent.' All are anxious to do the dramatist's job for him. Is the play being read at home — the reader eagerly and with brilliant success puts his imagination to work and completes a charming Millicent after his own secret desires. (Whereas he would coldly decline to add one touch to Millicent were she the heroine of a novel.) Is the play being performed on the stage — an experienced, conscientious and perhaps lovely actress will strive her hardest to prove that the dramatist was right about Millicent's astounding fascination. And if she fails nobody will blame the dramatist; the dramatist will receive naught but sympathy.

And there is still another region of superlative difficulty which is narrowly circumscribed for the spoiled dramatist — I mean the whole business of persuading the public that the improbably is probable. Every work of art is and must be crammed with improbabilities and artifice; and the greater portion of the artifice is employed in just this trickery of persuasion. Only, the public of the dramatist needs far less persuading than the public of the novelist. The novelist announces that Millicent accepted the hand of the wrong man, and in spite of all the novelist's corroborative and exegetical detail the insulted reader declines to credit the statement and condemns the incident as unconvincing. The dramatist decides that Millicent must accept the hand of the wrong man, and there she is on the stage in flesh and blood, veritably doing it! Not easy for even the critical beholder to maintain that Millicent could not and did not do such a silly thing when he has actually with his eyes seen her in the very act! The dramatist, as usual, having done less, is more richly rewarded by results.

Of course, it will be argued, as it has always been argued, by those who have not written novels, that it is precisely the 'doing less'— the leaving out — that constitutes the unique and fearful difficulty of dramatic art. 'The skill to leave out'— lo! the master faculty of the dramatist! But, in the first place, I do not believe that, having regard to the relative scope of the play and of the novel, the necessity for leaving out is more acute in the one than in the other. The adjective 'photographic' is as absurd applied to the novel as to the play. And, in the second place, other factors being equal, it is less exhausting, and it requires less skill, to refrain from doing than to do. To know when to refrain from doing may be hard, but positively to do is even harder. Sometimes, listening to partizans of the drama, I have been moved to suggest that, if the art of omission is so wondrously difficult, a dramatist who practised the habit of omitting to write anything whatver ought to be hailed as the supreme craftsman.

Whether in a play or in a novel, the creative artist has to tell a story — using the word story in a very wide sense. Just as a novel is divided into chapters, and for a similar reason, a play is divided into acts. But neither chapters nor acts are necessary. Some of Balzac's chief novels have no chapter-divisions, and it has been proved that a theater audience can and will listen for two hours to 'talk,' and even recitative singing, on the stage, without a pause. Indeed audiences, under the compulsion of an artist strong and imperious enough, could, I am sure, be trained to marvelous feats of prolonged receptivity. However, chapters and acts are usual, and they involve the same constructional processes on the part of the artist. The entire play or novel must tell a complete story — that is, arouse a curiosity and reasonably satisfy it, raise a main question and then settle it. And each act or other chief division must tell a definite portion of the story, satisfy part of the curiosity, settle part of the question. And each scene or other minor division must do the same according to its scale. Everything basic that applies to the technique of the novel applies equally to the technique of the play.

In particular I would urge that a play,

any more than a novel, need not be dramatic, employing the term as it is usually employed. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. In this sense *The Golden Bowl* is dramatic; so are *Dominique* and *Persuasion*. A play need not be more dramatic than that. Very emphatically a play need not be dramatic in the stage sense. It need never induce interest to the degree of excitement. It need have nothing that resembles what would be recognizable in the theater as a situation. It may amble on — and it will still be a play, and it may succeed in pleasing either the fastidious hundreds or the unfastidious hundreds of thousands, according to the talent of the author. Without doubt mandarins will continue for about a century yet to excommunicate certain plays from the category of plays. But nobody will be any the worse. And dramatists will go on proving that whatever else divides a play from a book 'dramatic quality' does not. Some archmandarin may launch at me one of those mandarinic epigrammatic questions which are supposed to overthrow the adversary at one dart. 'Do you seriously mean to argue, sir, that drama need not be dramatic?' I do, if the word dramatic is to be used in the mandarinic signification. I mean to state that some of the finest plays of the modern age differ from a psychological novel in nothing but the superficial form of telling. Example, Henri Becque's *La Parisienne*, than which there is no better. If I am asked to give my own definition of the adjective 'dramatic,' I would say that that story is dramatic which is told in dialogue imagined to be spoken by actors and actresses on the stage, and that any narrower definition is bound to exclude some genuine plays universally accepted as such — even by mandarins. For be it noted that the mandarin is never consistent.

My definition brings me to the sole technical difference between a play and a novel — in the play the story is told by means of dialogue. It is a difference less important than it seems, and not invariably even a sure point of distinction between the two kinds of narrative. For a novel may consist exclusively of dialogue. And plays may contain other matter than dialogue. The classic chorus is not dialogue. But nowadays we should consider the device of the chorus to be clumsy, as, nowadays, it indeed would be. We have grown very ingenious and clever at the trickery of making characters talk to the audience and explain themselves and their past history while seemingly innocent of any such intention. And here, I admit, the dramatist has to face a difficulty special to himself, which the novelist can avoid. I believe it to be the sole difficulty which is peculiar to the drama, and that it is not acute is proved by the ease with which third-rate dramatists have generally vanquished it. Mandarins are wont to assert that the dramatist is also handicapped by the necessity for rigid economy in the use of material. This is not so. Rigid economy in the use of material is equally advisable in every form of art. If it is a necessity it is a necessity which all artists flout from time to time, and occasionally with gorgeous results, and the successful dramatist has hitherto not been less guilty of flouting it than the novelist or any other artist.

And now having shown that some alleged differences between the play and the novel are illusory, and that a certain technical difference, though possibly real, is superficial and slight I come to the fundamental difference between them — a difference which the laity does not suspect, which is seldom insisted upon and never sufficiently, but which nobody who is well versed in the making of both plays and novels can fail to feel profoundly. The emotional strain of writing a play is not merely less prolonged than that of writing a novel — it is less severe even while it lasts, lower in degree and of a less purely creative character And herein is the chief of all the reasons why a play is easier to write than a novel. The drama does not belong exclusively to literature, because its effect depends on something more than the composition of words. The dramatist is the sole author of the play, but he is not the sole creator of it. Without him nothing can be done, but, on the other hand, he cannot do everything himself. He begins the work of creation, which is finished either by creative interpreters on the stage or by the creative imagination of the reader in the study. It is as if he carried an immense weight to the landing at the turn of a flight of stairs, and that thence upward the lifting had to be done by other people. Consider the af-

fair as a pyramidal structure, and the dramatist is the base — but he is not the apex. A play is a collaboration of creative faculties. The egotism of the dramatist resents this uncomfortable fact, but the fact exists. And further, the creative faculties are not only those of the author, the stage-director (producer) and the actors — the audience itself is unconsciously part of the collaboration.

Hence a dramatist who attempts to do the whole work of creation before the acting begins is an inartistic usurper of the functions of others, and will fail of proper accomplishment at the end. The dramatist must deliberately, in performing his share of the work, leave scope for a multitude of alien faculties whose operations he can neither precisely foresee nor completely control. The point is not that in the writing of a play there are various sorts of matters — as we have already seen — which the dramatist must ignore; the point is that even in the region proper to him he must not push the creative act to its final limit. He must ever remember those who are to come after him.

When the play is 'finished,' the processes of collaboration have yet to begin. The serious work of the dramatist is over, but the most desolating part of his toil awaits him. I do not refer to the business of arranging with a theatrical manager for the production of the play. For, though that generally partakes of the nature of tragedy, it also partakes of the nature of amusing burlesque, owing to the fact that theatrical managers are — no doubt inevitably — theatrical. Nevertheless, even the theatrical manager, while disclaiming the slightest interest in anything more vital to the stage than the box-office, is himself in some degree a collaborator, and is the first to show to the dramatist that a play is not a play till it is performed. The manager reads the play, and, to the dramatist's astonishment, reads quite a different play from that which the dramatist imagines he wrote. In particular the manager reads a play which can scarcely hope to succeed — indeed a play against whose chances of success ten thousand powerful reasons can be adduced. It is remarkable that a manager nearly always foresees failure in a manuscript, and very seldom success. The manager's profoundest instinct — self-preservation again — is to refuse a play; if he accepts, it is against the grain, against his judgment — and out of a mad spirit of adventure. Some of the most glittering successes have been rehearsed in an atmosphere of settled despair. The dramatist naturally feels an immense contempt for the opinions, artistic and otherwise, of the manager, and he is therein justified. The manager's vocation is not to write plays, nor (let us hope) to act in them, nor to direct the rehearsals of them, and even his knowledge of the vagaries of his own box-office has often proved to be pitiably delusive. The manager's true and only vocation is to refrain from producing plays. Despite all this, however, the manager has already collaborated in the play. The dramatist sees it differently now. All sorts of new considerations have been presented to him. Not a word has been altered; but it is noticeably another play. Which is merely to say that the creative work on it which still remains to be done has been more accurately envisaged. This experience could not happen to a novel, because when a novel is written it is finished.

And when the director of rehearsals, or producer, has been chosen, and this priceless and mysterious person has his first serious confabulation with the author, then at once the play begins to assume new shapes — contours undreamed of by the author till that startling moment. And even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He, first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapors into a solid element. . . . He suggests the casting. What do you think of X for the old man?' asked the producer. The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood the play? X would be preposterous as the old man. But the producer goes on talking. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote. And quite probably he sees a more glorious play. Quite probably he had not suspected how great a dramatist he is. . . . Before the first rehearsal is called, the play, still without a word altered, has gone through astounding creative transmuta-

tions; the author recognizes in it some likeness to his beloved child, but it is the likeness of a first cousin.

At the first rehearsal, and for many rehearsals, to an extent perhaps increasing, perhaps decreasing, the dramatist is forced into an apologetic and self-conscious mood; and his mien is something between that of a criminal who has committed a horrid offense and that of a father over the crude body of a new-born child Now in truth he deeply realizes that a play is a collaboration. In extreme cases he may be brought to see that he himself is one of the less important factors in the collaboration. The first preoccupation of the interpreters is not with his play at all, but — quite rightly — with their own careers; if they were not honestly convinced that their own careers were the chief genuine excuse for the existence of the theater and the play they would not act very well. But more than that, they do not regard his play as a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. At the most favorable what they secretly think is that if they are permitted to exercise their talents on his play there is a chance that they may be able to turn it into a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. The attitude of every actor toward his part is: 'My part is not much of a part as it stands, but if my individuality is allowed to get into free contact with it, I may make something brilliant out of it.' Which attitude is a proper attitude, and an attitude, in my opinion, justified by the facts of the case. The actor's phrase is that he *creates* a part, and he is right. He completes the labor of creation begun by the author and continued by the producer, and if liberty is not accorded to him — if either the author or the producer attempts to do too much of the creative work — the result cannot be satisfactory.

As the rehearsals proceed the play changes from day to day. However autocratic the producer, however obstinate the dramatist, the play will vary at each rehearsal like a large cloud in a gentle wind. It is never the same play for two days together. Nor is this surprising, seeing that every day and night a dozen, or it may be two dozen, human beings endowed with the creative gift are creatively working on it. Every dramatist who is candid with himself well knows that, though his play is often worsened by his collaborators, it is also often improved — and improved in the most mysterious and dazzling manner — without a word being altered. Producer and actors do not merely suggest possibilities, they execute them. And the author is confronted by artistic phenomena for which lawfully he may not claim credit: On the other hand, he may be confronted by inartistic phenomena in respect to which lawfully he is blameless, but which he cannot prevent; a rehearsal is like a battle — certain persons are theoretically in control, but in fact the thing principally fights itself. And thus the creation goes on until the dress rehearsal, when it seems to have come to a stop. And the dramatist, lying awake in the night, reflects stoically, fatalistically: 'Well, that is the play that they have made of *my play!*' And he may be pleased or he may be disgusted. But if he attends the first performance he cannot fail to notice, after the first few minutes of it, that he was quite mistaken, and that what the actors are performing is still another play. The audience is collaborating.

III

THE IRISH DRAMA

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

[*Twentieth Century Magazine*, November, 1911. By permission.]

I will not criticize the contemporary theater as a whole. If you were satisfied with it you would not have formed yourselves into a Drama League. If I were satisfied with it I should not have spent so much time over our Irish players. We all know, owing to the commercial conditions of the times, contemporary drama, as a whole, does not take its place beside the best painting, the best music, and the best books of our times; the contemporary theater makes a pretense of representing reality — of showing us people no more exciting than we are ourselves, no more eloquent than we are ourselves, no more picturesquely dressed than we are ourselves, and it is right that it should do so. Reformers of the theater, for the most part, accept the same idea. And they, at least, do give you reality, and they make it interesting to you, as Mr. Galsworthy does in his *Strife* and in his *Jus-*

tice, by showing the great hidden forces of the modern world — the strife between capital and labor, the contest of men against theological institutions, against the accepted social code, etc. There is another way to change the stage, and that is to show there a life, whether ideal or real, that is exciting and picturesque in itself. Italy, where they have made the verse drama once more a really popular thing, is doing that in one way. In Sicily, where Grasso is creating a wonderful school of players, and in Ireland, it is being done in a different way. We are putting upon the stage a real life where men talk picturesque and musical words, and where men have often strange and picturesque characters; that is to say, the life of faraway villages where an old leisurely habit of life still remains

From the first start of our intellectual movement in Ireland, our faith in success has come from our knowledge of the life of the country places, and the imaginative beauty of their speech. One discovers thoughts there not very much unlike those of Homer, not very unlike those of the Greek dramatists. Of course there is a great deal that is crude, but there are songs and stories, showing an attitude of mind that seems the very root of art.

Close to the house where I spend every summer there is the little picturesque village of Ballylee, two or three houses gathered about an old castle, a very old bridge, and beside the bridge great stones that helped the traveler when the stream was flooded, probably for centuries before the bridge was built. Seventy years ago there died in that village Mary Hynes, a beautiful peasant girl, and the poet Rafftery put her into a song. A few years ago I heard old men and women describe her beauty after all these years with wonder and excitement in their voices. 'The sun and the moon,' said one, 'never shone upon anybody so lovely.' 'I tremble all over when I think of her,' said another. Nor was the poet's praise that made her so famous unworthy praise. 'Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman, has beauty in her mind and beauty in her body.' That 's what Rafftery said of her. It is like hearing the old men on the walls of Troy speak of Helen.

In Ireland the country life has for us the further fascination that it is the only thoroughly Irish life that is left. Everywhere else English influence has made a conquest more thorough than any that the sword could make. All our patriotic movements go back to the peasant, just as similar movements have done in Norway. We try to re-create Ireland in an Irish way by mastering what he knows, and by using it to understand what the old manuscripts contain. To understand the peasant by the Saga, the Saga by the peasant — that was the Norwegian formula. If you keep this in mind it will show you that our theater of folk art is no artificial creation of a literary clique, but an expression of the Irish mind of today. It will explain to you also how our players, who are not peasants, but young men and women taken from various businesses in Dublin, have come to understand the peasant so well. We took them at the start from different patriotic societies, where everything encouraged them to study the country life. In 1902 a group of young men and women were playing old-fashioned farces at a coffee palace in Dublin, and when they gave up their farces and took to our plays instead, they did it in the first instance more from patriotism than anything else. Many of them belonged to the Gaelic League; some of them knew Irish, and living Irish is a peasant speech. But if politics helped us, politics injured us also. We did not realize when we began that we should have to fight and conquer conventional conceptions of Irish character. And yet we should have foreseen it.

All Irish thought has been artificial for years. In the earlier parts of the nineteenth century England had met the Irish national demand by slandering our characters. She did not wish to give us self-government and so she said we were unworthy of it. The Irish peasant, for instance, was caricatured in *Punch,* in speeches and in newspapers. He was represented as half animal, or as all but a savage. To meet this, beginning, I think, with O'Connell, who said that the Irish peasantry were the finest peasantry upon earth, Ireland created a whole literature of national glorification. We repeated to one another the real or supposed virtues of our people. We had them always ready to meet the foreign slander. This attitude of mind lasted long after the need for it had gone by. Every kind of enthusiast, political, re-

ligious, social, had endowed some section of Irishmen with the virtues he most admired, and national song and national novel — we used the word nation constantly — were expected to show Ireland in the best possible light. We were not a people curious about life, looking at it with disinterested contemplation, but a kind of army organized for offense and defense. We understood nothing but propaganda.

The first play of country life that we set upon the stage was in Irish. Our own players had not then come together and we got players from a branch of the Gaelic League. At the last moment one player refused to go upon the stage because the cottage he was to play in was too shabby to do credit to his country, and another demanded the banishing of a pack of cards that had been given to a group of young men who were to sit playing in the corner. He admitted that he spent most of his own evenings playing cards, but he did not think it right that the Irish should be represented as playing them upon the stage.

The history of imaginative thought is generally a history of violent reactions. Synge came to destroy all that unreality. I met Synge in 1897, in a students' hotel in Paris. He had learned Irish from a Gaelic professor at Trinity College, Dublin, and had spent some years wandering through Europe. Nothing interested him but the life of the poor, not because they were poor, for he was nothing of a philanthropist, an artist merely, but because there was something in their way of thinking that excited him. He was very poor himself, though of an old family, and a fine scholar. He had lived with German peasants in the Black Forest and with a chairmaker in Paris, and brought his fiddle everywhere that he would be more welcome. I got him to come back to Ireland, and there in the Arran and Blasket Islands he found a life after his own heart. There he escaped the squalor of the poor and the nobility of the rich. He had nothing of the modern humanitarian; he had no interest in economics, no interest in social forces, and he had little of the Irish politician. He was a Nationalist, but he never spoke of politics; nothing interested him but the individual man: in fact I think his own ill health and poverty had made individual destiny momentous to him. All the things that we forget in the excitements of newspapers and crowds and business, were always present to him. In one of his early poems he asks on his twenty-fifth birthday if the twenty-five years to come are to be as evil as the twenty-five gone by. But gradually he attained happiness through his art, coming to see in his individual infirmities but a sort of burning glass that gathered for his study the general lot of men. All became but a subject for artistic creation, and an occasion for the creative joy.

It was inevitable that a man like this who seemed ignorant of the mere existence of all these Irish controversies, should outrage the feelings of the crowds. Just as he felt in his own life continual struggle between his ideal purpose and his infirmity and his poverty, so did he see in the world about him an ideal dream and a grotesque reality. He knew the country places as no Irish writer for fifty years had known them, but he selected from them strange, passionate and grotesque types, to set beside his dream. It was no malice, no love of mischief, that made him imagine instead of colleens of the old sort, and the good young men of Boucicault, blind Martin and his wife in *The Well of the Saints*, the erring wife in *The Shadow of the Glen*, the fantastic, mistaken heroworship of the people in his *Playboy of the Western World*. He took his types from reality indeed, but exaggerated them and arranged them according to his fancy, until he had created something as strange as the wandering knight and the Sancho Panza of Cervantes. I can imagine some patriotic Spaniard saying to Cervantes, 'Do you really pretend that this fat, cowardly peasant, and this crack-brained knight are typical of the peasants and the gentlemen of Spain?' I can imagine others even without any patriotic bias asking why he gave them such strange types. He, too, took from life the violent and incomplete that through its symbolism he might reveal a heroic dream. When we have filled our minds with the work of Synge, we remember, even more vividly than the strange persons he has created, blind Martin's dream of the splendid life that might be, Nora Bourke's pre-occupation with the fine men she fancied, the Playboy's poetical reveries of far-off exciting things. Dublin for a time saw but one-half his meaning and rejected him,

rioting for a week after the first performance of his greatest play, rejecting him as most countries have rejected their greatest poets. But Dublin has repented sooner than most countries have repented and today the *Playboy* is played constantly in Dublin to good houses, drawn from all political and social sections. The six days' rioting was his laurel wreath.

Lady Gregory's plays were accepted from the first, for she is attracted, not by the harsh, but the gracious elements in life. She has no sarcasm. It was sarcasm, aimed at the whole of life, that made Synge his worst enemies. There is no bitterness in her laughter, in her vision no delight in the grotesque things. Some of her plays, those that touch upon some patriotic emotion, are so well loved that men passing the Abbey Theater door and seeing some favorite name upon the bill will pay their sixpence, and having seen, say *The Rising of the Moon,* for perhaps the fortieth time, will come out after twenty minutes of emotion and go upon their way. No new play can mean as much to them, and so they only stay for the old one. Our other dramatists, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Murray, Mr. Boyle, Mr Irving, are less full of the folk life; probably they may be half conscious of some reaction against us older writers, because at moments they seem almost as much interested in economic problems as a Galsworthy or a Shaw; but what interests me most in their work is that by their means we are setting upon the stage the life of most classes in Ireland that have anything Irish about them. We have begun to go beyond the peasant to find themes in the workhouse parlor, the house of the strong farmer, in the seminary and the shop.

IV

HOW I WROTE 'WITHIN THE LAW'

BAYARD VEILLER

[*Metropolitan Magazine,* June, 1913. By courtesy of the publishers.]

At a dinner one evening in January, 1910, several of my friends were discussing a certain very popular, lurid crook melodrama then running in a New York theater. I never thought much of that piece and said so. Furthermore, I maintained that that sort of thing was the easiest stuff in the world to turn out.

'Well, if you know so much,' said Mrs. Veiller, 'why don't you write one yourself and make a little money for us?'

'Oh, very well, I will,' I replied. 'What is more, I'll do it in a month.' (Chorus of jeers.)

Two days later I set to work. And I finished the job in three weeks. *Within the Law* as it is being played today is substantially the same — with the exception of the first act — as the original manuscript I turned out in that time. Of course there have been numerous changes, but they were in minor details and not in the general form.

I wrote it for money. Up to that time I had made several contributions to art. The most notable of them was a superb thing which ran for one week, *The Primrose Path.* The only person I ever found who really liked it — besides the author — was a conductor on a Seventh Avenue street car. He spoke to me one night six months after the play had ended its triumphant career. I was getting off the car with Mrs. Veiller and he stepped down to help us off and said:

'Mr. Veiller, I want to tell you I liked *The Primrose Path,* and thought it was a shame it did n't get over. It was the best show I saw this year.'

He jumped back on his car before I had time to thank him, and I never saw him again. I've been rather worried about that man.

Within the Law in its original form was an attack on the jury system. The character corresponding to Gilder, the department store proprietor, was the judge who sentenced Mary Turner to prison. Mary was pretty much as she is now, a salesgirl accused of theft. The scene of the first act was a court room. The jury had been out all night. Everybody was worn out with the long, tedious wait for the verdict. The jury filed in, sleepy, blear-eyed and cross. The proceedings were hurried as much as possible. The clerk of the court gabbled through the usual formulas. The foreman in a weary voice announced the verdict of 'guilty.'

In a word, I showed the case of a girl who was being railroaded to prison in order that the judge might get away on a hunting trip and that everybody else

concerned might hurry through with their work. The judge pronounced sentence — three years — and it was to him instead of the department store proprietor that Mary Turner made the speech that now ends the first act of *Within the Law.*

I did not have to invent this. Such conditions actually exist and have existed for years. I knew the whole police and criminal courts situation backwards, thanks to my experience of several years as a reporter. I 'covered' police headquarters in New York for a long period before I took to play-writing. During that time Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner, 'Jake' Riis was doing headquarters for the *Sun,* Lincoln Steffens for the *Evening Post,* and I for the *Evening Mail.* In no other way can a man acquire such a thorough knowledge of and insight into the realities that make our civilization hideous as by the work that falls to the lot of a police reporter. He knows the inside of the system by which poor people are exploited for the benefit of the unscrupulous. He sees nothing but the reverse of the medal. He learns the hollowness of the pretenses by which the system is maintained.

The next three acts developed naturally out of this situation. It is only right to make due acknowledgment to Alexandre Dumas, for, as you have no doubt recognized, the idea of the person wrongully convicted and imprisoned carrying out a systematic plan of vengeance is nothing but the plot of *Monte Cristo.* The main difference is that it is a girl instead of a man. Most of the managers I subsequently took the play to threw up their hands in horror at this idea. They declared we never in the world could win the sympathy of audiences for a woman who devoted all her energies to revenge. They could not see that this is one of the most elemental feelings in human nature. Some big elemental feeling must be the basis of all drama. And the instinct to say 'I 'll get even with you,' is one of the most universal. I made the girl set out deliberately to injure the man who had sent her to prison. The natural thing for her to consider was: 'Where can I hurt him most?' Obviously his affection for his boy was his tenderest spot. Moreover as he had irreparably ruined her life, it was logical for her to attack his. And the best way to damage it was to associate it by marriage with that of a convicted felon. So that by marrying his son she inflicted a two-fold injury on her enemy. Hence her crucial speech in the second act: 'You took away my name and gave me a number. Now I have given up that number and I 've got your name!'

The original title of the piece, by the way, was *The Miracle.* This was taken from a line in the third act. The father, remonstrating with his son for clinging so obstinately to the girl in the belief that he can change her, says: 'What are you waiting for — a miracle?' Then the son replies: 'No, I 'm going to make it.' The title was altered later for fear that it might conflict with a spectacular production of Max Reinhardt's by the same name.

The change in the first act from an attack on the jury system to an attack on department stores came about in this way: After the play was finished the first manager I took it to was George Tyler. He said he liked it, thought it would probably be a hit and make a great deal of money. He would not produce it, however, because he had already arranged to produce another piece which was sure-fire and bound to be the melodrama hit of the season.

'But,' he said, 'your first act has a fine idea for a play by itself. Why don't you write a new first act in its place and write another play for me on the theme contained in this first act, the attack on the jury system?'

As George Tyler is my best friend, and as I was under obligations to him which I hope I can never repay, I followed his suggestion. I set aside the court room scene so as to use it in another play. I left the heroine as she was, a salesgirl wrongfully accused of theft. And I made her plight the basis of an attack on the department store system in particular and our economic system in general. I am a Socialist. Some of the things I learned at police headquarters made me especially interested in conditions at the New York department stores. The fact is that they are just 1000 per cent. worse than anybody not in touch with them has any idea of. The fact is that our social fabric is so rotten that the entire industrial world is simply riding on the backs of women. Day by day I hear of instances at first hand that confirm these convictions

beyond doubt. However, all this leads away from the subject. I am free to admit that I saw the pictorial value of these conditions and particularly for the first act of *Within the Law*. They made a first act just as suitable as the previous one that I set aside for future use. The subsequent acts followed it just as naturally as they followed the other.

To return to the original process. Knowing the police methods, it was perfectly easy to imagine the girl's history after she was let out of jail. It is the almost invariable practice of the police when they see an ex-convict to warn the employer. So naturally the first thing that would have happened to Mary Turner soon after she obtained a job would be for a detective to come into the shop and give the boss full information about her. After a few attempts to earn an honest living, being determined not to become a prostitute, she would say to herself: 'Oh, very well; if they won't let me be honest I'll get money in the same way the big, successful crooks, the politicians and the grafters get theirs,—dishonestly, but within the law.' At the same time I made her execute her scheme for revenge on Gilder.

The fourth act I stole. Almost every incident in it is a matter of public record. The third degree trick worked on Joe Garson by Inspector Burke in the play is precisely the same trick that was carried out by Inspector Byrnes, undoubtedly the best policeman who ever lived, on a crook named McGloin. Everybody down at headquarters knows about it—in fact it is related in Byrnes' book.

As for the trap laid for Mary Turner by the inspector, that also was comparatively easy. Police methods are invariably simple. Whenever they want to catch criminals and cannot procure evidence the policy is to entrap them into committing some crime at which they can be caught. This they do by means of a stool pigeon; hence the character of English Eddie. Originally I had the woman take part in the burglary of Gilder's home for additional revenge. It was, thanks to an excellent suggestion from Charles Klein, that I changed this. He pointed out that this would alienate the audience's sympathy which her previous wrongs had won for her. Accordingly, I had her go to Gilder's house, not to share in, but to prevent the robbery. Then occurred the problem of how to account for her finding out about the burglary scheme. One thing a playwright always has to avoid is giving audiences cause to puzzle over any point. Once they do that their attention is distracted from the action and the suspense is broken. It was Roi Megrue who suggested that I have the inspector telephone her anonymously so as to inveigle her into the trap. These changes were made after the play had opened in Chicago.

The Maxim silencer business I put in because there was a great deal in the newspapers about the invention just at the time I was writing the piece. I think every play should be, as largely as possible, a reflex of what is in the papers at the present time—not only in lesser details such as this, but in larger affairs. When the silencer was publicly tested it was said that reporters in the next room had been unable to hear the sound of the shot. So I thought: 'If reporters, why not policemen?' The introduction of the incident in the second act, when Joe Garson shows how effective the silencer is by shooting at a vase, was merely a matter of ordinary technical skill. You must let the audience see things like that for themselves: it is not sufficient to explain them.

Incidentally, a great many people who saw the play have wondered whether the vase is really shot. If guns used on the stage were actually loaded with bullets I shudder to think of the calamities that might follow. I would not trust my life to the marksmanship of the average actor. There is a very simple mechanism by which the vase is smashed at just the right moment in such a way that it seems to have been shattered by a bullet.

The revolving searchlight from the Metropolitan Tower which flashes in through the window in the third act and reveals the dead body of English Eddie to Inspector Burke was the result of mere accident. This was not in the play originally but was introduced during the Chicago run of the piece. For some time, however, I felt the need of a spot light to account for the inspector's seeing the body while the room was almost in total darkness. But I could not figure out any plausible excuse for bringing it in. One afternoon I was talking to Al Woods in his room on the sixth floor of the Sher-

man House in Chicago. Suddenly a bright light was reflected on the ceiling from the street. I jumped up, went to the window and saw that a wagon was passing by with a large plate of glass. This had caught the sunlight and flashed it up into the room. That gave me the idea for the third act: 'Why not a searchlight?' I remembered that there were two such in New York, one on top of the Hippodrome and the other on the Metropolitan Tower, and it just became a question of which was the more expedient to use.

It was not until after the play was written that trouble really began. I was unknown. No play of mine had ever approached a success. I peddled it all over New York. Charles Klein, who is interested in the Authors' Producing Company, thought of doing it, but came to the conclusion finally that he would need all his time to dramatize *The Ne'er-Do-Well*.

Eventually Mr. Brady agreed to produce it. The original idea was that the part of Mary Turner should be played by Grace George, who had the play and liked it. The matter was left in abeyance for a while. When Mr. Brady was ready to produce it, he sent for me and said: 'Look here; this play won't do as it stands; it needs a good many changes. You have n't enough experience to make them. The only thing to do is to let George Broadhurst rewrite it.' Of course this meant giving Mr. Broadhurst a third of the royalties. However I was willing to make almost any concessions for the sake of having the part played by Miss George, which means a certain $9000 or $10,000 a week box office returns for almost any play. So Mr. Broadhurst — who is a very skilful dramaturge — took the play and made what changes he saw fit. They were very well done, but they entirely changed the meaning of the piece. We started rehearsals, and when Miss George read the new version she said: 'This is not the play I accepted,' and threw up her part and refused to have anything to do with it. Emily Stevens was then engaged for the part and gave an admirable performance.

The play did not do well in Chicago. Whether this was owing to the changes made in it or not I won't pretend to say. But I came back to New York feeling terribly despondent over the outlook.

Mr. Brady had produced the piece with second-hand scenery, an act from *The Boss*, an act from *The Gentleman from Mississippi*, an act from *The Dollar Mark*, then some five or six years old, being used and its use freely was commented upon by the Chicago critics.

I saw Mr. Brady and we discussed the situation freely. I told him that I did n't think the play had a chance in its present form and he grimly agreed with me. He refused, however, to allow me to make such changes as I saw fit.

I then went to Archie Selwyn, who was, still is, and always will be, my business agent, and talked the matter over with him. We both felt that the play had a big chance if it was properly cast, and put back as it had been originally written.

During my conversation with Mr. Brady he had said, 'If you and Selwyn don't like the way I 'm doing your play, why don't you buy and run it to suit yourselves?'

I repeated this to Mr. Selwyn. He gave the matter a good deal of thought and finally said to me, 'Bayard, do you think if I give the play a really first-class production and a good cast, you can put it over?'

I said that I thought that it had a big chance under the proper conditions.

I am going into these details because it has become the fashion with many makers of plays to revile the play broker, and I am extremely anxious to tell frankly what one play broker named Selwyn has done for me.

The negotiations for the sale of the play took about ten minutes. Mr. Selwyn paid Mr. Brady ten thousand dollars for the property, and assumed Mr. Brady's contract with me, which called for an unusually high royalty for a beginner; five per cent. on the first four thousand of the gross receipts and 10 per cent. on everything over that amount. Selwyn had been very pleased, as a play agent, over this contract, and he did n't seem to mind it greatly when he took it over as a manager. But we both thought it a good deal of a joke. I especially enjoyed it.

Up to this time Mr. Selwyn had not figured to any great extent as a producing manager, but in order to protect a client, in whom he had great faith, which faith I hope eventually to justify, he risked what at that time was a great deal of

money to him, and this was only the beginning.

So the matter was settled. I took the train for Chicago that afternoon with carte blanche to do what I wanted to — the happiest man you ever saw. I set to work the next day. I took out all the changes Mr. Broadhurst had made and restored the play to its original form. I pruned and revised and built up. Everybody in the world, stage doorkeepers, charwomen and mechanics had suggestions to make. There is always a host of people willing to rewrite your play for you. Occasionally I even heard a good suggestion. The rest of the play's history you know.

And to be quite frank with you, I don't think *Within the Law* is a great play. But I do admit that it 's theatrically effective. And I think that is due to the fact that I went over it as carefully as I could during the weeks it ran in Chicago, tying up loose ends wherever I saw them and building the thing up: for instance, Mary's speech that now rings down the curtain at the end of the third act, after she has accused her husband of the death of English Eddie. 'Arrest him,' the inspector says. 'You can't.' 'Why not?' 'Because that man was a burglar and my husband shot him in defense of his home!' is *Mary's* final answer. Originally that speech occurred in the fourth act. And the curtain for the third act was unsatisfactory until I got the idea of transferring that speech from the fourth.

None of us thought for a minute that *Within the Law* would be the success that it is. We all looked for a moderate hit and a run possibly until the first of the year, but that we should sell out on the second night that the play was presented in New York and never have an empty seat in the house for three hundred performances was beyond our wildest dreams.

The play will make a fortune for Mr. Selwyn and his associates, and it 's doing very well indeed for me, too, thank you kindly.

Has it accomplished anything else? What real good has it done? Frankly, I don't know. I hope that it has served its sociological purpose. I feel very strongly that when a maker of plays has pointed out strongly and fearlessly a social situation that needs a remedy he has done his work. The stage is not the place for the discussion of reforms; but I am quite sure that it is the surest place to make their necessity known to the greatest number of people.

The plight of underpaid working-girls has been known for years; brilliant thinkers have talked about it, great writers have written about it, but it remained for my bedraggled, tear-stained shop girl on her way to prison, with glittering steel handcuffs on her wrists, and her reiterated, 'but you won't pay them enough to live on,' to make three of the department store proprietors in New York City establish a minimum wage scale of eight dollars a week in their stores. My play has done at least that much good.

V

FANNY'S FIRST PLAY

W. S. CATHER

[*McClure's Magazine*, March, 1913. By permission.]

While *Fanny's First Play* can by no means be ranked among Mr. George Bernard Shaw's best plays, it is one of the most amusing, and its unconventionality pleased the New York public. Mr. Shaw sets out to ridicule certain conventions — theatrical conventions, domestic and social conventions. Miss Fanny O'Dowda, a student of a woman's college in Cambridge and a member of a socialist society, has written a play, and her father arranges to have it produced on her birthday — produced by a professional company, with the London critics in attendance to pass judgment upon the piece. Count O'Dowda, an esthetic survival of the eighteenth century, has not read the play himself, and probably would not have understood much of it if he had. The name of the auhtor is withheld from the company and critics, as Miss O'Dowda wishes no allowance made for her youth and sex.

On the evening when the play is to be given, the critics meet at Count O'Dowda's house and before dinner deliver themselves upon plays and play-writing in general. They insist upon knowing the authorship of the play they have come to see. 'How,' says Gunn, 'is one to know what to say about a play, if one does n't

any more than a novel, need not be dramatic, employing the term as it is usually employed. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. In this sense *The Golden Bowl* is dramatic; so are *Dominique* and *Persuasion*. A play need not be more dramatic than that. Very emphatically a play need not be dramatic in the stage sense. It need never induce interest to the degree of excitement. It need have nothing that resembles what would be recognizable in the theater as a situation. It may amble on — and it will still be a play, and it may succeed in pleasing either the fastidious hundreds or the unfastidious hundreds of thousands, according to the talent of the author. Without doubt mandarins will continue for about a century yet to excommunicate certain plays from the category of plays. But nobody will be any the worse. And dramatists will go on proving that whatever else divides a play from a book 'dramatic quality' does not. Some archmandarin may launch at me one of those mandarinic epigrammatic questions which are supposed to overthrow the adversary at one dart. 'Do you seriously mean to argue, sir, that drama need not be dramatic?' I do, if the word dramatic is to be used in the mandarinic signification. I mean to state that some of the finest plays of the modern age differ from a psychological novel in nothing but the superficial form of telling. Example, Henri Becque's *La Parisienne*, than which there is no better. If I am asked to give my own definition of the adjective 'dramatic,' I would say that that story is dramatic which is told in dialogue imagined to be spoken by actors and actresses on the stage, and that any narrower definition is bound to exclude some genuine plays universally accepted as such — even by mandarins. For be it noted that the mandarin is never consistent.

My definition brings me to the sole technical difference between a play and a novel — in the play the story is told by means of dialogue. It is a difference less important than it seems, and not invariably even a sure point of distinction between the two kinds of narrative. For a novel may consist exclusively of dialogue. And plays may contain other matter than dialogue. The classic chorus is not dialogue. But nowadays we should consider the device of the chorus to be clumsy, as, nowadays. it indeed would be. We have grown very ingenious and clever at the trickery of making characters talk to the audience and explain themselves and their past history while seemingly innocent of any such intention. And here, I admit, the dramatist has to face a difficulty special to himself, which the novelist can avoid. I believe it to be the sole difficulty which is peculiar to the drama, and that it is not acute is proved by the ease with which third-rate dramatists have generally vanquished it. Mandarins are wont to assert that the dramatist is also handicapped by the necessity for rigid economy in the use of material. This is not so. Rigid economy in the use of material is equally advisable in every form of art. If it is a necessity it is a necessity which all artists flout from time to time, and occasionally with gorgeous results, and the successful dramatist has hitherto not been less guilty of flouting it than the novelist or any other artist.

And now having shown that some alleged differences between the play and the novel are illusory, and that a certain technical difference, though possibly real, is superficial and slight I come to the fundamental difference between them — a difference which the laity does not suspect, which is seldom insisted upon and never sufficiently, but which nobody who is well versed in the making of both plays and novels can fail to feel profoundly. The emotional strain of writing a play is not merely less prolonged than that of writing a novel — it is less severe even while it lasts, lower in degree and of a less purely creative character And herein is the chief of all the reasons why a play is easier to write than a novel. The drama does not belong exclusively to literature, because its effect depends on something more than the composition of words. The dramatist is the sole author of the play, but he is not the sole creator of it. Without him nothing can be done, but, on the other hand, he cannot do everything himself. He begins the work of creation, which is finished either by creative interpreters on the stage or by the creative imagination of the reader in the study. It is as if he carried an immense weight to the landing at the turn of a flight of stairs, and that thence upward the lifting had to be done by other people. Consider the af-

fair as a pyramidal structure, and the dramatist is the base — but he is not the apex. A play is a collaboration of creative faculties. The egotism of the dramatist resents this uncomfortable fact, but the fact exists. And further, the creative faculties are not only those of the author, the stage-director (producer) and the actors — the audience itself is unconsciously part of the collaboration.

Hence a dramatist who attempts to do the whole work of creation before the acting begins is an inartistic usurper of the functions of others, and will fail of proper accomplishment at the end. The dramatist must deliberately, in performing his share of the work, leave scope for a multitude of alien faculties whose operations he can neither precisely foresee nor completely control. The point is not that in the writing of a play there are various sorts of matters — as we have already seen — which the dramatist must ignore; the point is that even in the region proper to him he must not push the creative act to its final limit. He must ever remember those who are to come after him.

When the play is 'finished,' the processes of collaboration have yet to begin. The serious work of the dramatist is over, but the most desolating part of his toil awaits him. I do not refer to the business of arranging with a theatrical manager for the production of the play. For, though that generally partakes of the nature of tragedy, it also partakes of the nature of amusing burlesque, owing to the fact that theatrical managers are — no doubt inevitably — theatrical. Nevertheless, even the theatrical manager, while disclaiming the slightest interest in anything more vital to the stage than the box-office, is himself in some degree a collaborator, and is the first to show to the dramatist that a play is not a play till it is performed. The manager reads the play, and, to the dramatist's astonishment, reads quite a different play from that which the dramatist imagines he wrote. In particular the manager reads a play which can scarcely hope to succeed — indeed a play against whose chances of success ten thousand powerful reasons can be adduced. It is remarkable that a manager nearly always foresees failure in a manuscript, and very seldom success. The manager's profoundest instinct — self-preservation again — is to refuse a play; if he accepts, it is against the grain, against his judgment — and out of a mad spirit of adventure. Some of the most glittering successes have been rehearsed in an atmosphere of settled despair. The dramatist naturally feels an immense contempt for the opinions, artistic and otherwise, of the manager, and he is therein justified. The manager's vocation is not to write plays, nor (let us hope) to act in them, nor to direct the rehearsals of them, and even his knowledge of the vagaries of his own box-office has often proved to be pitiably delusive. The manager's true and only vocation is to refrain from producing plays. Despite all this, however, the manager has already collaborated in the play. The dramatist sees it differently now. All sorts of new considerations have been presented to him. Not a word has been altered; but it is noticeably another play. Which is merely to say that the creative work on it which still remains to be done has been more accurately envisaged. This experience could not happen to a novel, because when a novel is written it is finished.

And when the director of rehearsals, or producer, has been chosen, and this priceless and mysterious person has his first serious confabulation with the author, then at once the play begins to assume new shapes — contours undreamed of by the author till that startling moment. And even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He, first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapors into a solid element. . . . He suggests the casting. What do you think of X for the old man?' asked the producer. The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood the play? X would be preposterous as the old man. But the producer goes on talking. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote. And quite probably he sees a more glorious play. Quite probably he had not suspected how great a dramatist he is. . . . Before the first rehearsal is called, the play, still without a word altered, has gone through astounding creative transmuta-

any more than a novel, need not be dramatic, employing the term as it is usually employed. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. In this sense *The Golden Bowl* is dramatic; so are *Dominique* and *Persuasion*. A play need not be more dramatic than that. Very emphatically a play need not be dramatic in the stage sense. It need never induce interest to the degree of excitement. It need have nothing that resembles what would be recognizable in the theater as a situation. It may amble on — and it will still be a play, and it may succeed in pleasing either the fastidious hundreds or the unfastidious hundreds of thousands, according to the talent of the author. Without doubt mandarins will continue for about a century yet to excommunicate certain plays from the category of plays. But nobody will be any the worse. And dramatists will go on proving that whatever else divides a play from a book 'dramatic quality' does not. Some archmandarin may launch at me one of those mandarinic epigrammatic questions which are supposed to overthrow the adversary at one dart. 'Do you seriously mean to argue, sir, that drama need not be dramatic?' I do, if the word dramatic is to be used in the mandarinic signification. I mean to state that some of the finest plays of the modern age differ from a psychological novel in nothing but the superficial form of telling. Example, Henri Becque's *La Parisienne*, than which there is no better. If I am asked to give my own definition of the adjective 'dramatic,' I would say that that story is dramatic which is told in dialogue imagined to be spoken by actors and actresses on the stage, and that any narrower definition is bound to exclude some genuine plays universally accepted as such — even by mandarins. For be it noted that the mandarin is never consistent.

My definition brings me to the sole technical difference between a play and a novel — in the play the story is told by means of dialogue. It is a difference less important than it seems, and not invariably even a sure point of distinction between the two kinds of narrative. For a novel may consist exclusively of dialogue. And plays may contain other matter than dialogue. The classic chorus is not dialogue. But nowadays we should consider the device of the chorus to be clumsy, as, nowadays. it indeed would be. We have grown very ingenious and clever at the trickery of making characters talk to the audience and explain themselves and their past history while seemingly innocent of any such intention. And here, I admit, the dramatist has to face a difficulty special to himself, which the novelist can avoid. I believe it to be the sole difficulty which is peculiar to the drama, and that it is not acute is proved by the ease with which third-rate dramatists have generally vanquished it. Mandarins are wont to assert that the dramatist is also handicapped by the necessity for rigid economy in the use of material. This is not so. Rigid economy in the use of material is equally advisable in every form of art. If it is a necessity it is a necessity which all artists flout from time to time, and occasionally with gorgeous results, and the successful dramatist has hitherto not been less guilty of flouting it than the novelist or any other artist.

And now having shown that some alleged differences between the play and the novel are illusory, and that a certain technical difference, though possibly real, is superficial and slight I come to the fundamental difference between them — a difference which the laity does not suspect, which is seldom insisted upon and never sufficiently, but which nobody who is well versed in the making of both plays and novels can fail to feel profoundly. The emotional strain of writing a play is not merely less prolonged than that of writing a novel — it is less severe even while it lasts, lower in degree and of a less purely creative character And herein is the chief of all the reasons why a play is easier to write than a novel. The drama does not belong exclusively to literature, because its effect depends on something more than the composition of words. The dramatist is the sole author of the play, but he is not the sole creator of it. Without him nothing can be done, but, on the other hand, he cannot do everything himself. He begins the work of creation, which is finished either by creative interpreters on the stage or by the creative imagination of the reader in the study. It is as if he carried an immense weight to the landing at the turn of a flight of stairs, and that thence upward the lifting had to be done by other people. Consider the af-

fair as a pyramidal structure, and the dramatist is the base — but he is not the apex. A play is a collaboration of creative faculties. The egotism of the dramatist resents this uncomfortable fact, but the fact exists. And further, the creative faculties are not only those of the author, the stage-director (producer) and the actors — the audience itself is unconsciously part of the collaboration.

Hence a dramatist who attempts to do the whole work of creation before the acting begins is an inartistic usurper of the functions of others, and will fail of proper accomplishment at the end. The dramatist must deliberately, in performing his share of the work, leave scope for a multitude of alien faculties whose operations he can neither precisely foresee nor completely control. The point is not that in the writing of a play there are various sorts of matters — as we have already seen — which the dramatist must ignore; the point is that even in the region proper to him he must not push the creative act to its final limit. He must ever remember those who are to come after him.

When the play is 'finished,' the processes of collaboration have yet to begin. The serious work of the dramatist is over, but the most desolating part of his toil awaits him. I do not refer to the business of arranging with a theatrical manager for the production of the play. For, though that generally partakes of the nature of tragedy, it also partakes of the nature of amusing burlesque, owing to the fact that theatrical managers are — no doubt inevitably — theatrical. Nevertheless, even the theatrical manager, while disclaiming the slightest interest in anything more vital to the stage than the box-office, is himself in some degree a collaborator, and is the first to show to the dramatist that a play is not a play till it is performed. The manager reads the play, and, to the dramatist's astonishment, reads quite a different play from that which the dramatist imagines he wrote. In particular the manager reads a play which can scarcely hope to succeed — indeed a play against whose chances of success ten thousand powerful reasons can be adduced. It is remarkable that a manager nearly always foresees failure in a manuscript, and very seldom success. The manager's profoundest instinct — self-preservation again — is to refuse a play; if he accepts, it is against the grain, against his judgment — and out of a mad spirit of adventure. Some of the most glittering successes have been rehearsed in an atmosphere of settled despair. The dramatist naturally feels an immense contempt for the opinions, artistic and otherwise, of the manager, and he is therein justified. The manager's vocation is not to write plays, nor (let us hope) to act in them, nor to direct the rehearsals of them, and even his knowledge of the vagaries of his own box-office has often proved to be pitiably delusive. The manager's true and only vocation is to refrain from producing plays. Despite all this, however, the manager has already collaborated in the play. The dramatist sees it differently now. All sorts of new considerations have been presented to him. Not a word has been altered; but it is noticeably another play. Which is merely to say that the creative work on it which still remains to be done has been more accurately envisaged. This experience could not happen to a novel, because when a novel is written it is finished.

And when the director of rehearsals, or producer, has been chosen, and this priceless and mysterious person has his first serious confabulation with the author, then at once the play begins to assume new shapes — contours undreamed of by the author till that startling moment. And even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He, first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapors into a solid element. . . . He suggests the casting. What do you think of X for the old man?' asked the producer. The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood the play? X would be preposterous as the old man. But the producer goes on talking. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote. And quite probably he sees a more glorious play. Quite probably he had not suspected how great a dramatist he is. . . . Before the first rehearsal is called, the play, still without a word altered, has gone through astounding creative transmuta-

any more than a novel, need not be dramatic, employing the term as it is usually employed. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. In this sense *The Golden Bowl* is dramatic; so are *Dominique* and *Persuasion*. A play need not be more dramatic than that. Very emphatically a play need not be dramatic in the stage sense. It need never induce interest to the degree of excitement. It need have nothing that resembles what would be recognizable in the theater as a situation. It may amble on — and it will still be a play, and it may succeed in pleasing either the fastidious hundreds or the unfastidious hundreds of thousands, according to the talent of the author. Without doubt mandarins will continue for about a century yet to excommunicate certain plays from the category of plays. But nobody will be any the worse. And dramatists will go on proving that whatever else divides a play from a book 'dramatic quality' does not. Some archmandarin may launch at me one of those mandarinic epigrammatic questions which are supposed to overthrow the adversary at one dart. 'Do you seriously mean to argue, sir, that drama need not be dramatic?' I do, if the word dramatic is to be used in the mandarinic signification. I mean to state that some of the finest plays of the modern age differ from a psychological novel in nothing but the superficial form of telling. Example, Henri Becque's *La Parisienne*, than which there is no better. If I am asked to give my own definition of the adjective 'dramatic,' I would say that that story is dramatic which is told in dialogue imagined to be spoken by actors and actresses on the stage, and that any narrower definition is bound to exclude some genuine plays universally accepted as such — even by mandarins. For be it noted that the mandarin is never consistent.

My definition brings me to the sole technical difference between a play and a novel — in the play the story is told by means of dialogue. It is a difference less important than it seems, and not invariably even a sure point of distinction between the two kinds of narrative. For a novel may consist exclusively of dialogue. And plays may contain other matter than dialogue. The classic chorus is not dialogue. But nowadays we should consider the device of the chorus to be clumsy, as, nowadays. it indeed would be. We have grown very ingenious and clever at the trickery of making characters talk to the audience and explain themselves and their past history while seemingly innocent of any such intention. And here, I admit, the dramatist has to face a difficulty special to himself, which the novelist can avoid. I believe it to be the sole difficulty which is peculiar to the drama, and that it is not acute is proved by the ease with which third-rate dramatists have generally vanquished it. Mandarins are wont to assert that the dramatist is also handicapped by the necessity for rigid economy in the use of material. This is not so. Rigid economy in the use of material is equally advisable in every form of art. If it is a necessity it is a necessity which all artists flout from time to time, and occasionally with gorgeous results, and the successful dramatist has hitherto not been less guilty of flouting it than the novelist or any other artist.

And now having shown that some alleged differences between the play and the novel are illusory, and that a certain technical difference, though possibly real, is superficial and slight I come to the fundamental difference between them — a difference which the laity does not suspect, which is seldom insisted upon and never sufficiently, but which nobody who is well versed in the making of both plays and novels can fail to feel profoundly. The emotional strain of writing a play is not merely less prolonged than that of writing a novel — it is less severe even while it lasts, lower in degree and of a less purely creative character And herein is the chief of all the reasons why a play is easier to write than a novel. The drama does not belong exclusively to literature, because its effect depends on something more than the composition of words. The dramatist is the sole author of the play, but he is not the sole creator of it. Without him nothing can be done, but, on the other hand, he cannot do everything himself. He begins the work of creation, which is finished either by creative interpreters on the stage or by the creative imagination of the reader in the study. It is as if he carried an immense weight to the landing at the turn of a flight of stairs, and that thence upward the lifting had to be done by other people. Consider the af-

fair as a pyramidal structure, and the dramatist is the base — but he is not the apex. A play is a collaboration of creative faculties. The egotism of the dramatist resents this uncomfortable fact, but the fact exists. And further, the creative faculties are not only those of the author, the stage-director (producer) and the actors — the audience itself is unconsciously part of the collaboration.

Hence a dramatist who attempts to do the whole work of creation before the acting begins is an inartistic usurper of the functions of others, and will fail of proper accomplishment at the end. The dramatist must deliberately, in performing his share of the work, leave scope for a multitude of alien faculties whose operations he can neither precisely foresee nor completely control. The point is not that in the writing of a play there are various sorts of matters — as we have already seen — which the dramatist must ignore; the point is that even in the region proper to him he must not push the creative act to its final limit. He must ever remember those who are to come after him.

When the play is 'finished,' the processes of collaboration have yet to begin. The serious work of the dramatist is over, but the most desolating part of his toil awaits him. I do not refer to the business of arranging with a theatrical manager for the production of the play. For, though that generally partakes of the nature of tragedy, it also partakes of the nature of amusing burlesque, owing to the fact that theatrical managers are — no doubt inevitably — theatrical. Nevertheless, even the theatrical manager, while disclaiming the slightest interest in anything more vital to the stage than the box-office, is himself in some degree a collaborator, and is the first to show to the dramatist that a play is not a play till it is performed. The manager reads the play, and, to the dramatist's astonishment, reads quite a different play from that which the dramatist imagines he wrote. In particular the manager reads a play which can scarcely hope to succeed — indeed a play against whose chances of success ten thousand powerful reasons can be adduced. It is remarkable that a manager nearly always foresees failure in a manuscript, and very seldom success. The manager's profoundest instinct — self-preservation again — is to refuse a play; if he accepts, it is against the grain, against his judgment — and out of a mad spirit of adventure. Some of the most glittering successes have been rehearsed in an atmosphere of settled despair. The dramatist naturally feels an immense contempt for the opinions, artistic and otherwise, of the manager, and he is therein justified. The manager's vocation is not to write plays, nor (let us hope) to act in them, nor to direct the rehearsals of them, and even his knowledge of the vagaries of his own box-office has often proved to be pitiably delusive. The manager's true and only vocation is to refrain from producing plays. Despite all this, however, the manager has already collaborated in the play. The dramatist sees it differently now. All sorts of new considerations have been presented to him. Not a word has been altered; but it is noticeably another play. Which is merely to say that the creative work on it which still remains to be done has been more accurately envisaged. This experience could not happen to a novel, because when a novel is written it is finished.

And when the director of rehearsals, or producer, has been chosen, and this priceless and mysterious person has his first serious confabulation with the author, then at once the play begins to assume new shapes — contours undreamed of by the author till that startling moment. And even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He, first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapors into a solid element. . . . He suggests the casting. What do you think of X for the old man?' asked the producer. The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood the play? X would be preposterous as the old man. But the producer goes on talking. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote. And quite probably he sees a more glorious play. Quite probably he had not suspected how great a dramatist he is. . . . Before the first rehearsal is called, the play, still without a word altered, has gone through astounding creative transmuta-

of the first and the fifth pieces. There are fine moments in *The Past* and *The Changing Chord;* beautiful suggestions of moods; strangely beautiful effects of color. Nor is the fourth piece wholly inexplicable. To argue for or against this music, which might be of another planet, after even several hearings, would be presumptuous and foolish. It took many Bostonians, well acquainted with orchestral and chamber compositions, a long time to familiarize themselves with the idiom of Cesar Franck, and later with that of Debussy. These composers, however, are not so fundamentally radical, anarchistic, as Schoenberg.

Thomas Hardy in that noble prose epic, the description of Egdon Heath, asks if the exclusive reign of orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. 'The new vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a somberness distasteful to our race when it was young. . . . The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain, will be all of nature that is absolutely consonant with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen.'

When Schoenberg's *Five Pieces* were performed for the first time in London, and in Chicago, there were scenes of outspoken disapproval. Yesterday the behavior of the audience was highly creditable to Boston. There was smiling; there was giggling at times; there was applause. Nobody rose to remonstrate. Nothing was thrown at Dr. Muck and the orchestra. There was no perturbation of Nature to show that Schoenberg's pieces were playing; the sun did not hasten its descent; there was no earthquake shock. It was as it should have been in Boston.

Miss Florence Hinkle has a beautiful voice which she uses with rare skill. The *Canzona* of Cherubino, sensuous in its suppressed passion, should be sung by a darker voice to gain full effect. It served yesterday to display the art of Miss Hinkle in sustained and flawless song. The lyric measures of Bruck's *Ave Maria,* conventionally suave, were sung with unexaggerated emotion, and the singer gave dramatic importance to the agitated passages that in themselves are of a perfunctory and meaningless nature. It has been said by some that Miss Hinkle is a cool, impassive singer. They probably mean by this that she is not spasmodic and hysterical. Seldom at Symphony concerts of late years has there been such a delightful display of pure vocal art as that of yesterday.

Dr. Muck gave an eloquent reading of the *Faust* overture in which there are hints of the Wagner to come. The symphony of Haydn, admirably performed, is not among his most interesting.

VIII

FALLACIES OF THE FUTURISTS AND NEW THINKING

G. K. CHESTERTON

[*New York Morning American,* March 14, 1915. By permission.]

The other day, when I opened an advanced magazine which I always read with interest, there fell out of it a large, shiny piece of paper on which there was reproduced a Work, a product of the human will — a thing done on purpose anyhow, if one could scarcely call it a design. If you ask me what it represented, you have formed no conception of the very nature of this fair thing. It is quite inadequate to say that it represents nothing. I should not be content with saying even that it does not suggest anything.

I affirm, with entire and untroubled certainty, that it is nothing; so far as is possible when some space is occupied, the thing is not there. There is something a little like a dilapidated railing at the bottom of the picture, and something a little like Chinese lettering at the top of the picture: all the rest is exactly like used-up blotting paper — which perhaps it is. I infer which is supposed to be the right way up merely by the position of the printed title, which says, 'Supplement of the New Age. A Study by Picasso.'

In another place there is an explanation that Picasso is the first important artist that this planet has produced, and that the

sodden blotting paper opposite represents, not indeed a Table, a Wineglass, and a Mandoline, but the 'souls' of a Table, a Wineglass, and a Mandoline.

Now, as the Frenchman said at Mugby Junction, 'Heavens! how arrives it?' How does human dignity descend to these monkey antics? How does the human brain sink back into this bestial darkness? Let us see if we can roughly trace the origin and operation of the process. There are running about England today some thousands of a certain sort of people. They are, of course, a small minority of the nation; but they are a large minority of the middle class; and if one's life moves down certain ways, the world may well seem to be full of them.

They are in revolt against something they have forgotten in favor of something else which (by their own account) they have not yet found. They are always alluding to Thought of various kinds — Free Thought and Higher Thought and Advanced Thought. As a matter of fact, they never, under any circumstances, think at all; but they do lots of other things which are much jollier than thinking: they listen to music and look at sunsets and go to tea parties, and are kind to children as far as they know how.

'Well,' you will say, 'a good and happy life. Why should they be bothered with thinking? What would become of their gimcrack cottages in the country and their corrugated iron ethical societies if they began to think? They live artistically, as do the lower animals — by a general sense of suitability to the senses and the habits. One esthete knows another esthete by the color and the smell — the color of his coat and the smell of his favorite flower. One spirit in revolt knows another spirit in revolt, just as one dandy knows another dandy — by the necktie.

The ordinary artistic Socialist throws out signals to his own kind, and naturally gravitates to his own environment. He does not in the least know what Socialism is, and he does not need to: he does know that he gets on with the kind of men who call themselves Socialists. He knows the other man's extravagances will be of his sort, and not of another sort. He knows a Socialist can be trusted to call another Socialist's wife 'comrade' without taking her on a gin-crawl. He knows that a Socialist can be trusted at tea-time to destroy the whole morality of mankind without using a word that could bring a blush to the cheek of a young person. In short, he knows that there are a sort of people like himself in the world, and certain sociological conjectures (about which he never thinks seriously at all) are among the outward tests for detecting them.'

In saying all this you speak with your usual noble delicacy and unerring wit. But there is a further complication, which I can no longer conceal from you. The tragedy is this: that these happy, thoughtless people did once really have a Thought. This one isolated thought has stuck in their heads ever since. Nobody can get it out of their heads; and nobody can get any other thought into their heads.

It is a thought which, uncorrected by other thoughts, is quite foolish and dangerous; but it is a connected string of concepts, intelligible and even true in itself: it is the only one they have; and it gives them a dickens of a time. The one only and original connected Thought that ever penetrated these people's heads runs as follows: My grandfather thought wires were necessary for telegrams: I know now that he was wrong; therefore, whatever I think is right my grandson will probably think wrong.

Upon that one mental process the whole of our 'progress' is conducted; and, very naturally, it ends in a smash — or, rather, in a splash, by Picasso. That there is some truth in the Thought is not to be denied. Some things do alter; different generations do have different standpoints; truth should be kept reasonably flexible to fit fashions which are often genuine human moods. But the worshipers of the Thought think it idolatry to have any other thoughts but that.

They insist that on every subject all the things we understand must be wrong, and consequently all the things that nobody could conceivably understand (like poor old Picasso) must be right. Their fallacy, one would suppose, was simple enough even for the modern mind to follow; the distinction is quite obvious. If there exist plausible reasons for supposing that an innovation is an improvement, then, of course, it is a valid argument to say that many real improvements have been denounced as innovations.

If I think a man honest, and it is answered that he has been in prison, then

it is rational for me to reply that St. Paul or Cervantes was in prison. But it is not rational of me to say that all the people in prison must be like Cervantes or St. Paul. There must be a *prima facie* case for the new thing; otherwise it is obvious that nothing is being asked of it but newness. Now the number of new things that are possible is at any given moment by its nature infinite. When we do anything we deny ourselves a thousand other things. When we go to Tunbridge Wells we may be said to be avoiding a million other places from China to Peru.

Whenever a man puts on his hat he is refusing to put on an infinite number of other things, from the flower-pot to the waste-paper basket. If, therefore, you have no other test of a new idea except its newness, you will only be able to say: 'Well, I, at my present stage of evolution, do not see the good of wearing a flower-pot for a hat. But I must not offend my great-grandson, who is so very particular, and for all I know (since he does not exist yet), may absolutely insist on this uniform for all his ancestors.'

Perhaps you think this is an improbable example and an unlikely way of talking. Perhaps, in some rural seclusion, you have failed to meet any people who talk like that. Turn, then, to the subsequent issue of the advanced paper to which I have referred, and you will find a gentleman talking exactly like my imaginary ancestor, with his flower-pot hat.

An art critic of conspicuous intelligence sits in front of my absurd piece of blotting paper, dazed but submissive. He does actually say, in so many words, that he can make neither head nor tail of it, but that the Future will. He does, with a really beautiful humility, prostrate himself in the dust, not only before Picasso, but before a totally imaginary great-grandchild, who will profess to see some sense in Picasso. This condition is plainly intolerable: we cannot go about thinking that all our thoughts are wrong without having even any notion of what thoughts are right. Shall we try to get that Thought out of these people's heads? Or shall we try to get some others in? Either will involve the most horrible mental torture.

IX

LÉON BAKST'S DESIGNS FOR SCENERY AND COSTUME

GERALD C. SIORDET

[*International Studio* (John Lane Co.), November, 1913. By permission of author and publisher.]

Léon Bakst, about whom so much has been talked and written during the last few years in connection with the art of the theater, was born in St. Petersburg in the year 1868. Passing through the academic course of art training in that city, he went to Paris to study in 1895, and on his return to Russia won such success as a painter of portraits and official pictures as to be appointed to the position of painter to the Imperial family. But a realistic subject-picture, a *Pietà*, in which the artist presented the persons of our Lord and His Mother under the guise of peasants, and attempted to depict without restraint the most violent affections of grief in the principal figures, was found so displeasing to the committee of the Academy to which it was submitted for exhibition that, though the work was hung, it was scored from corner to corner with bands of white chalk. The artist withdrew the picture: and the insult, combined with the representations of a little group of friends whose belief in his particular genius had been aroused by the success of a number of experiments in the designing of decorations and stage scenery and costume, decided him to break with official patronage and to follow his own bent. The secession of the younger school of Russian dancing, personified in the art of Nijinsky, provided him with the very opportunity he was seeking; he left Russia, staked his artistic interests in the new venture, and provided the ballets with a series of settings and costumes that have inestimably enriched the performances of the Russian dancers and have been the means of his acquiring a great artistic reputation for himself.

Yet I am not at all sure that in England, at any rate, the theatrical work of Léon Bakst has not been treated with greater solemnity than he himself would consider appropriate. The Englishman in art has always been rather like the old lady and the patent medicine—'My dear, it must be good, the advertisements speak

so well of it'— and provided that the critics supply him with a few portable *sententiae* on the matter in hand he has been content to like things not so much for what they are as for the variety of terms in which they can be described. In the case of work so unavoidable as that of Bakst it is the critic's function to drape the obvious, to explain away enjoyment that might seem too indiscreet or too direct, and so to arrange things that respectability may safely become a little wild, and audacity remain still fairly respectable.

But to Bakst himself his work presents itself in a much simpler light. Art, as he says, is a plaything, and an artist's work will be good only when it has been great fun doing it. Here is the real secret of his appeal. Grant him whatever fine and far-fetched qualities you will — and there is plenty enough to his credit — these designs of his charm because, behind all the intervening processes of knowledge and calculation, they reveal the enjoyment of the child, exultant in the possession of paint-box and brushes, greatly daring to draw monsters, or princesses, or cities of an enchanted world.

That they should keep the freshness and sparkle of spontaneity is the more remarkable when one considers the amount of solid learning that has gone to the designing of such a series of costumes as enrich the ballets of *Schéhérasade, Le Dieu Bleu, Hélène de Sparte,* or Signor d'Annunzio's medievalist experiments, *S. Sebastien* and *Pisanelle.* Bakst is a real student, a genuine scholar in costume. His designs are no mere archeological resuscitations of the wardrobes of the past; neither are they the summary, impressionistic stock-in-trade of the quick-change artist. He is, indeed, a kind of bright, particular chameleon. He will settle into the strange, distorted glamour of the East, or the simple graces of archaic Greece, or the fierce, gay medley of the Middle Ages, and presently will bring you forth not dresses merely but *personages* who move with ease and certainty each in his own time, and yet retain the stamp of their creator.

This peculiar receptivity of mind, which at the same time recreates and rearranges, is of all qualities that most fitted to adapt itself to the art of the theater, in which scenery and costume are most telling only when they make no attempt to conceal. rather welcome, the presence of conscious recognized artifice — in fact, when the art that makes them is considered as itself a plaything. It is hardly possible to find a single design by Bakst which is not from this point of view 'amusing.'

Of course some have greater value than others. The last exhibition of his drawings contained a number of designs which, admirable as they were as working indications of costume and color, would by themselves have carried little proof of the exuberant and at the same time fastidious power of design which, among other qualities, gives a permanent value to his more finished drawings.

One critic said of him, apropos of his drawings for *Schéhérasade* and *Le Dieu Bleu,* that he had 'rediscovered the luscious female line bequeathed by the early Orientals.' I am not sure that I know what he meant: historically the remark seems to mean nothing; yet it is very true that Bakst shows a passionate enthusiasm for the flesh, for the contours of form, for strange poise and counterpoise of limb, for furious, abandoned movement, that sets an Eastern stamp upon his art, and reminds us that he is of the nation that long ago watched King David dance before the Lord 'with all his might.'

The illustrations to this article demonstrate the extraordinary facility with which Bakst modifies treatment and design in accordance with the character of his subject. Look at the pencil drawing for the first act of *Pisanelle,* with its great three-masted ship, its bales of treasure stowed upon the quay, its crowd of detail in such little compass, the whole compact and childlike as a medieval woodcut; or the lovely, subtly simple dress of Likenion in *Daphnis and Chloe;* or the truculent swagger of the pole from *Boris Godounoff;* of the wasted fakir, blue and yellow draped, part of the very spirit of the East. Each is of its world, and though the mind may turn to memories of the Morte D'Arthur, or the Greek vase-painters, or of that splendid Bakstian masterpiece, 'Sidonia the Sorceress,' each drawing lives by something more than the stimulus of past art.

It is perhaps only natural that so versatile a master of theatrical design should have tried his hand on modern dress. Yet I cannot think that he has achieved a real

success. However much we may lament the fact, we live in a democratic, utilitarian age. Trousers are trousers, skirts are skirts for all the world. It is true that some words of Chaucer's 'poor parson' concerning 'disordinate scantitee of clothinge' are not altogether inapplicable even to the present time: but the days when men and women made themselves picturesquely ridiculous by wearing almost nothing, or trailing the 'superfluitee of their gowns in the dong and in the myre,' merely in order to furnish an advertisement of their social status, are gone to return no more. There are no more Sumptuary Laws, and, to speak broadly, the dressmakers' 'matcher' may come out tomorrow in just such another costume for shape and style as her employer has been 'creating' today for the greatest lady in the land.

The problem, then, for the original designer is hedged about with limitations. He can do no more than ring the changes on a round of styles that can be harmonized with the thing we call a 'skirt,' and when he attempts to take a flight beyond the experiments of the past he will generally land himself in an impossible situation. The most practical of Bakst's designs for modern costume are merely charming adaptations of past styles. The lovely drawing, reproduced in color for this article, differs but little in idea from a creation of any well-known house, save for the arrangement of lace upon the arms — a point designed to lend originality to the dress, but in reality the sole feature which in any other pose but that of the drawing itself would be impossible.

Yet, when all is said, it would be unseemly to carp in any serious spirit at the experiments of an artist to whom we owe so much pure enjoyment, and whose genius for design ranging over so wide a field finds almost nothing which it cannot at once assimilate and adorn with some original feature of its own making.

X

WHEN FILMS TOUCH ON FINE ARTS

[*Christian Science Monitor*, November 18, 1918. By permission.]

Supposedly because they are such common things, and we are using them every day and all the time, we are quite oblivious to the changes that come over the meanings of words until perhaps one fine day we wake up to notice that some word we are particularly interested in has taken to its heart all sorts of hangers-on it had n't even a nodding acquaintance with when we were at school.

Take pictures for instance! Only a very few years ago a picture was an oil, water color or pastel painting, a more or less original and individual affair; at its best a sublime expression of the artist's idealism in color and form; at its worst a distressing accident, but still for all that retaining a shred of singularity. A picture was even a thing of a certain size, for a miniature was never a picture, and a mural painting was quite another story.

Now take the word today and 'what a change is there.' A picture is more often a photograph than anything compounded of oil or water color and genius. 'Let me take a picture of you?'— and the amateur shutter clicks; and 'What do you think of my latest picture,'— exhibiting the newest production of lens and laboratory. 'Let 's go to the moving pictures?' and any memory of animated photographs, kinetoscopes, cinematographs is as extinct as the Roc.

It must n't be supposed, of course, that the degradation or expansion of the art word is any sore point with any one, or likely to produce international complications, for the protagonists of the picture are few and the photographers legion. It is only mentioned as an interesting point and to introduce another probably more interesting still — certainly more popular. Why, if the photographers, and the moving ones in particular, have swallowed the word 'picture' with such gusto, does it still happen that every introduction of fine art and artists into their scenes remains in the abysmal depths of impossibility?

When, for instance, you are confronted with the studios of the youthful and struggling artists — their struggles never seem to have resulted in anything more than getting rid of coat and waistcoat and collar stud — you find them looking like genteel lodgings for single gentlemen in mid-Victorian times, into which all the other lodgers on the same floor must have hurled the plush frames and pot dogs and corner what-nots whenever the door happened to

be open; and the guileless artist, thinking them gifts, had added them to his own collection. And you consider yourself justified in wondering why any one of a thousand artists was n't called into consultation to tell them that artists' studios, and especially the studios belonging to struggling artists with hero collars, are very bare, work-shop-looking places, with a big window and very little else, and altogether innocent of anti-macassars and horsehair sofas.

They would tell them, too, that a struggling painter with genius in his eye rarely surrounds himself with decrepit casts which would make an Italian plaster image vendor drop his tray with horror. And when the artist does get a commission — or is nobly doing one for a beloved master — and a sketch is needed to prove it, only a very small expenditure would procure something of sufficient likeness to the model and approaching sanity of technique to satisfy the most carping critic that the painter was n't an obvious impostor.

This is n't a tithe of the help that could be given. When the indigent maiden with the exercise of unrestrained heroism, and only as a last resort, decides to become an artist's model — carrying along the evergreen fallacy that it is the most casual amateur instead of professional work — there are no end of respectable artist citizens who would be glad to tell them for nothing that the registration of extreme fear and desperate resignation are entirely unnecessary. There are others who know for certain and make no secret about it that a painter working at a 50-foot decoration on the top of a high ladder would never pose his models on the ground beneath him because he could see nothing but the tops of their heads and shoulders if he did, and they would probably more than hint that models would n't be used at all at such a stage in the proceedings.

The frequent stoppage for light refreshments and confidences, to say nothing of throw-backs to poor, but honest circumstances, in the third floor back, is even more apocryphal still, while the 'unkindest cut of all' comes when the roystering friends from the local art school burst in and destroy all the lovely furniture in a few gambols and the shocked model realizes dramatically that not even the artist's dollars are compensation for such society, and bolts the last mouthful of her lunch and her way into the street at the same time, leaving the hero to begin all over again on a fresh one the next morning.

This may be condensing a series of situations for the purpose of illustration, but it is n't in the least exaggerating some of the crimes committed in the name of art in the movies. Now if it were a lawyer's office that was wanted, for instance, the likeness would probably be identical; if it was a prison it would be perfect; home interiors even bid fair to forsake those plutocratic pleasances, in which the family sit round a small table in a room as large as the New York Central Station, for the plain fireside, and all these improvements must have come about because they are schooling a new generation of super-directors who have seen such things; so why in the name of intelligence should it be more difficult to attach a new brass hat to the Hollywood staff who has been inside real studios and seen artists at work and they might — especially if it was largely advertised — secure the services of some one who was actually a painter by profession and had an eye for the fitness of his household gods.

One of the best settings of an artist's studio ever staged was in Granville Barker's production of Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*. It gave you the right impression at once, and there was practically nothing in it but bare walls, a big window and the model's throne. The burden of the advice of the inside writer on the movies for the popular magazines is 'don't gird at them but remember that here is a great new art in the making, so keep still and watch it advance.' It is all that he says and more, and yet it may be pertinent to suggest that if it did n't advance quite so fast and kept to the artistic side of the road it would n't bump so hard over the anachronisms that strew the other.

A little more careful driving might result, for instance, in a more or less triumphal progress instead of collision with the censor — it is badly needed. It does n't seem impossible that a vast amount of waste at the studios and a vaster amount of suggested evil at the performances might be effaced by even the elements of coöperation on the subject of what is morally and artistically fit to be seen.

Forty minutes of minutely described

vice, degradation and disease are not obliterated by a two seconds' renunciation; on the other hand, the picture of the winner of a woman's swimming race is not necessarily immoral, and the artist with a better trained sense of values ought to be able to make it clear. It would n't cost very much to have one artist director at the fountain head to set the studio scenes, and another to prevent the censor from taking the Venus de Milo out of the shop window — so to speak — and if there was coöperation between the two ends of the business, one artist might even unite the two jobs.